Oct. 27, 1962

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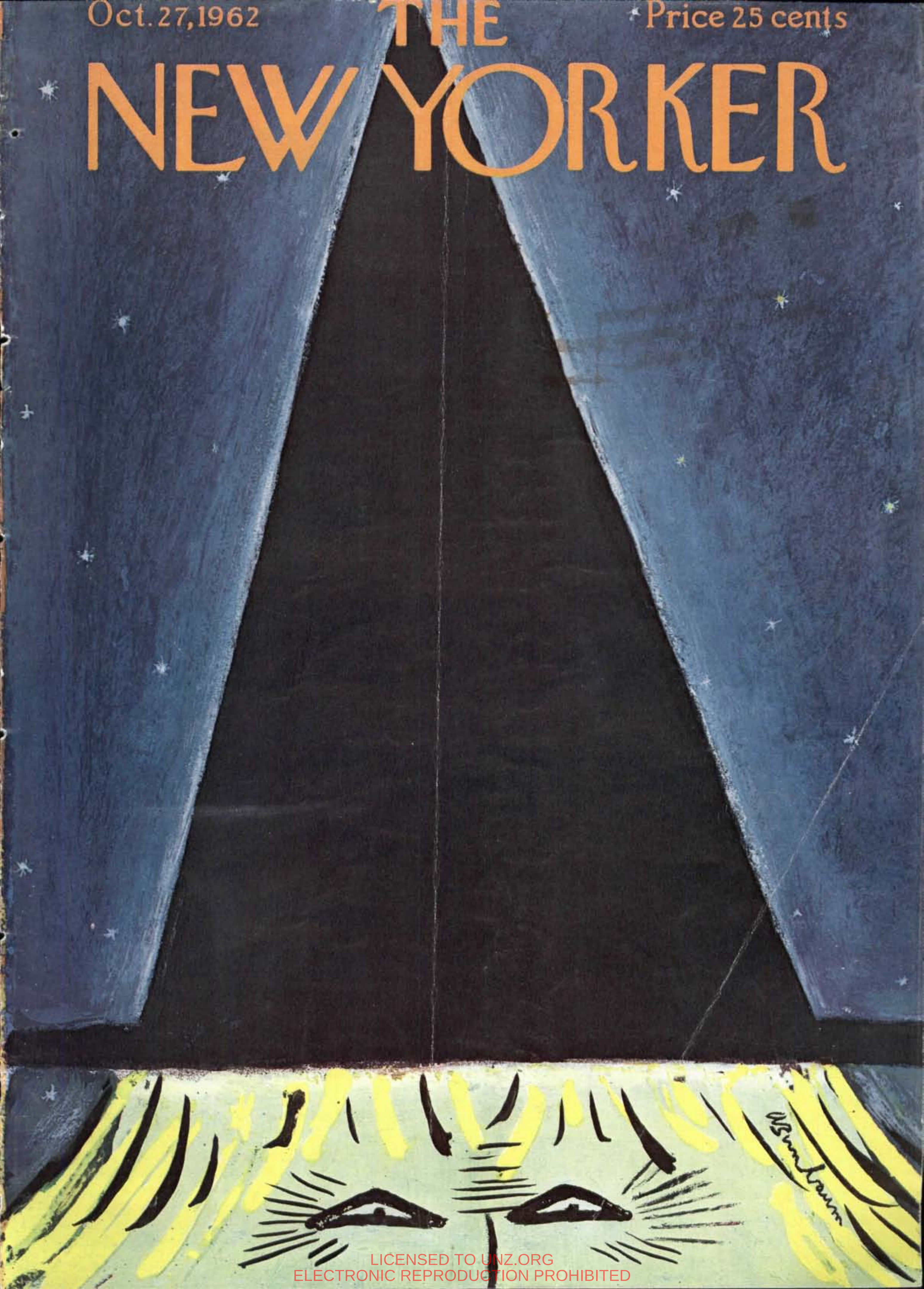
THE NEW YORKER



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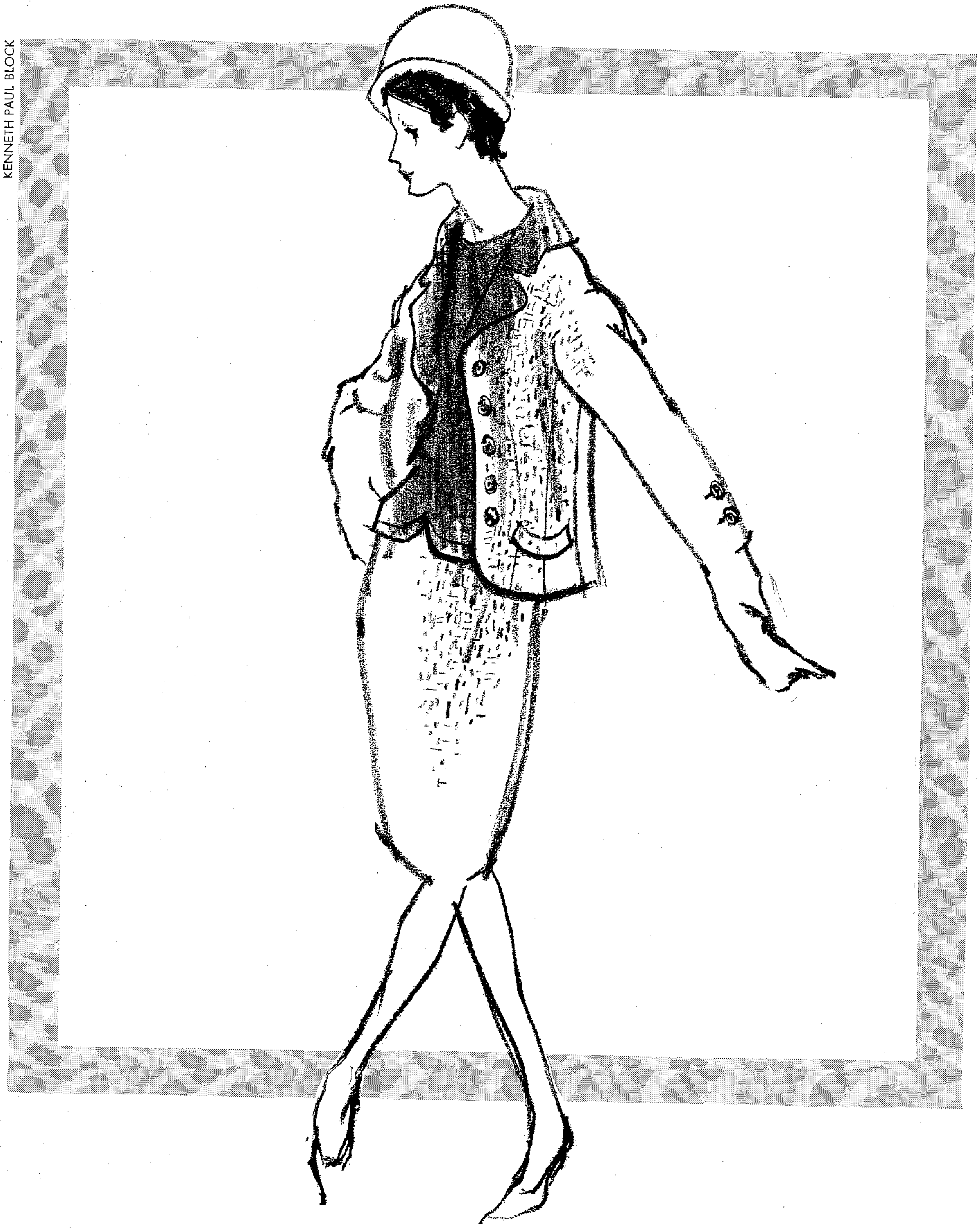

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Ronald Millar's dramatization of the C. P. Snow novel about the trouble stirred up at Cambridge when a young physicist is discharged for faking some facts in his dissertation. Not too satisfactory from a theatrical standpoint. Brewster Mason heads the mixed British and American cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come On Strong—Garson Kanin's variation on the old boy-meets-girl theme. This time, they start out in lustful embrace and wind up in the same predicament. Nothing much happens between the clutchings. Carroll Baker and Van Johnson do their best as the principals, but their best is not enough. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Seidman and Son—A lovable view of a lovable man in that lovable garment district on Seventh Avenue. Sam Levene is, as usual, diverting as the hero of this bland affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college, to which you should *not* send your sons or daughters. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, William Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE:** Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Night Life—A new play by Sidney Kingsley, with Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly. Produced and staged by the author. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

The Perfect Setup—Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, and Jan Sterling have the leading roles in this play by Jack Sher. Martin Melcher is the producer, Lamont Johnson the director. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 152
BOOKS 206
THE CURRENT CINEMA 203
FOOTBALL 174
MUSICAL EVENTS 176
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  ABOUT THE HOUSE 164
  THIS AND THAT 168
THE RACE TRACK 149
THE THEATRE 147

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I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Mr. President—Doings in the capital, which, as represented here, aren't as lively as the way things are with the Kennedys installed. The play has its elementary charm, although the music, by Irving Berlin; the book, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; and the direction, by Joshua Logan, don't show this quartet off to best advantage. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell are *conspicuously* present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World–I Want to Get Off—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a review that takes a man through his seven ages, which seem like eons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** King Arthur and all that. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Susan Watson portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets. Among her associates are Jerry Orbach and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Hermione Gingold. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 36, October 27, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Tchin-Tchin—A play by Sidney Michaels (based on a French work by François Billetdoux), starring Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton. Directed by Peter Glenville and produced by David Merrick. Opens Thursday, Oct. 25. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fun Couple—A comedy by Neil Jansen and John Haase, taken from the latter's novel of the same name. The cast includes Jane Fonda, Bradford Dillman, and Ben Piazza. Produced by Jay Julien and directed by Andreas Voutsinas. Opens Friday, Oct. 26. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Beyond the Fringe—An English revue, created by Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, and Dudley Moore, who make up the entire cast. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Saturday, Oct. 27. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Calculated Risk—Joseph Cotten in a play by Joseph Hayes, derived from a play by George Ross and Campbell Singer. Robert Montgomery is the director, and the producers are Howard Erskine, Roger L. Stevens, and Mr. Hayes. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland heads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Love of Two Hours—A play by Max G. Weine. Preview Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 26. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

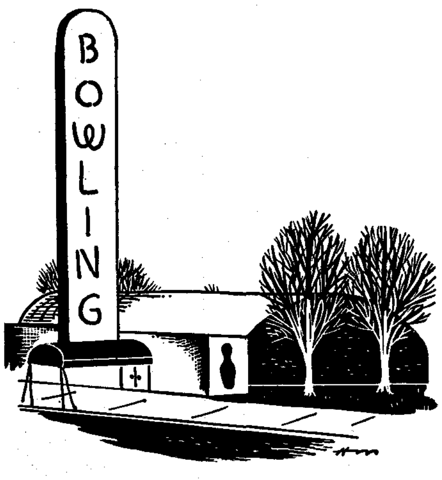
Man Is Man—The final revision (1953) of a play in which Bertolt Brecht, with cumbersome irony, recorded the metamorphosis of a credulous, obliging day laborer into an enthusiastic soldier. The production as a whole is shrill and tedious, in spite of many good performances, notably those by Joseph Chaikin, in the leading role, and Judith Malina, as a sinister widow who runs an army canteen. Gerhard Nellhaus was the translator. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Man's a Man—An earlier and more limber version of the same script, translated by Eric Bentley. There is a lot of horseplay onstage, some of it entertaining and some just repulsive. Olympia Dukakis makes a fine, lusty widow, and Michael Conrad is funny as a bloodthirsty sergeant, but the rest of the acting doesn't amount to much. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

O Say Can You See!—A musical with a score by Jack Holmes and book and lyrics by Bill Conklin and Bob Miller. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Henderson Forsythe, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Requiem for a Nun—A revival of William Faulkner's dramatization of his novel. Opens Thursday, Oct. 25. (78th Street Playhouse, 52 E. 78th St. BU 8-8450. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ten Nights in a Barroom—A musical version, by John Savoca and Marcia Taradash, of the old wheeze. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Whisper in God's Ear—A comedy from Los Angeles, by Samuel Birnkrant. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

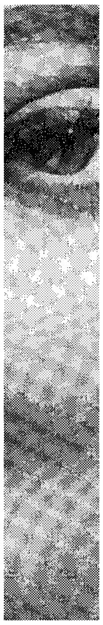
Whisper Into My Good Ear and **Mrs. Dally Has a Lover**—These one-acters by William Hanley, a new dramatist, often seem rather contrived, but the lines, whether amusing or sad, have a quality that is rarely heard at any playwright's début. The first is a dialogue between two lonely old men, the second a dialogue between a middle-aged woman and a teen-aged boy in the midst of an affair, and both are well performed. Roberts Blossom, Boris Tumarin, Estelle Parsons, and Robert Drivas are the cast. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.

MISCELLANY

Bamboche!—Katherine Dunham heading a revue staffed by a company of singers, dancers, and musicians. Presented by Stephen Papich. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St. east of Broadway. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

ANTA Program—Two short plays ("The Moon Shines on Kylenamoe" and "Figuro in the Night") by Sean O'Casey, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the first in this season's series of five matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher



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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): In the Royal Box—the world's largest playground, with the world's smallest tables—there is dancing (to the music of jack-in-the-box Lester Lanin and his giant band) during the evening, plus special visitations at nine-thirty and after the theatre by Harry Belafonte, whose voice and orchestral background make a very handsome couple. Beginning Monday, Oct. 29, the singing will be done by Tony Martin, a reminder that Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. is just a short distance from Broadway. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A housing project (no transients) that offers de-luxe accommodations, such as wine with every course. Freddy Alonso's and Freddie Jagels' dance bands keep up a perpetual chatter. The adjoining Champagne Room, where Gleb Yellin's piano muses and Janet Vaughn's fiddle sighs, is for people who *think* they'd like to get away from it all. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has dispensed with the spoken (and the sung) word in favor of a continuous stream of dance music by the bands of Stanley Melba and Phil Wayne. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the smaller Café Pierre, where Stanley Worth's band does the exercise tunes. Another band fills in on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—An absence of four years has not diminished the firepower of Georgia Gibbs, which is all to the good, for some of the ditties she is assigned need all her vocal support, to say nothing of her clowning. Orchestras run by Emil Coleman and Mark Monte make merry, too, during the interludes. The venue is the Persian Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The brace of stringed instruments that start their day in the Palm Court, from four-fifteen to six-thirty, bring it to an end in the Edwardian Room, from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays are their nights off.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's dance orchestra, which dates back to the days of 78 r.p.m., is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The stroke on the new varsity crew in the Maisonette is Peter Duchin, who has forsaken houseboats on the Seine and beaches at Southampton for a more serious pursuit—the construction of a dance band with the perfect New York sound (gliding arabesques instead of unrelenting thump). This useful work is supplemented by Ray Bari's group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano music from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ted Straeter and his salubrious orchestra are back where they've always belonged—in the middle of Manhattan. Specifically, the locale is the royal enclosure called the Columns, where dancing is the order of the night. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the graceful soloist whenever the band takes a break. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley spends the rest of his evenings, except Sundays, in the leisurely Savoy Room, where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Two plots in the Elysian Fields are assigned to the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dreamworld violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The predicament of man vs. civilization is depicted and narrated every night but Sunday in the Empire Room by Shelley Berman, for whom an unupholstered stool serves as anxious seat, and an imaginary telephone as his means of often desperate communication. Two dance bands, the bigger and better of them Milt Shaw's, are also in the clinic. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley has put Emile Petti (invisible for three years now) back at the piano most of the time from five until past midnight. Fridays and Saturdays, he expands, after nine-thirty, into a trio. Only mixed drinks (no more mixed grills) are the accompaniment. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Bob Printz patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin, who is at the instrument on Sundays, does a Sunday warmup from one to three-thirty in Mon Plaisir, whose manner is ever so slightly less regal. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Puccini copyright on this Florentine opera house will probably never expire. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only Stradivarius, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Just what the architect ordered for Greta Keller, whose calm soliloquies on life, love, and laughter in Vienna are sung after ten in the evening. From six to ten, a zither plies its trade. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A set of musicians fiddle while Angel Mancheno burns to the ground during a ballet of almost uncontrolled fury. Guitars and delectable young ladies (Luisita Sevilla is one of them) assist him in this awesome undertaking. The rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays, from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Happy, happy villagers (the locale is musical-comedy Budapest, circa 1910) at song, at music, at play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): One of the Society Islands. George

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feyer's piano provides hand-crocheted samplers for décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute *salle à manger* becomes a minute *salle à chanter* when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Betweentimes, a pianist and an accordionist keep the echoes slowly circulating. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved casbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano by Conrad Monjoy. No music Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A bit of mish, a a bit mash, lots of energetic music, and (what's more to the point) songs by the stately Fernanda Montel. She disappears on Sunday, Oct. 28, but Yvonne Constant, who is just as French and anything but stately, will take over on Tuesday, Oct. 30. Closed Mondays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The Palm Court, at times a coeducational adjunct of the Ivy League, has Joan Bishop's limpid piano at tryst time, which is five to eight-thirty. No Sunday music. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): At the moment, the action takes place solely on Mondays, in the bar, where the Talbot Brothers, a folksy band that really knows its Bermuda onions, hold forth. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Into this reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation comes now another period piece, the harpsichord of a small, earnest Bach buff named Pamela Cook, who instructs the diners, after seven, in an art form far removed from Muzak. No sound on Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden has put together another galaxy of girls, mostly of Grenadier Guards dimension, this one called "The Venus Touch." It demonstrates, quite visually, the theorem that beauty is only skin-deep, but what's wrong with that? Barbara Heller, whose favorite weapon is wit, is the top of the evening, though she does *not* appear in undress uniform. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 6oth St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole's ballads, the aural equivalent of flying kites as high as they'll go, is the event of the turbulent evening; in second place comes Gary Morton's monologue on the flotsam and jetsam of life in midtown New York. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies," a comic strip tease in which Las Vegas has made a long-term investment, has come East to seek its fortune. As a history of burlesque, it offers several lacunae, a number of bumptious (and grindious) young ladies, and a rough-and-ready comic who is really comic. The result converts this supermarket into an old curiosity shop indeed.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): The best-laid plans of Julius Monk, which rarely gang agley, are on exhibit in his newest and perhaps best revue, "Dime a Dozen," which is a fitting occupant of this small but imperial opera house. The players—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Susan Browning—are infallible, the music is lyric, the choreography is action fitting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughan Meader, whose harmless delusion persuades him that he is President of the United States, has an excellent collection of press conferences at the tip of his tongue. Also on hand: Carmen Torres, a recently reactivated Mexican volcano, and Carolyn Hester, a newly fledged North American, both of whom sing. On Tuesday, Oct. 30, Miss Hester yields place to Louis Nye, another North American humorist. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Cal Bostic does gallivanting piano and song after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The battle for men's minds goes full tilt in "Alarums and Excursions," a brusque, brash (and funny) revue in which the cast—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Eugene Troobnick, and the perfectly lovely Zohra Lampert—say whatever comes into their brisk heads. They start around eight-thirty, and desist only on Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Spanish ballet company devised and dragooned by Roberto Iglesias is beautiful, bountiful, and all-embracing. It runs (not walks) from bounding Basque interludes to a touching glimpse of up-country Peru. Between the sessions of song and prance, a brace of persuasive dance bands—one of them Pupi Campo's—calls upon the customers to outdo the mummers. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven" (Ben Bagley is the publisher of this one) may be aimed more toward mass circulation. Nevertheless, Cy Young is first-rate as a skit player, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Twice a night during the week and three times weekends is the ground rule. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Jane Connell and Bill McCutcheon are heroine and hero of a revue called "No Shoestrings" (another Ben Bagley publication), in which they are not always supported in the manner to which they are deservedly accustomed. Two-a-night is the rule on this level. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): As little as it ever was, but the groundskeepers have managed to dovetail in a dance floor at the bottom end, as well as (above it) a stand for the perpetual Chauncey Gray and band. No changes have been wrought in the peppermint décor or the clientele. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Careless love is the despair of Joe Williams, and the burden of his balladry, which is all-out *vox humana.* Junior Mance's nimble trio is his following; Ted Curzon's quartet is the rest of the music. On Tuesday, Oct. 30, a new crew checks in—a band led by the driving, striving Gerry Mulligan, which yields full-bodied sound. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Louis Prima's new professional football team, a blend of brawn and bedlam, music and muscle, will leave for the road on Wednesday, Oct. 31. Next evening brings on Peggy Lee, the voice that has launched a thousand songs into a state of heavenly grace or hellbent hilarity. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but powerful hands on the local piano in successful pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor is turning her lyrics inside out, and sometimes leaving them that way; Lonnie Donegan is giving this country its first look at a British skiffle band. Mondays are allotted to other performers. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The incumbent is Maynard Ferguson's band, whose music is undulant fever. On Thursday, Nov. 1, it will be succeeded by the down-to-earth Dukes of Dixieland. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,**

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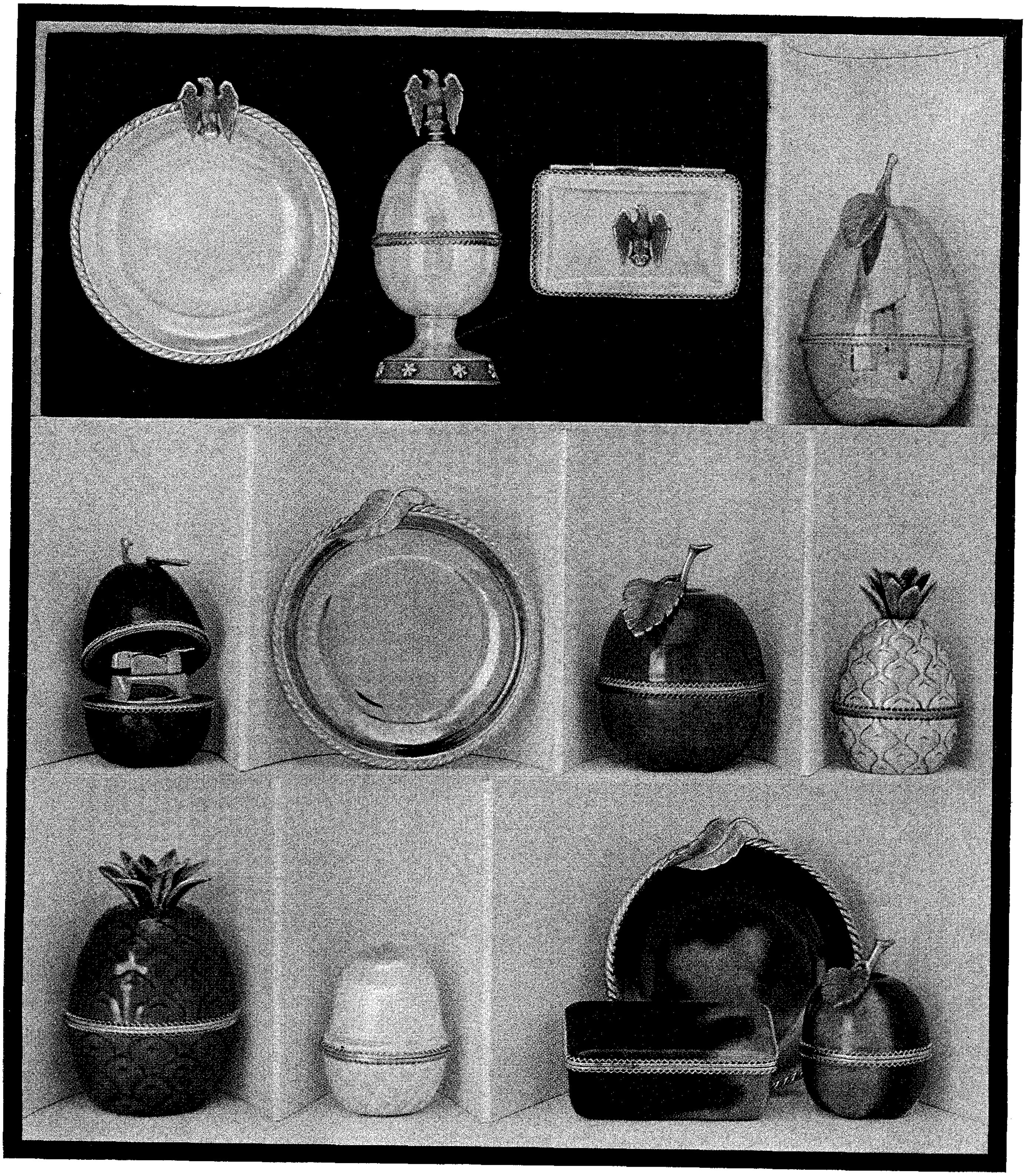

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has now come down to the Village. It's fostered by Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, et al). Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, on the other hand, perform an antic jazz—part instrumental and part vocal—that exists only in their own two heads, if anywhere at all. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Mingus, two of America's most ebullient discussion groups, have their bands in hand to illustrate (or maybe not) the points they have (or maybe not) in mind. On Thursday, Nov. 1, they'll be succeeded by the quartets of Stan Getz and Sonny Stitt. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, who live and breathe only for the saxophone, are running a quintet on their own home grounds. On Tuesday, Oct. 30, they'll be replaced by Ronnie Scott's fivesome, from England. Closed Mondays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's exulting sextet—Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, Cliff Leeman, and Willie Wayman are deeply and redoubtably involved in it—is responsible for the "Danger: Blasting" signs in the neighborhood. Closed Mondays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The Donnybrook Fair. Some of the congress pause now and then to listen to Charlie Shavers' horn, which is hard *not* to listen to. His quartet and Harold Quinn's trio go bravely on, though outnumbered by the celebrants in the audience. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the hoity-toity bar. The players all stay home Tuesdays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The college-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, the senior class should be represented by Edmond Hall, Conrad Janis, Marty Napoleon, Johnny Letman, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Karel Appel—Abstract Expressionist oils (1951-56) by the Dutch painter; through Nov. 10. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Bernard Arnest—Paintings done in Colorado Springs and Afghanistan; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Boris Aronson—Work in metal, executed during the past year; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Manuel Ayaso—Drawings by a young Spanish-born American; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rainey Bennett—Water colors; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Brooks—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Nov. 10. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Chamberlain and Frank Stella—Sculptures by the former and paintings by the latter, all in black and white; through Nov. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chryssa—Abstract sculptures and paintings by a young Greek-American artist; through Nov. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning and Barnett Newman—Retrospectives of their paintings; through Nov. 17. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Assemblages. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Jan Gelb—"The Great Beach" is the theme of a series of abstractions; through Nov. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb—New abstract oils; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Greenberg—Expressionist landscapes, cityscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Closed Mondays.)

Etienne Hajdu—Sculptures (marble, onyx, and bronze) and bas-reliefs (copper, aluminum, and lead) by a Rumanian-born leader of the contemporary Paris School; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fannie Hillsmith—Semi-abstract paintings, including interiors and still-lifes; through Nov. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Margo Hoff—Collage paintings; through Nov. 10. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—The first section of a two-part show of paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lawrence Lebduska—Paintings by this modern American primitive; through Nov. 16. (Tutti, 45 Canal St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Rico Lebrun—Drawings illustrating Dante's "Inferno;" through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Morris Louis—Previously unexhibited late paintings by this artist, who died in September; through Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Alexander Mackenzie—Abstract landscapes by a young English painter; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

René Magritte—Oils, collages, gouaches, and drawings (1928-58) by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

George McNeil—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Meadows—Bronzes by an English sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

E.L.T. Mesens—Collages and paintings by the Belgian-French Surrealist; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Hans Moller—Impressions of Monhegan Island, Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—About eighty lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henry Newman—Assemblages; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ivan Olinsky—Portraits, landscapes, and drawings by this artist, who died last February; through Friday, Nov. 2. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Gabor Peterdi—Abstract paintings derived from nature; through Nov. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jay Robinson—Oil and enamel-on-copper paintings on the subject of India; through Nov. 10. (Monede, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

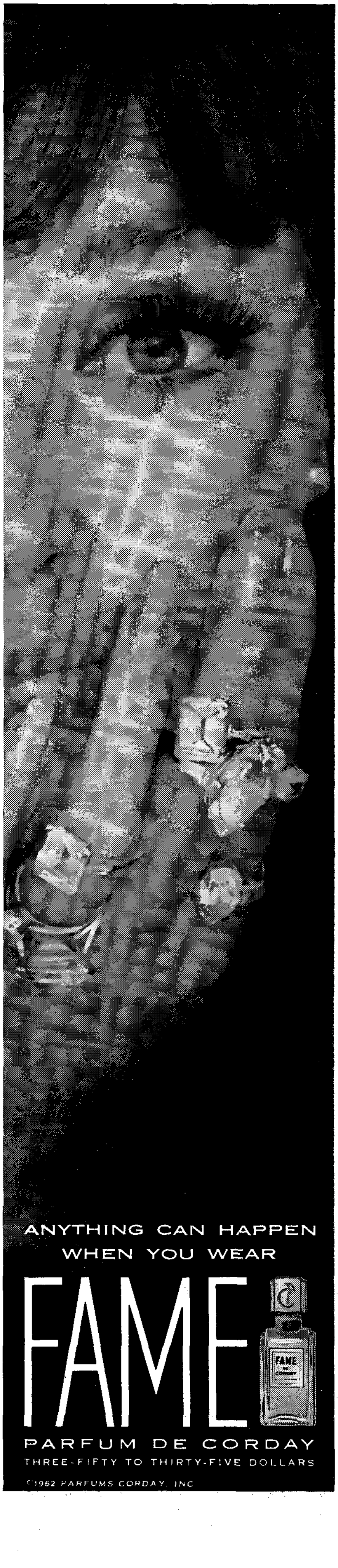
Theodore Robinson (1852-96)—Impressionist landscapes, figures, and interiors; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

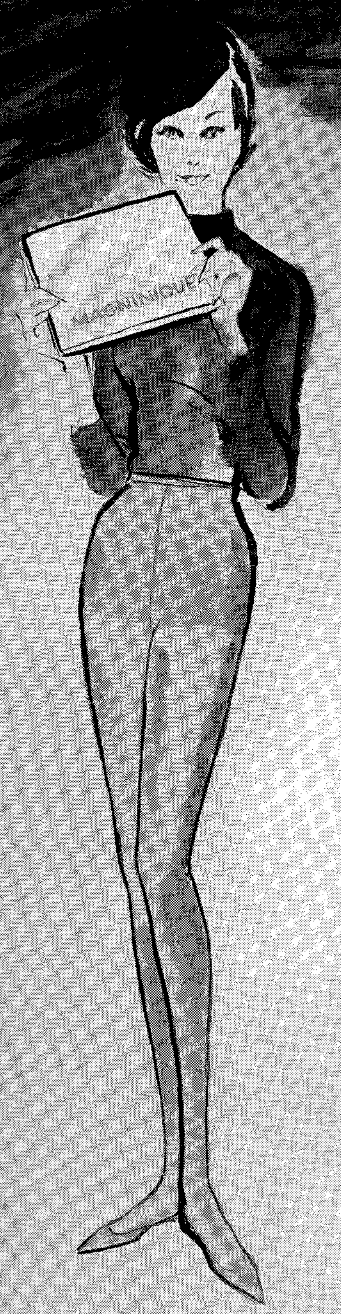
William Scharf—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (American Gallery, 843 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.)

Ethel Schwabacher—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Nov. 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

James Suzuki—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mark Tobey—An exhibition of recent paintings that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Sat-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, Oct. 27. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

James Wines—Abstract sculptures in bronze, cement, and iron, along with a group of collages; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

African Art—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. There are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Sculptures—Medieval and Renaissance works by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: A thirty-seventh-anniversary exhibition of new paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through Nov. 10. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors by Xavier Gonzalez, Paul Sample, and Fletcher Martin (to mention a few); through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . **trabia-morris**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from North and South America, among them Armando Morales, Rufino Tamayo, and Alexander Calder; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **village art center**, 39 Grove St.: The Twentieth Annual Watercolor Exhibition; through Nov. 9. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **zabriskie**, 36 E. 61st St.: Landscapes, drawings, and water colors by artists of the Hudson River School, including Thomas Doughty, Frederick E. Church, and John F. Kensett; through Nov. 10.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Nov. 15. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At **gallery 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by present-day Italian artists, among them Renato Guttuso, Arturo Tosi, and Mario Sironi; through Nov. 17. . . . **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Bombois, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a showing of oils and water colors; through Nov. 30. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Recent canvases by such French painters as Dufy, Modigliani, and Utrillo; through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and graphic works by five Austrian and German Expressionists—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, Kollwitz, and Kubin; through Nov. 7.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints and cartoons on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other instances of people reacting to sculpture; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and thirty-five paintings, mainly from the past two decades, by Mark Tobey; through Nov. 4. A good complement to this exhibition is the Tobey showing (ending Saturday) at the Willard Gallery, 23 W. 56th St. . . . ¶ Surveys of the graphic work of five European Post-Impressionists (among them Walter Sickert and André Masson), along with examples of current printmaking in Germany, Poland, and Russia; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ "The Bitter Years: 1935-41 Rural America Seen by the Photographers of the Farm Security Administration," a documentation of rural and urban life during the depression. Chosen by Edward Steichen, the pictures are by, among others, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Ben Shahn. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A ten-year retrospective of color photography by Ernest Haas; through Sunday, Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of India/Stone Sculpture," is devoted to forty-five pieces, dating from the second millennium B.C. through the twelfth century A.D., borrowed from American museums and private collections; through Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Chinese Calligraphy and Painting in the Collection of John M. Crawford, Jr.," an exhibit that coincides with the publication of a book of the same title. There are also stone and wooden sculptures and Chinese jades, bronzes, and porcelains from Mr. Crawford's collection. Through Nov. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Forms from the Earth; 1000 Years of Pottery in America;" through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts—The initial loan showing of this new museum is being held in temporary quarters at the Time & Life Building Exhibit Center, Rockefeller Center. On view are weather vanes, trade signs, cigar-store Indians, ships' figureheads, portraits, landscapes, and barnyard and wildfowl wood carvings. Through Nov. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ In the Museum's pavilion (16 W. 54th St.) there is a showing of more than two hundred spirit canoes, ritual poles, drums, shields, spears, ancestral figures, and animal sculptures collected by Michael C. Rockefeller in the Asmat region of New Guinea; through Sunday, Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening until 9; Sunday, 1 to 7.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A joint exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the Agrupación Arte No Figurativo (twenty-four contemporary abstract Argentine artists) and the National Association of Women Artists; through Nov. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of works by contemporary California artists (thirty-five painters and fifteen sculptors), including Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and Jack Zajac; through Dec. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Jean Madeira, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Umberto Borsó, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rita Gorr, Rosalind Elias, and Daniele Barioni; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Aïda," with Lucine Amara, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Mignon Dunn, Daniele Barioni, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Clifford Harvuot. . . .

¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rita Gorr and Daniele Barioni; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Otto Wiener, Sándor Kónya, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, and Frank Guarrera.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 25: "Louise.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 26: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 27: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 27: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 28: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 28: "The Passion of Jonathan Wade.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 31: "Louise.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 1: "The Turn of the Screw.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 2: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 3: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 3: "Aïda." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Rigoletto," with Frank Guarrera. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 26, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3 (all with Eugene Istomin, piano). . . . ¶ Karl Boehm conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program on Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30, with the Chorus pro Musica.)

Orchestre National Français—Charles Munch conducting the second of two concerts by this orchestra from Paris. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Leopold Stokowski conducting the chamber ensemble of the American Symphony Orchestra in a program of music of the Americas. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 3-4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Bethany Beardslee—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Maro and Anahid Ajemian—Piano and violin, with Walter Rosenberger, percussion. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano, in a Beethoven-Bach program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

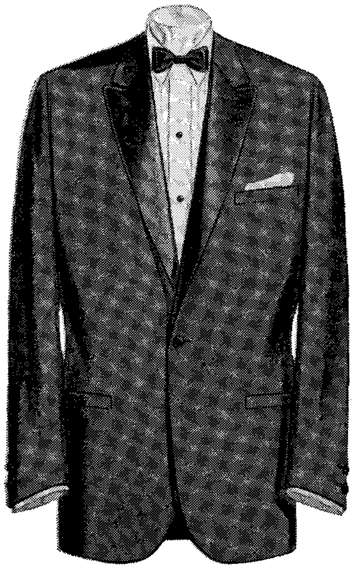
Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

Friends of Live Music—The Nova Arte Trio in an all-Beethoven program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 5:30.)

Carol Brice—Contralto. A benefit for the scholarship fund of the Epsilon Sigma chapter of Phi Beta Sigma. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call RI 9-6021.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Nancy Cirillo and Mitchell Andrews—Violin



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—In the first two in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas and the Diabelli Variations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Oct. 29, and Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Jan Smeterlin—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Gary Karr—Double bass. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Claude Monteux and Walter Trampler—Flute and viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Rita Streich—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Edith Peinemann—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Boxing—Florentino Fernandez vs. Rubin Carter, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 27: Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 3 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

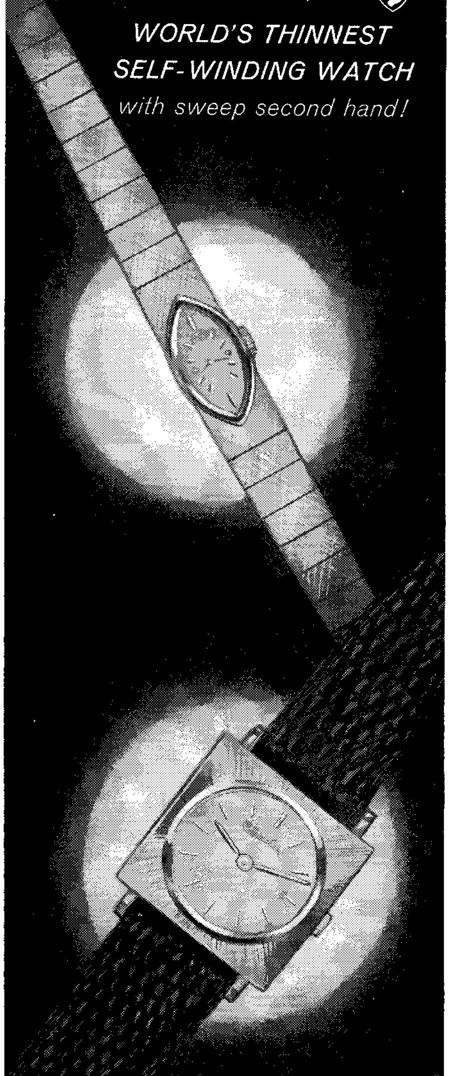
Professional Football—Titans vs. San Diego Chargers. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 7.)

Horse Shows—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Oct. 28.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 30, through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 27.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 3.)

Racing—UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 25-26, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 26. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track both days between 11 and 1.) . . . BELMONT: Final day Saturday, Oct. 27, at 1:30; the Man o' War is the feature race. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 29, through Friday, Nov. 30. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Wednesday, Dec. 5. Through Saturday, Oct. 27, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 1. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 27, and the Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Md.:



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Weekdays at 1, except Tuesday, Oct. 30, from Saturday, Oct. 27, through Monday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **hilltop productions:** "Dandy, the Circus Lion." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **music box theatre for children:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2:30, and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 1.) . . . ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **peter pan players:** "The Nightingale." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3:30, and Sundays at noon.) . . . **stage 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-5360. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star;" through Nov. 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Treasure Island," with Bobby Driscoll and Robert Newton. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

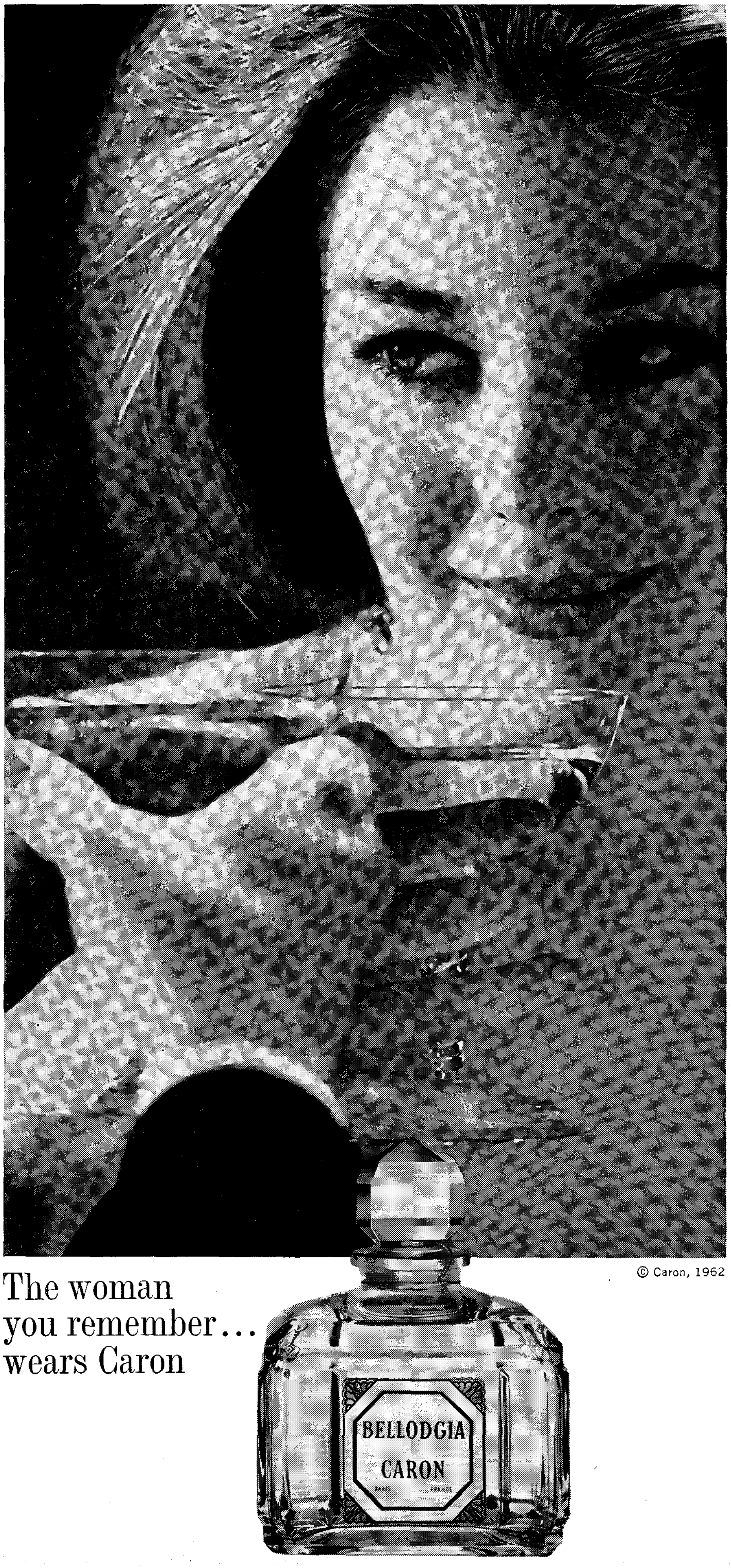
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—A company of actors, headed by Edward Mulhare, in a reading of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesday, Oct. 31, from 10 to noon; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 27, at 1:45: French furniture, gold and enamel snuff boxes and watches, Mexican and Peruvian silver, Dresden and other decorative porcelains, paintings and drawings, and Oriental and Portuguese rugs; the property of various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: Twenty-two Impressionist and other paintings and drawings by such artists as Degas, Cézanne, and van Gogh; collected by Mrs. Norman B. Woolworth and the late Mr. Woolworth. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 27.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.



BELLODGIA—PARFUMS CARON, PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Divorce–Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Island—A beautifully photographed pseudo-documentary Japanese film that describes in minute detail the hardships faced by a family trying to wrest a living from an arid patch of land on an island in the Inland Sea. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Kind of Loving—Another of those tough but attractive studies of love and misery in the English Midlands, notable for boldness of speech and action, and for what amounts to an affirmative ending. Alan Bates, Thora Hird, and June Ritchie head a marvellous cast. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—What a poor young man from the Midlands is running toward or away from hangs in the balance for the length of this delightful English comedy of lower-middle-class manners, lyrically directed by Tony Richardson. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A fatally faithful replica of the Broadway original, with curious performances by Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson, and a good performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who has been there before. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinées at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Miracle Worker—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke playing to perfection the roles they created on Broadway, in a sometimes almost unbearably painful account of the war between teacher and child by means of which the blind and deaf Helen Keller learned the meaning of words and so entered the world. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 30.)

The Notorious Landlady—A comic mystery, set in London, that concerns a couple of American diplomats (Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire) and a Scotland Yard inspector (Lionel Jeffries) who become involved in the case of an American damsel in distress (Kim Novak). The script is especially amusing, and so are most of the performances. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 30.)

The Passion of Slow Fire—A French film from a Simenon novel, in which, as usual, everyone is attractive up to the point where everyone turns out to be a guilty murderer at heart. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Phaedra—An odd but successful modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—A truly moving picture, based on a falsely moving plot. Its stars are Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney, and they are all wonderful. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Shoot the Piano Player—An anthology of jokes that range in style all the way from slapstick to irony and that somehow combine to tell the life story of a pianist at a bar in Paris. François Truffaut wrote and directed this original French movie. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 31, tentative.)

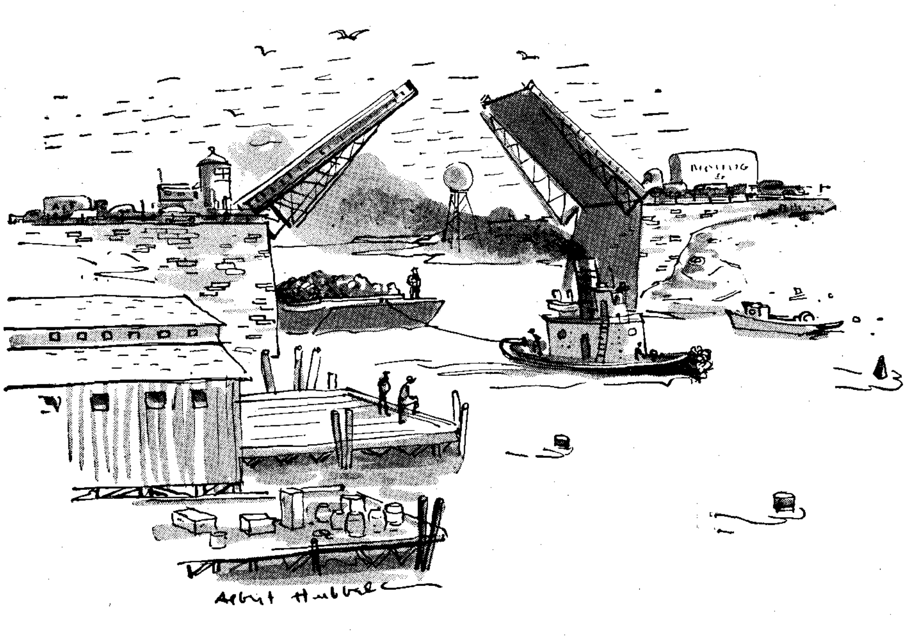
A Taste of Honey—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 30, tentative.)

That Touch of Mink—A romantic farce, nimbly designed to accommodate the joint gifts of Doris Day and Cary Grant. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Very Private Affair—Brigitte Bardot in a story about how a *bébé* gains fame and fortune and cannot stand them. Crankily brought to life by the notable French director Louis Malle. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 28.)

Viridiana—A powerful and sometimes shocking Spanish picture, written and directed by Luis Buñuel and featuring Silvia Pinal as a young girl who wishes to become a nun and is destroyed by the perfection of her innocence. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 27.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)



REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Oct. 31.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 26-27.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 28-29.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 26-27.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 26.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 25.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

No Love for Johnnie (1961)—Peter Finch is a middle-aged politician on the make in this English import. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 27.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting Oct. 31.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—An English adaptation of the Bard, made in Italy. With Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 30.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 30.)

Sweethearts (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the Victor Herbert foolishness. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Oct. 30.)

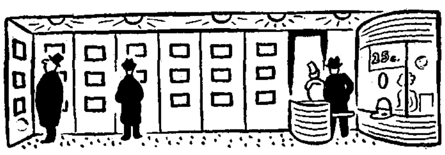
Tawny Pipit (1947)—An English comedy about bird watchers. With Bernard Miles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 30.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 25.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 28-30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Oct. 27: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), with Richard Lund and Mary Johnson. . . . ¶ Oct. 28-31: "Karin, Daughter of Ingmar" (1919), directed by and with Victor Sjöström; no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Manchurian Candidate," Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.**

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "We'll Bury You!," a documentary film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) Through Oct. 31: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) Oct. 25: "Riff Raff Girls," Nadja Tiller, Robert Hossein. From Oct. 26: "Nude Odyssey," Enrico Maria Salerno.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) Through Oct. 30: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez. From Oct. 31: "Two Before Zero," a documentary film on Communism, narrated by Basil Rathbone and Mary Murphy.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) Through Oct. 30: "Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman. From Oct. 31: "Period of Adjustment," Jane Fonda, Anthony Franciosa.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **WEST SIDE STORY.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR.**

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **THE LONGEST DAY.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through Oct. 31 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.) Through Oct. 31: "Kanal" (in Polish), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through Oct. 28: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Constance Ford. Oct. 29-30: "Ocean's 11," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Parrish," revival, Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert. From Oct. 31: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through Oct. 30: **THE MIRACLE WORKER.** From Oct. 31: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) Through Oct. 31: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "Crime Does Not Pay" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Gabriele Ferzetti.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through Oct. 27: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Constance Ford. Oct. 28-30: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly. From Oct. 31: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **A KIND OF LOVING.**

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) **PHAEDRA.**

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022) Through Oct. 28: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider. From Oct. 29, at 8:30: "Billy Budd," Robert Ryan, Peter Ustinov. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774) Through Oct. 28: "Devi" (in Bengali). From Oct. 29, at 8:30: "Billy Budd," Robert Ryan, Peter Ustinov. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) Through Oct. 28: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR** (in French). From Oct. 29: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) "We'll Bury You!," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "The Manchurian Candidate," Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through Oct. 28: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Constance Ford. Oct. 29-30: "Ocean's 11," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Parrish," revival, Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert. From Oct. 31: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through Oct. 30: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly. From Oct. 31: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210) Oct. 25: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** and "Rashomon" (both in Japanese and both revivals). Oct. 26-27: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival. Oct. 28-29: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "Vitelloni" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi. From Oct. 30: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through Oct. 27: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE**, revival. Oct. 28-30: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**, revival; *and "Splendor in the Grass," revival,* Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty. From Oct. 31: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through Oct. 31 (tentative): **MATA HARI**, revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) "Il Grido" (in Italian), Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through Oct. 29: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly. Oct. 30: **SWEETHEARTS**, revival. From Oct. 31: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through Oct. 30 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.** From Oct. 31 (tentative): "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders; and "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) "Il Grido" (in Italian), Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) **THE PASSION OF SLOW FIRE** (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through Oct. 30: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly. From Oct. 31: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through Oct. 29: "Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave. From Oct. 30: **ROMEO AND JULIET**, revival; and **TAWNY PIPIT**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through Oct. 30: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer; and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart. From Oct. 31: "Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin; and "Court Martial," Karlheinz Boehm, Christian Wolff.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) Oct. 25: **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent); and "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin. From Oct. 26: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and "Victim," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through Oct. 30: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Constance Ford. From Oct. 31: **THE PAJAMA GAME**, revival; and "Ocean's 11," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through Oct. 30 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.** From Oct. 31 (tentative): **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French); and "A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through Oct. 29: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly. Oct. 30: **SWEETHEARTS**, revival. From Oct. 31: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch; and "The Trunk," Phil Carey.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through Oct. 28: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Constance Ford. Oct. 29-30: "Ocean's 11," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Parrish," revival, Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert. From Oct. 31: "Almost Angels," Peter Weck, Vincent Winter; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

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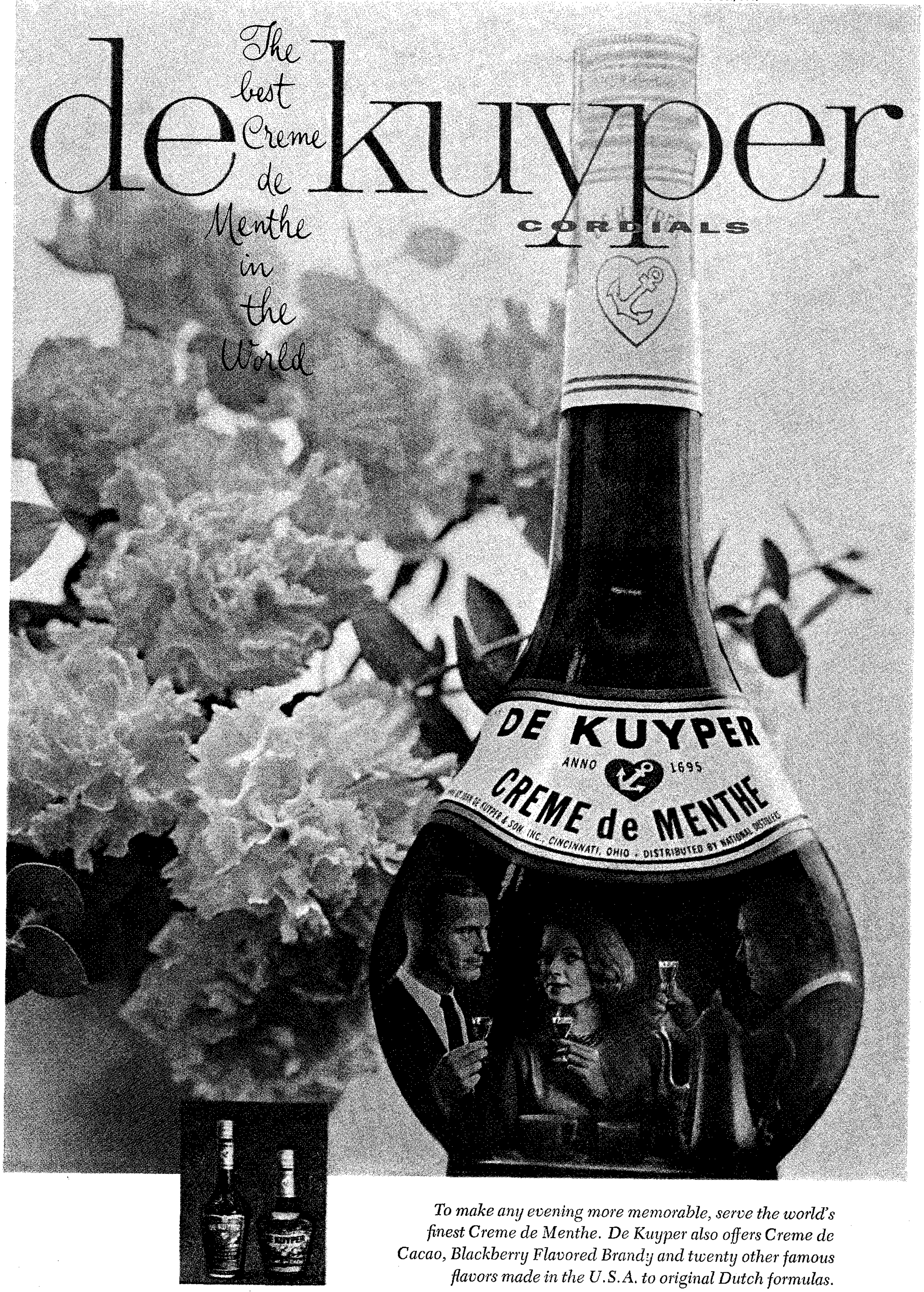
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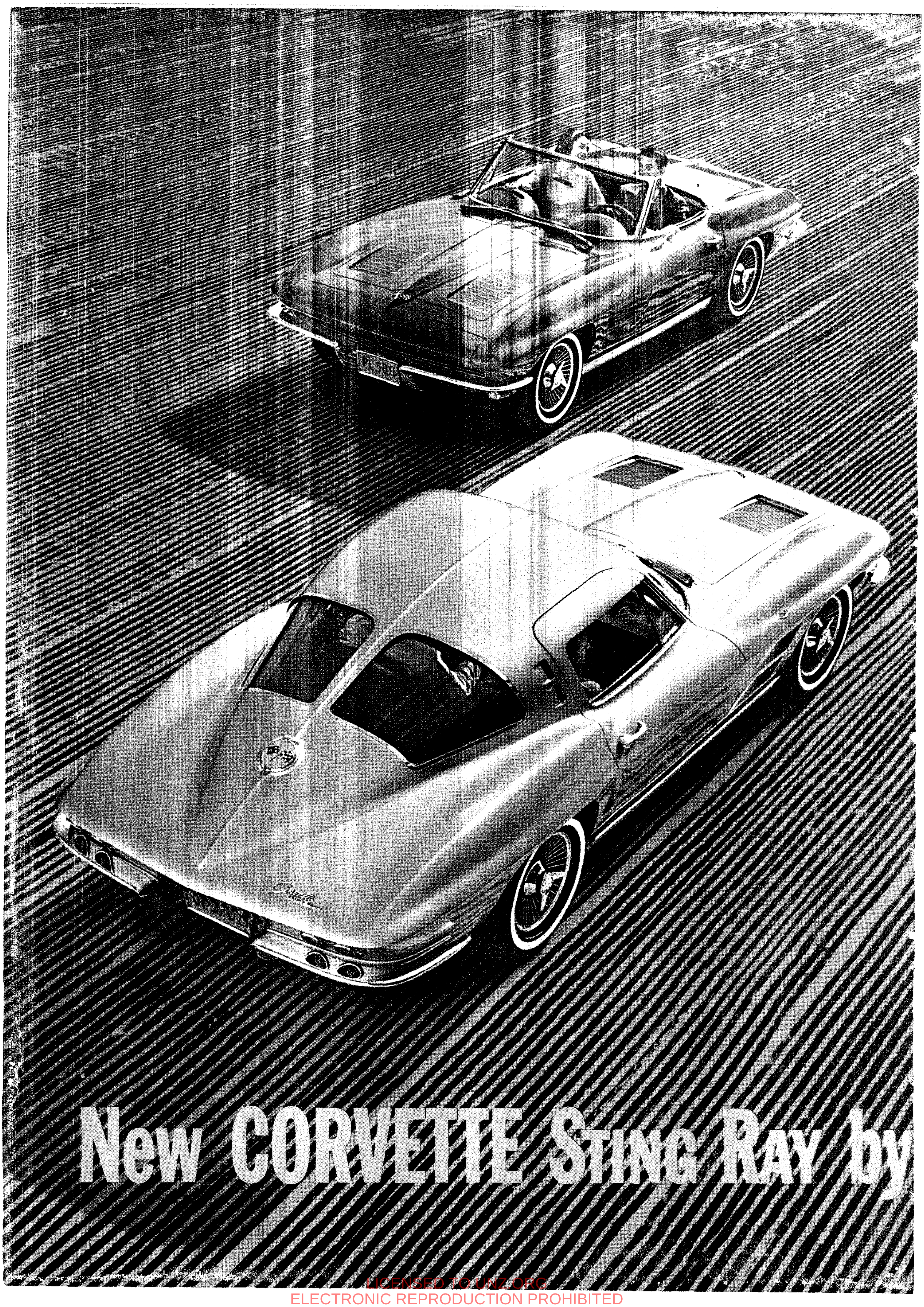
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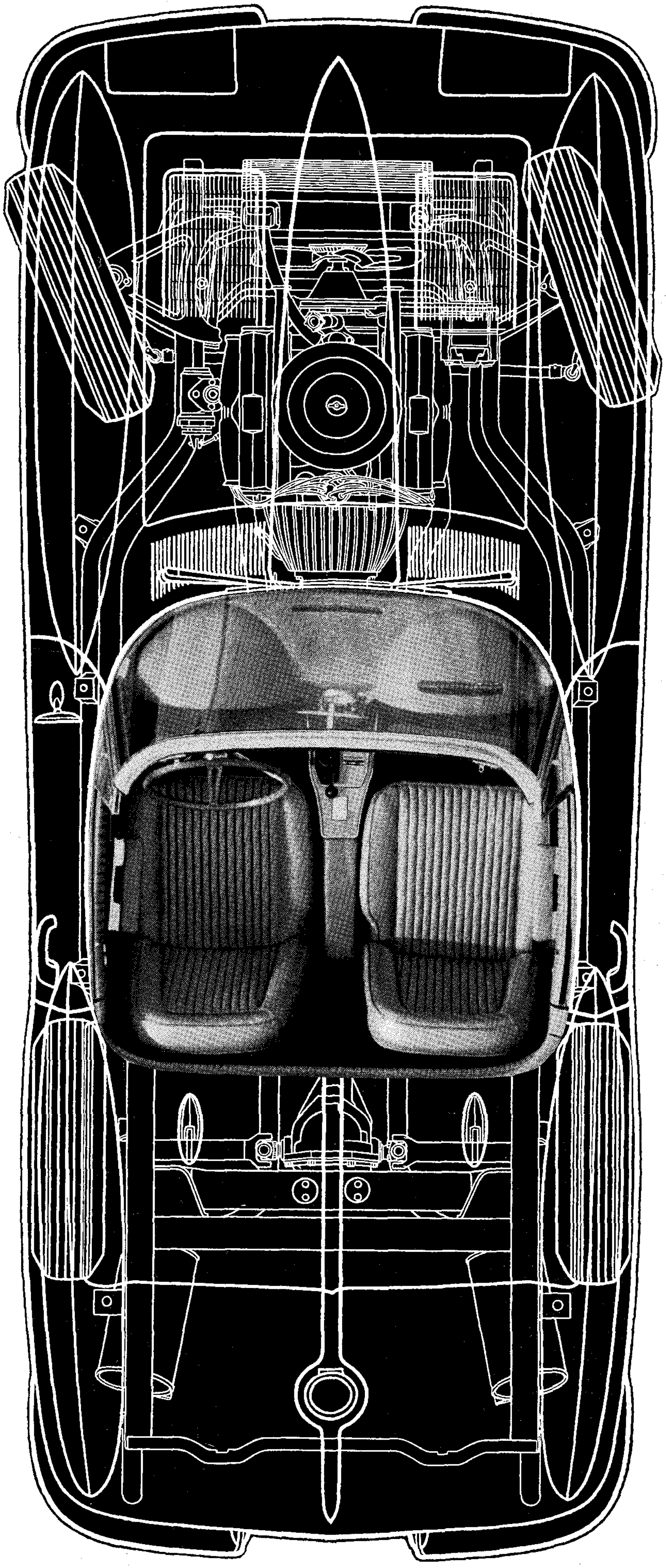

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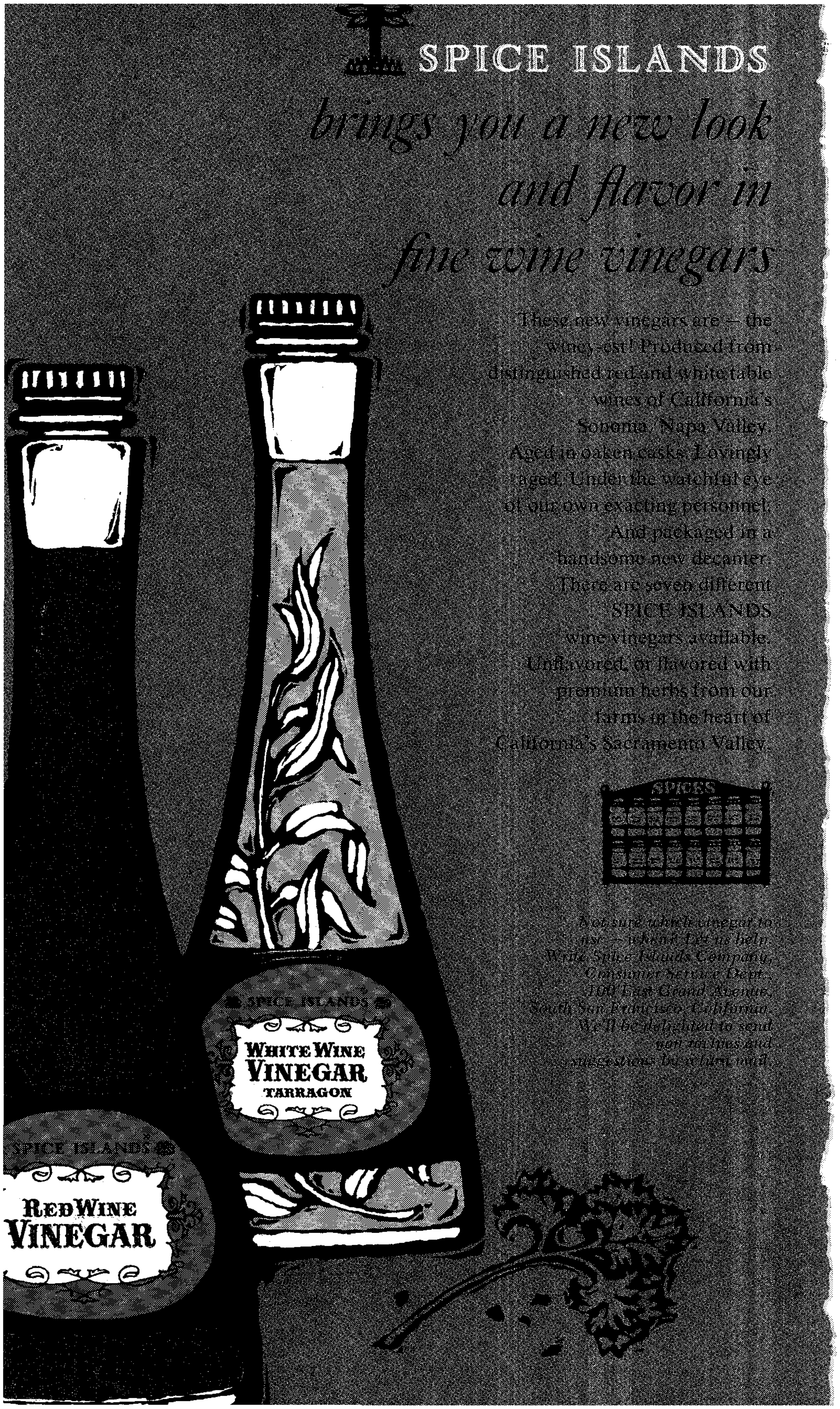
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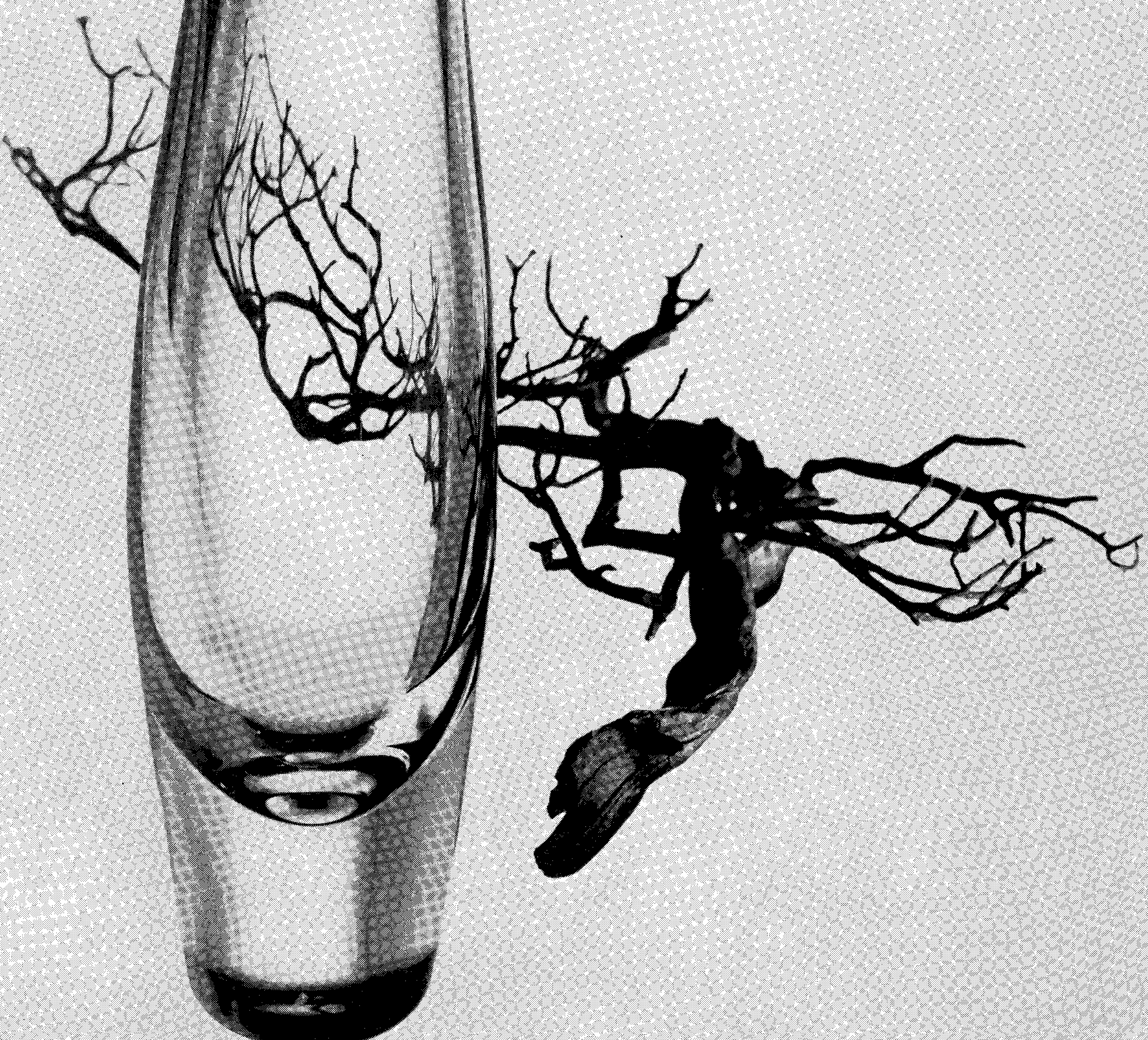

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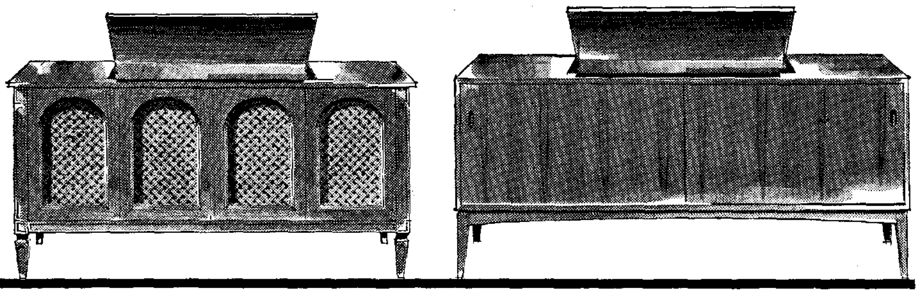

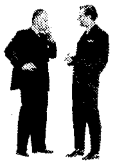

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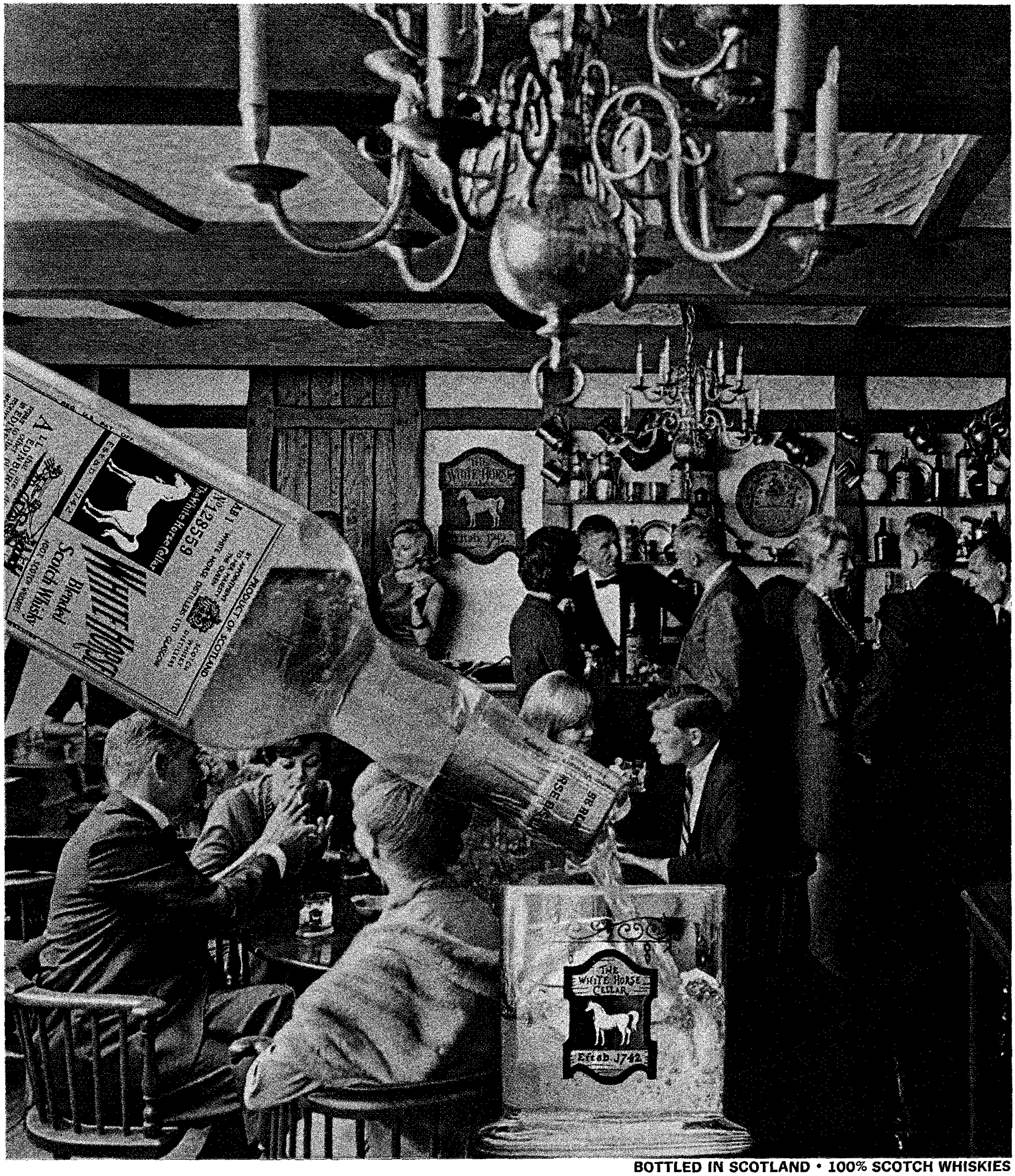
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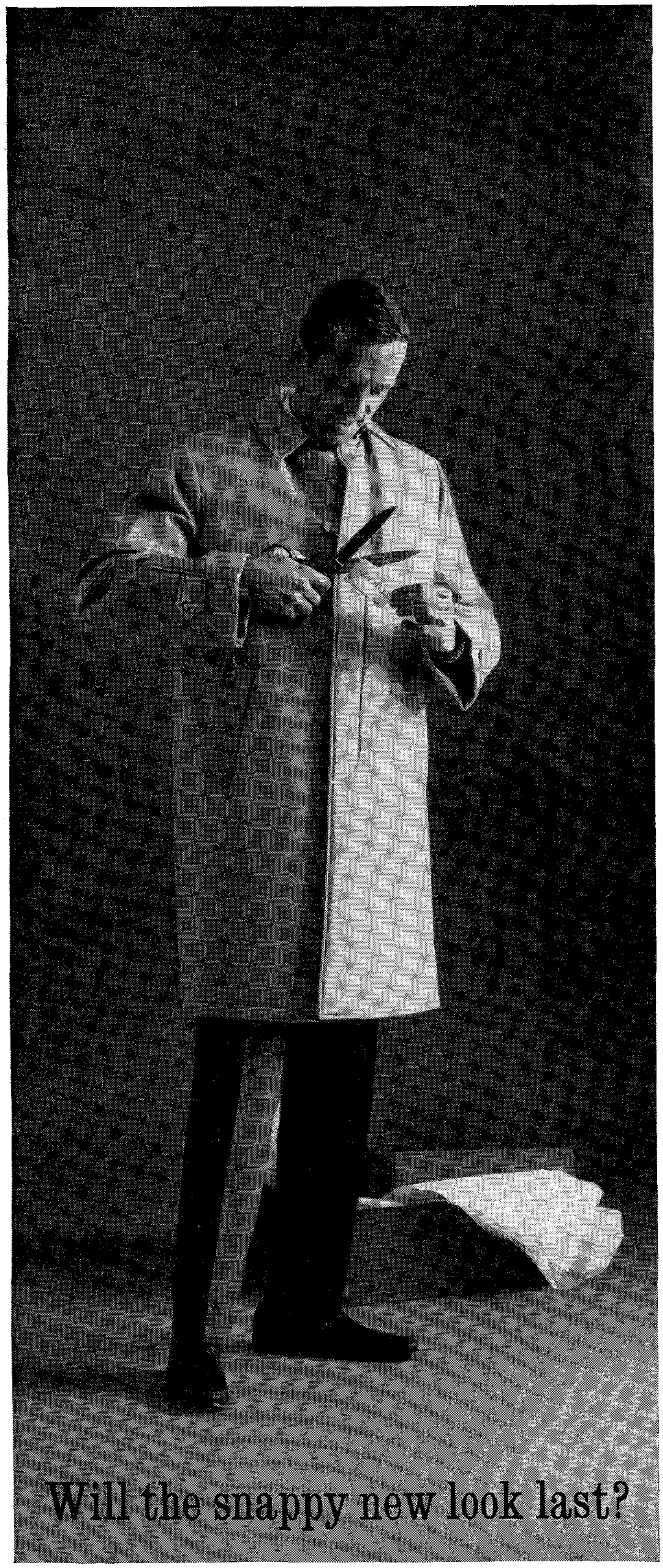
3. Skillful operation by 21 Bell Telephone Companies supplies service at a high standard of performance to families and farms, to industry and government.

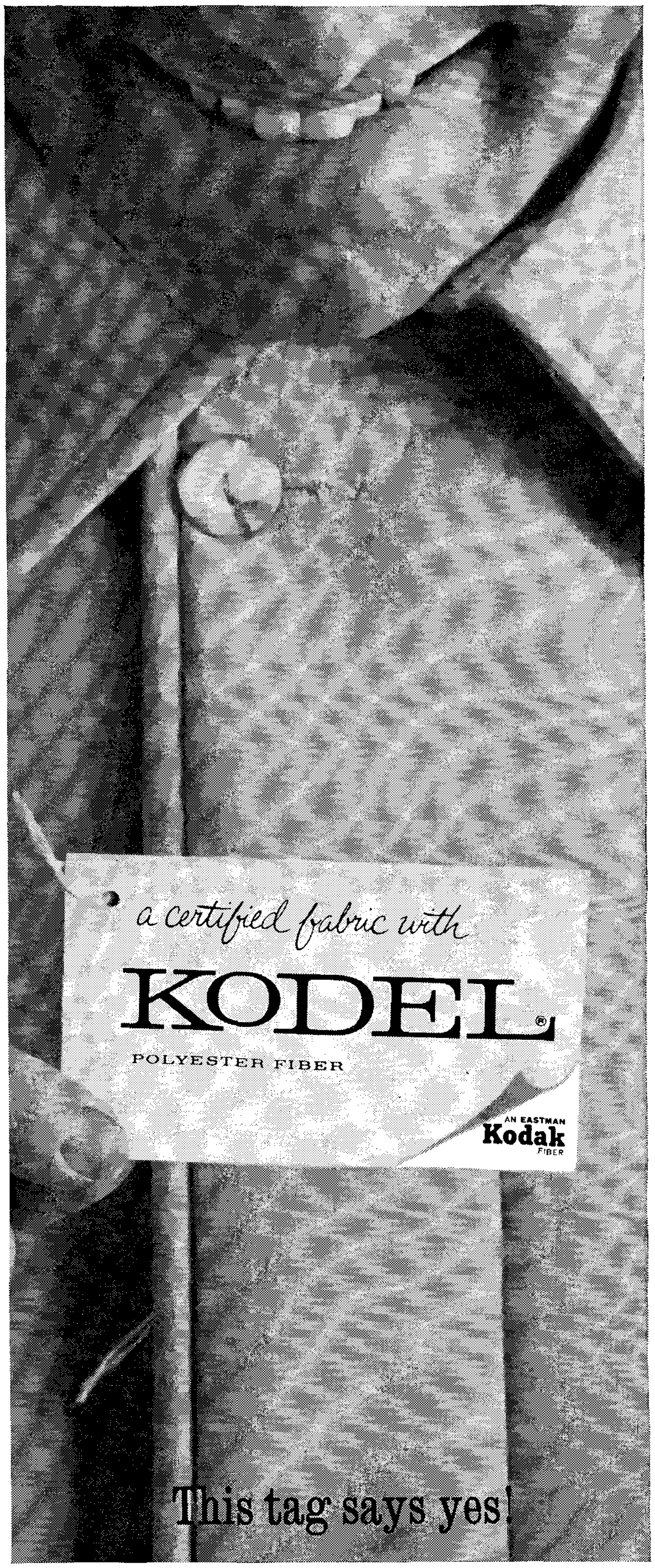
The work of these units is closely coordinated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, advising and planning for the progress and efficiency of the entire system.

That's why we say, "Three equals one"—and why you can pick up your own telephone at home and talk to almost anyone else in all 50 states of the union or any of 167 foreign countries around the world—quickly and economically.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans


Will the snappy new look last?


a certified fabric with
KODEL®
POLYESTER FIBER
AN EASTMAN
Kodak
FIBER
This tag says yes!

Out of the box. On for the first time. This handsome car coat has a fresh, snappy look, doesn't it? Smooth, crisp and neat, too. And the new look will *last.* You can tell that by the Eastman "Certified Fabric" tag. You'll see this tag only on clothes made with Kodel polyester, an Eastman Kodak fiber. It means the fabric has been tested and certified to meet Eastman textile quality standards. The fabric will stay looking smooth and wrinkle-free. Next time you're driving around for a new car coat, shift to this tag.

ROBERT LEWIS WEATHERWEAR
St. Moritz classic. Foam-backed poplin of 55% Kodel polyester, 45% Topel rayon. Zip-in pile liner (acrylic with acetate backing). Silver sand, olive or black. $40. At LORD & TAYLOR, The Man's Shop, all stores.* *Trademark of Courtaulds, Inc.

Count on Kodel...member of the Eastman Kodak family

Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or garments.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., *subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company,* 260 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16.

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Think small.

Our little car isn't so much of a novelty any more.

A couple of dozen college kids don't try to squeeze inside it.

The guy at the gas station doesn't ask where the gas goes.

Nobody even stares at our shape.

In fact, some people who drive our little flivver don't even think 32 miles to the gallon is going any great guns.

Or using five pints of oil instead of five quarts.

Or never needing anti-freeze.

Or racking up 40,000 miles on a set of tires.

That's because once you get used to some of our economies, you don't even think about them any more.

Except when you squeeze into a small parking spot. Or renew your small insurance. Or pay a small repair bill. Or trade in your old VW for a new one.

Think it over.

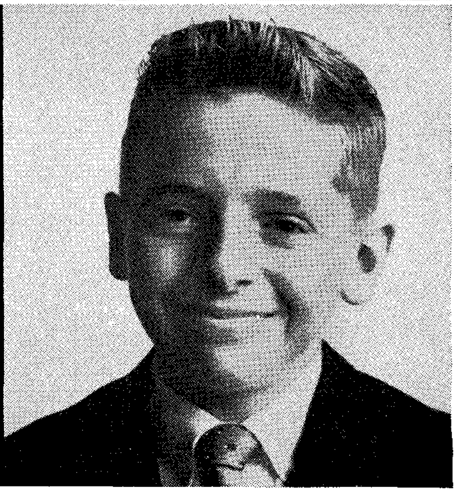
This is Patricia.
When she married, her
mother gave her Waterford
hand-cut crystal from Ireland.

Patricia gave
the Waterford to her
daughter, Mary,
when she married.

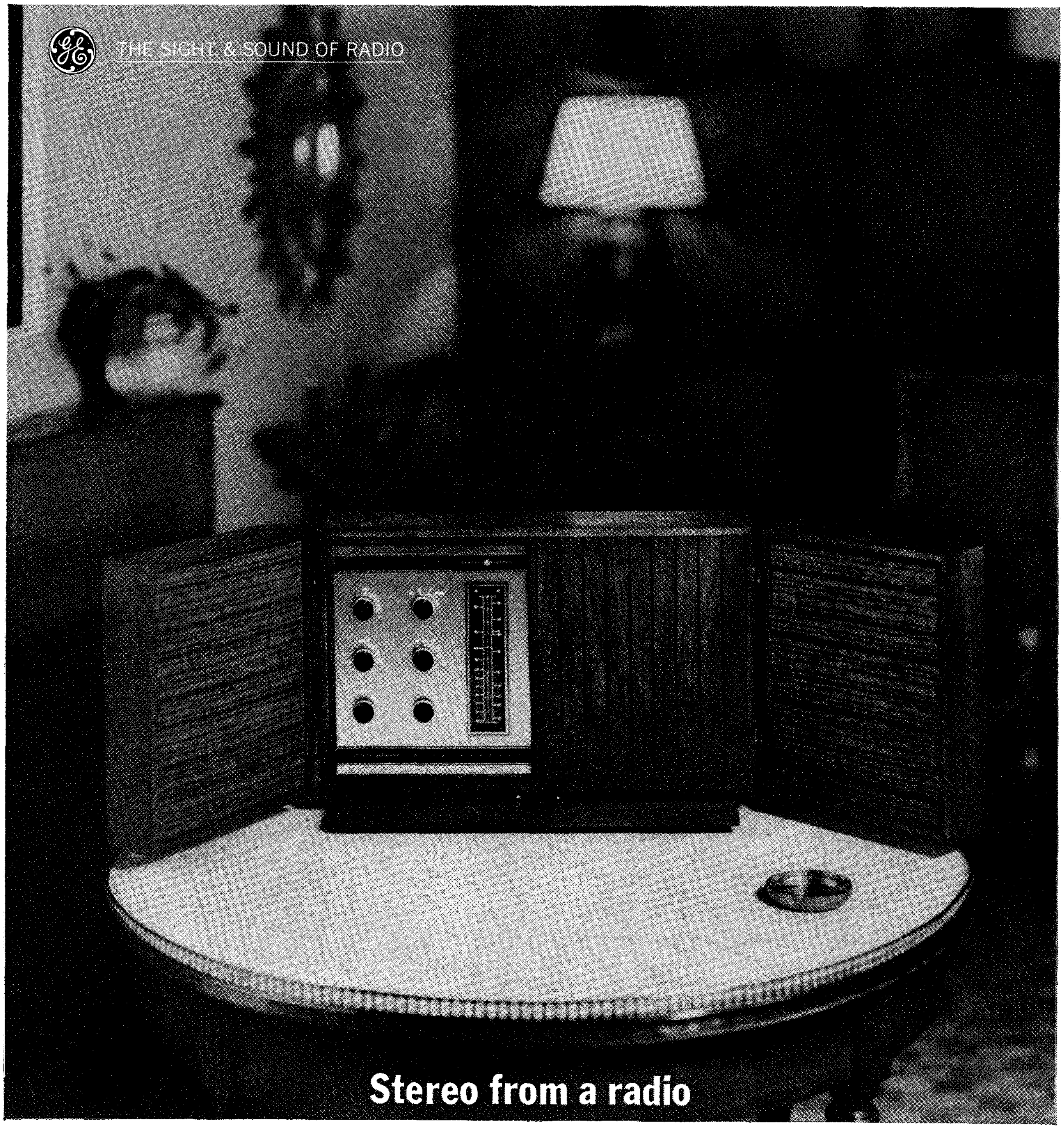
Mary gave the
family Waterford to
her daughter, Eileen,
on her wedding day.

This is Jean, Eileen's
daughter. She's looking for
a husband because she can't
wait to own the Waterford.

John, an eligible bachelor.



Look into the wondrous world of Waterford at the best stores, including: B. Altman, N.Y./Georg Jensen, N.Y./Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago/Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C./Sibley Lindsay & Curr, Rochester/J. E. Caldwell, Phil. Marks Bros., Hackensack/R. H. Strisik, Waterbury/Tilden-Thurber, Providence/May Co., Cleveland/John Breuner, Sacramento/or write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Illustrated: The Lismore Suite.



General Electric unites AM, FM and FM/Stereo with fine furniture.

Style and function live happily in General Electric's T-1000. It brings you AM, FM and FM/Stereo in an article of striking furniture.

You see its dramatic styling in the photograph. As for function . . .

Each wing conceals an identical 9-inch oval high-fidelity speaker. Simply swing them wide, or detach them, and you enjoy full stereophonic separation.

And, because the T-1000 is one compact unit, a single set of controls suffices. The panel is lighted. The huge dial features precision Vernier tuning.

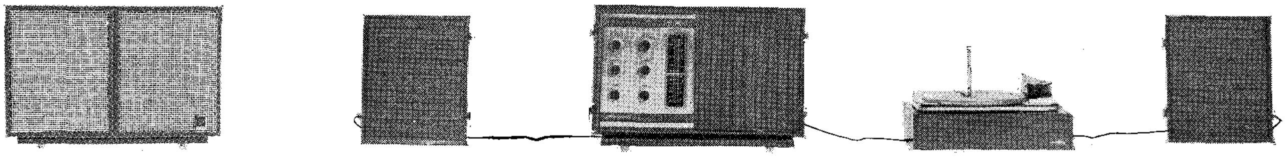
Cabinetry is solid hardwood for the heightened resonance, richer tone that only fine wood imparts. You have your choice of two genuine hand-rubbed veneer finishes: the Walnut, above, or an Antique Cherry with beige grille cloth.

Hear this instrument's arresting sound at your General Electric dealer's. It is there *now*, amid a splendid selection from America's number ONE manufacturer of radios.

Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York

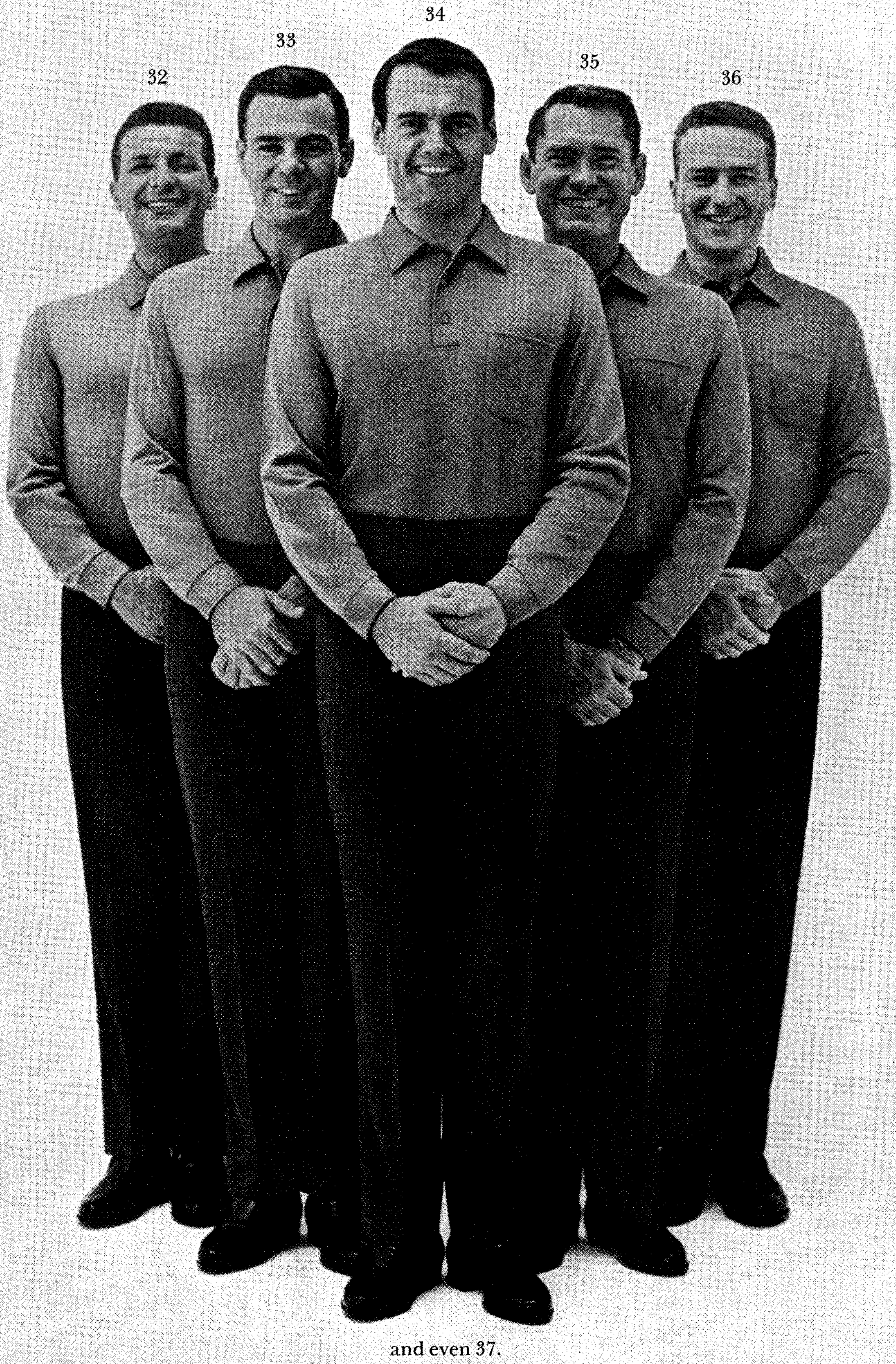
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



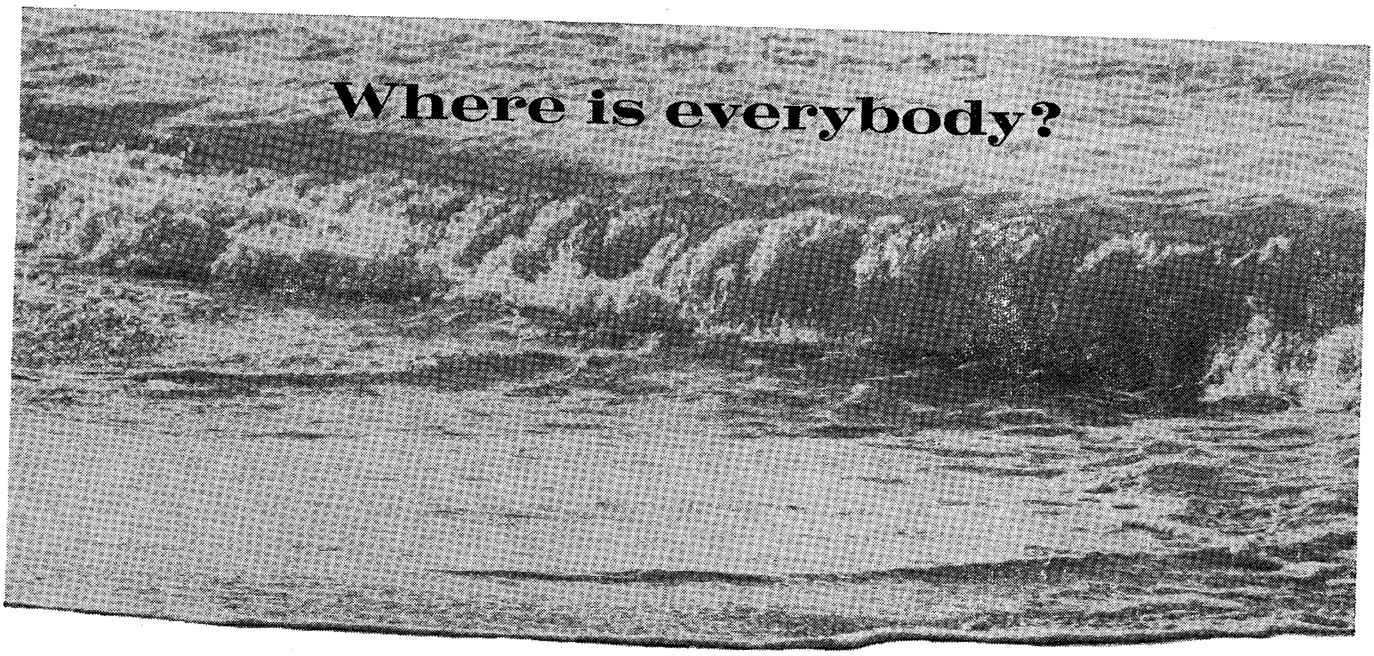
Compact, only 19⅛" wide, but . . . speakers may be separated up to 16′. Plug in a turntable and you can even play stereo records.

*80% ORLON® ACRYLIC AND 20% WOOL



The new **MANHATTAN** "Greco" shirt in **ALAMAC THALSPUN® KNIT** comes in sleeve lengths

These five men all take a medium. But each one needs a different sleeve length. They get what they need with Manhattan's new "Greco" shirt. And everything stays in great shape—thanks to Alamac's great machine-washable Thalspun* knit. The "Greco" shirt in latest fashion colors. Sizes small with 32 through 35 sleeve; medium, large and extra large with 32 through 37 sleeve. About $6. Arnold Constable, N.Y. and branches. Alamac Knitting Mills, Inc., 1412 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.



KNEE-DEEP IN FUN!

Where does the soft, pink sand stretch as far as your toes can tramp?

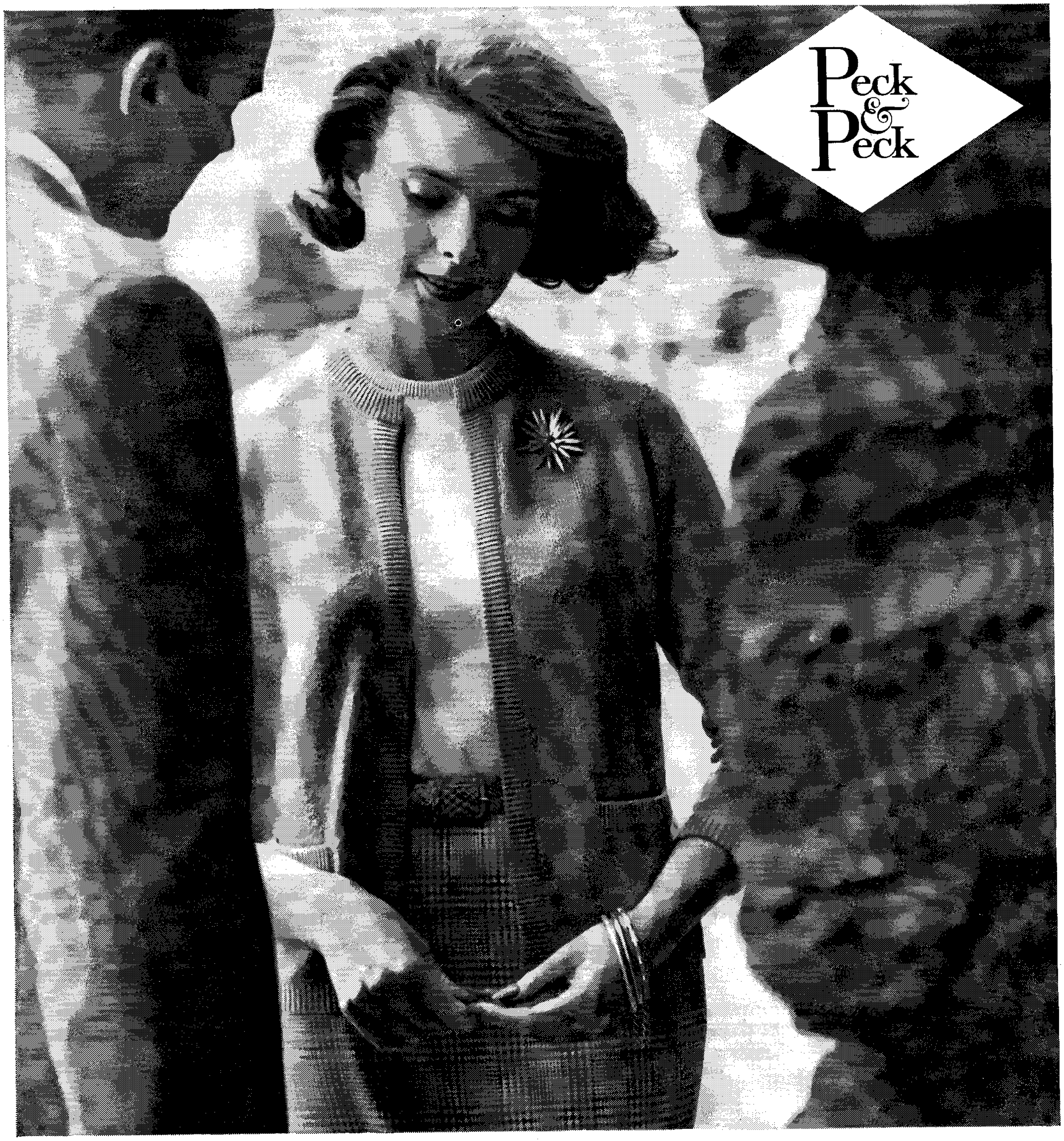
Where is there something lovely to view…something lively to do every minute of the day and night?…from leisurely breakfasts on your flower-framed terrace to dinner dancing 'neath an island moon? Where do you have to flip a shilling to decide between "Pool's Paradise" and the inviting surf for your morning swim…then on to golfing, tennis, sailing or skin-diving…bicycling, hiking, sight-seeing, or just plain loafing in the sun? The place is Elbow Beach, located on the South Shore of Britain's loveliest island colony. So ankle on down!

Elbow Beach Surf Club

BERMUDA'S FAMOUS OCEANSIDE HOTEL

Cy Elkins, General Manager

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. JUdson 6-4500
ALSO BOSTON/WASHINGTON/CHICAGO/TORONTO/LONDON



Women notice
it's a Hadley
men just notice you

Peck and Peck believes in the Hadley look—that marvelous amalgam of simplicity and subtlety in caressingly soft cashmere. The important cardigan jacket in two-ply with wide ribbed detail, *32.95*. Pullover with short sleeves, *17.95*. Both in Anchorage blue, Aberdeen green or bone; 34 to 40. The skirt, from our huge dyed-to-match collection.

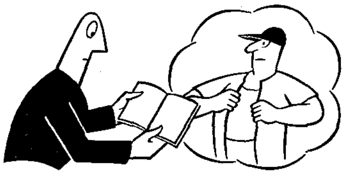
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

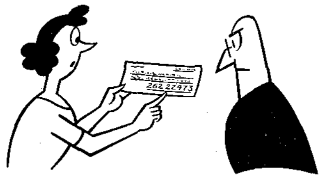
Notes and Comment

ANY baseball fan who is forced to rely on radio and television for his World Series, as we were, soon realizes what an important part the "record book" plays in a proper appreciation of the game. Forty-nine individual and club records were broken and nine others tied in the latest Series, and most of the statistical action was immediately passed on to the audience by the alert announcers. A veteran like Yogi Berra has only to put on a uniform and we are informed that he has established new marks for Most Series Played, Most Series Games Played, Most Series At-Bats, and so on. In the first inning of the pivotal fifth game, when the Yankees *almost* hit into a triple play, the announcer exclaimed, as if by reflex, "Well, folks, we almost had to go into the record book on that one!" The record book invoked at such crucial moments is a repository of faith only slightly less venerated than the Book of Common Prayer. Its best-known incarnation is the Little Red Book of Baseball, whose 1962 edition contains a hundred and seventy-one pages of records (itself a record). There is, it appears, a record for everything, including Most Runs Batted In by a Pinch Hitter in Consecutive Times at Bat in a World Series (6), Most Times Individual Batter Hit by Pitcher in a Single Inning (2), and Fewest Stolen Bases by Individual Batter, 150 Games or More, Single Season (0). The theory behind this wild proliferation is simple enough: *any* ballplayer, no matter how good or bad, can leave his name to posterity (in one edition, at least) if he really wants to. The knocking of opportunity becomes as steady and irrepressible as the rhythmic handclapping of home-town fans calling for a rally in the bottom of the ninth. Why, we wonder, couldn't this admirable democratic principle be adapted with equally good effect to the realm of international diplomacy, where the country is engaged in an increasing number of statistical competitions? Besides the basic Space Race, we Americans are challenged by the Russians to a Gross National Product Race, a Steel Race, a Hydroelectric Power Race, an Education Race, and a Track and Field Race (Men's and Women's Divisions). And just when Premier Khrushchev seemed ready to concede, at least temporarily, the Milk, Meat, and Butter Races, a United States senator warned us in a recent Sunday *Times Magazine* that we had fallen behind Japan, Russia, Red China, and Peru in the Fish Race. The senator is convinced that this is a bad thing. For our part, we are not so sure. Indeed, we venture to suggest that an argumentative but enduring peace may descend on our crowded world (a sort of Hot Stove League of Nations) when there are so many races going on simultaneously that all hundred and nine U.N. members can be kept busy shooting for a record in at least one of them. Records, like moons, are not the worst things men can shoot for, and under our rules even the smallest, newest nations, like Chad and Upper Volta, can play.



NOT long ago, when we opened the envelope containing our telephone bill, a little brochure fluttered to our desk and gave us a start. "You Simply Push a Button," its headline avouched, "and the Telephone *Takes Over*." One of our gloomier forebodings, it seemed, had been realized. The circuits had risen. The anticipated Jacquerie of the machine was under way. The whole vast and gleaming telephonic network, its hour come at last, had decided to eliminate the weak link in the great chain of communication; namely, the subscriber, who bumbles at the dial with his slow, blunt fingers and persists in clinging to the needless ambiguities of personal speech despite the proved efficiency of coded pulses. A melancholy descended on us. We were obsolete. A closer scrutiny of the brochure, however, revealed that our apprehensions were—though not groundless, God knows—premature. The company was only hawking a contrivance that would keep our fallible hands away from the dial. It was with no little complacency that we observed we were still to be entrusted with the pressing of the "start bar."

And even at this late stage of the grand march of communication there are men who are bent upon saving the Telephone Company from itself, and for humanity. We give you Mr. Bob Baird, of Carmel, California, who registered a protest against the new "all-number call system" by signing a check to the Telephone Company with those numbers that correspond on the telephone dial to the letters of his name. This witty gesture, to be sure, lost a good deal of its sting when "a spokesman for the Pacific Telephone Company," or conceivably a recorded voice, informed the newspapers that Mr. Baird's check "would be processed routinely." A rather more formidable movement has been organized by a group of telephone subscribers in Washington, D.C., who call themselves, probably with higher hopes than mathematics, the Committee of Ten Million to Oppose All-Number Calling. This estimable body has taken it upon itself to counter, reasonably and with great verve, every argument advanced by the Telephone Company on behalf of doing away with such exchanges as BUtterfield and REgent and replacing them



with their equivalent numbers. For the benefit of those telephone subscribers who have already been bereft of the mnemonic convenience of exchanges, the group offers a handy guide to the construction of entirely personal arrangements, such as HAberdashery, YLang-ylang, KNife, and WRapping-paper. With a dimming of its otherwise sunny approach to the problem, the organization also suggests that the Telephone Company, in its perplexing decision to abolish exchanges, might be acting out of dark fiscal motives, having to do with the increasing likelihood of wrong numbers under the new system. Our own surmise as to the truth of this befuddling matter is that the Telephone Company, like many other contemporary corporations, has taken its problems to an electronic brain, and that this machine, not unnaturally, has supplied answers designed to satisfy other machines. A machine, of course, has no difficulty whatever in remembering long numbers. The logical consequence is that any system based upon long numbers will eventually depend entirely upon machines for its successful operation. Well, so be it. There is something rather exhilarating, after all, in the thought of a vast congeries of telephones calling one another up and announcing, with inconceivable rapidity, the correct time or the current weather or what's playing at the movies, or perhaps inviting one another to leave a recorded message, or even merely listening, with the infinite patience of the inanimate, to a ghostly and anachronistic voice that ceaselessly repeats, in a Bronx intonation, "The number you are calling is not a working number. . . ." A voluble humanity, meanwhile, cut off from all this brisk efficiency of communication, can fall gracefully back upon the letter and the messenger, the delicate, the inept, the human.

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Political Intelligence: A carton of lapel buttons bearing the legend "Don't Knock the Rock" was recently uncovered in renovation debris at the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre. The cache was immediately dispatched to the nearest Young Republicans Club.

Vanished

"SIC transit gloria" is a sad enough saying, but "Sic transit transit" can be even sadder; we were talking the other day to a very young man in this office about the heroic open-topped double-decker buses that used to career along Fifth Avenue, and, to our dismay, it turned out that he not only had never seen them but had never even heard of them. For us, their presence is still almost palpable; we leap in memory onto the rear platform, mount the steep, twisty steps to the corrugated upper deck, and, using the handgrips on the seat backs on either side to steady our progress, advance in rocking, nautical fashion to a seat well up in the prow, where, like a veritable Captain Ahab, we prepare to brave the fiercest storm that ever came sweeping down out of Central Park. Alas that such adventures (and at a mere ten cents per adventure) should be possible only in memory! Prompted by a feeling that our very young friend has missed a lot without realizing it, we've unearthed a few facts about those vanished, landlocked whalers, which we'll do our best to present without choking up.

To start with, we may note that the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which was founded in 1885, relied literally upon horsepower until 1907, when it introduced the first gasoline-powered omnibus ever seen in this country—an open double-decker, the engine and the chassis made by de Dion-Bouton, of France, and the body made by a firm in Philadelphia. With the outbreak of war in 1914, no more engines or chassis could be imported from Europe, so the company set about buying parts of domestic manufacture and assembling its own buses. It continued to do so, experimenting with various sizes and shapes of buses, including even an impractical convertible model, until 1937, though in the meantime it had started buying double-deckers from the Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Co., of Chicago. The heyday of the open double-decker was the nineteen-twenties, when the company had a fleet of upward of four hundred. Slowly, the rugged old open buses gave way to effete enclosed double-deckers, which, in turn, gave way to the low, overcrowded fo'c'sle style we know today. The last regularly scheduled run of an open double-decker was made in December, 1946, and the last regularly scheduled run of an enclosed double-decker—a thirteen-and-a-half-foot-high job, informally known as the Queen Mary model—was made in April, 1953.

What has become of that vast flotilla of open double-deckers? According to Charles Wittcke, a retired purchasing agent for the company, most of them were sold for scrap. A few were bought by transit companies in Central and South America, where so many of our trolleys went (Hy Gardner has reported seeing ten speckle-throated double-deckers in Ciudad Trujillo in 1956); a few were picked up by private collectors; and three were bought by movie companies, to add flavor to any films they might feel inclined to make about old New York. The Sterling Forest real-estate development, up near Tuxedo Park, has an open double-decker, which it puts to use on particularly festive occasions. Disneyland has two open double-deckers, but they're admittedly replicas, whereas Six Flags Over Texas, a sort of Disneyland outside Dallas, owns a prime specimen of the genuine article. William Harrah, of Reno, who claims to have the largest collection of automobiles in the world, has an enclosed double-decker but not an open one, and Henry Austin Clark, Jr., who runs the Long Island Automotive Museum, in Southampton, has several former Fifth Avenue buses, including a couple that the company converted, at an advanced age, into sand trucks, but he lacks an open double-decker and is extremely eager to buy the last such veteran in the company's possession—a beat-up ark affectionately known as Old 303, which is currently lodged in a city-owned garage on 132nd Street. Old 303 was built in the company shop in 1915; it has a wooden body, cane seats, a right-hand drive (in foolish imitation of London buses), and solid-rubber tires, and last saw regular service in 1930. It occasionally takes the air even now. Last weekend, as part of a motorcade helping to further the candidacy for the United States Senate of James B. Donovan, Old 303 was driven the length and breadth of the southeast Bronx, to the wonder and approbation of all.

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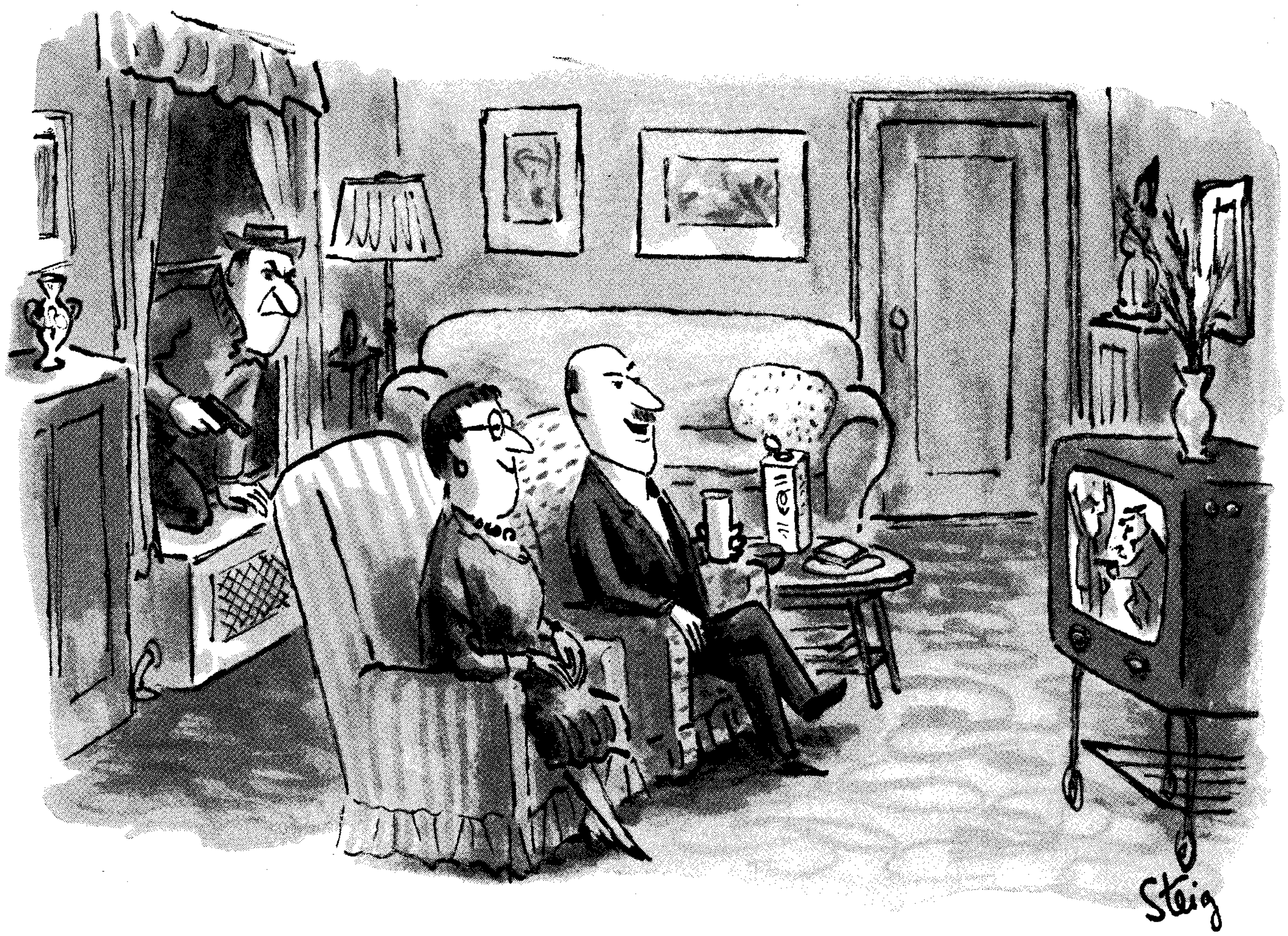
OVERHEARD in doctor's waiting room, doctor to patient, as patient was sent back into the world: "One other thing. You'll find that the salt substitute I've recommended for you doesn't taste anything at all like salt."

Antwerp Zoo

"THE Antwerp Zoo is one of the great zoos of Europe, and its director, Walter Van den bergh, is here on his way to San Diego for the annual convention of the International Union of Directors of Zoological Gardens," we were told the other noon by our old friend Dr. James A. Oliver, who is currently the director of the Museum of Natural History and in his salad days was curator of reptiles at the Bronx Zoo. Acting at once on this intelligence,



"On TV, everything is guns."

• •

we called on the distinguished Belgian visitor at the Biltmore, where he was staying, and whisked him a block north to the Yale Club's taproom for a zoological chat.

"The Société Royale de Zoologie d'Anvers, or Antwerp Zoo, was founded in 1841 by J. F. Loos, a trucking magnate, whose family transportation business is still active in Antwerp," Mr. Van den bergh said. "It began with a museum of natural history and a botanical garden, in which, to attract more members, animals were presently established, thus forming a zoo. To retain and increase the interest of members, especially in the winter, a concert hall was built. Today, we have four such halls, for music and lectures, with a total capacity of nearly three thousand, and we turn them over, free, to scientific societies, with the provision that our members—we now have eighty-three hundred, at twenty dollars a year—be admitted to their meetings, free. We have a public library of more than fifteen thousand books on fauna and flora, and a photo archive of thousands of pictures of all aspects of animal life, and we hold exhibits of animals in jewelry, animals in sculpture, animals in philately, and animals in fashion. We award prizes to animal sculptors and animal painters. When our animals die, our research laboratory prepares their remains and sends them, if they seem interesting enough, to the Royal Belgian Institution for Natural History, in Brussels, or to the Royal Museum of the Belgian Congo, in Tervueren, which is near Brussels."

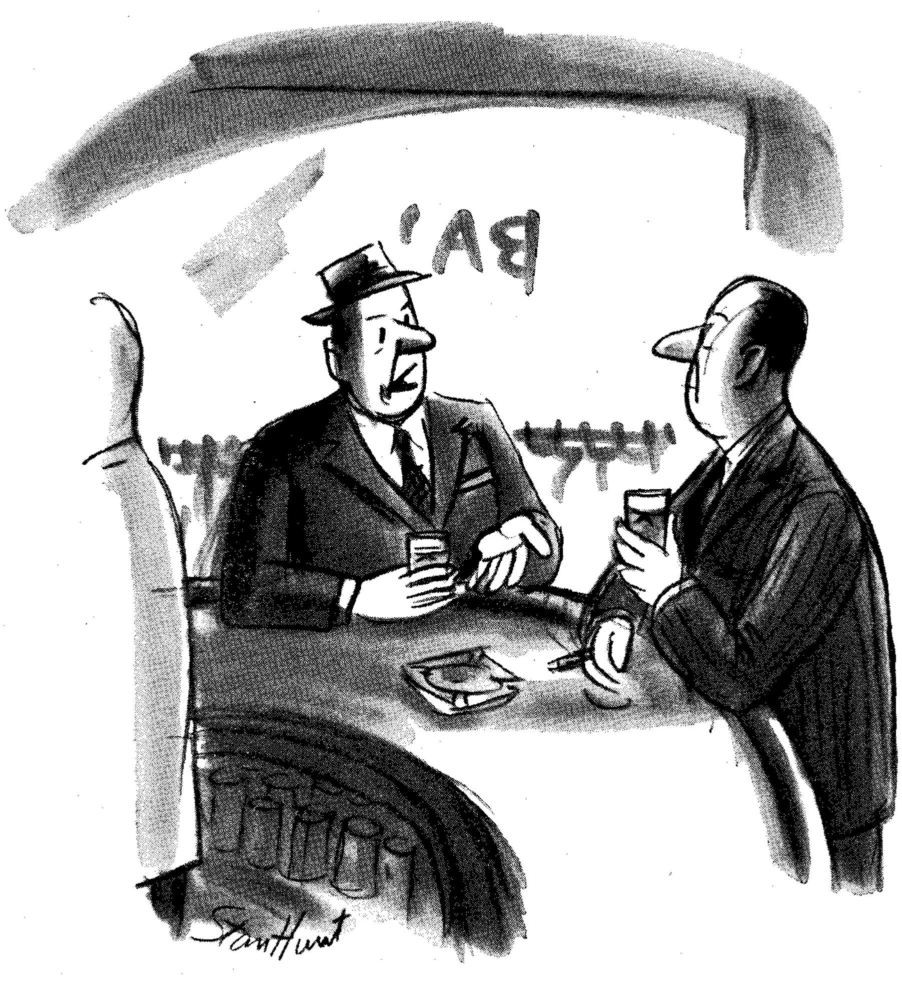
"How about your living, breathing animals?" we asked, for we had been brought up in the Bronx Zoo, at the knee of Dr. Fairfield Osborn.

"On Sundays, we have Tyrolian folk dances, military concerts, and so on," said Mr. Van den bergh, a victim of momentum. "Oh! We have over six thousand animals, of eight hundred species. Our pair of white rhinoceroses were the first ever seen outside Africa. We were the first zoo in the world to exhibit okapis, from the Congo; our Congo peafowl is the first to live in a European zoo. We have a rare collection of primates—among them mountain gorillas from Central Africa. We also have a bird that *eats* primates—the monkey-eating eagle, from the Philippines."

"Do you feed it your monkeys?" we asked.

"Rabbits, rats, beef, and horsemeat," he replied. "Animals in captivity adapt themselves to institutional diets. Our South American anteaters, which in their wild state feed exclusively on termites, ants, and their larvae, are given a mixture of eggs, milk, hashed meat, and oat flakes. European ants are unsuitable for their nourishment, because they contain formic acid, which is irritating. All in all, our animals consume nearly five hundred tons of food a year, including three hundred and ten thousand pounds of hay, thirty-three thousand pounds of bread, twenty-two thousand pounds of fruit, forty-five hundred gallons of milk, and ninety gallons of cod-liver oil. Our Somaliland gerenuks get mimosa leaves, and each of our Himalayan lesser pandas receives currant bread, eggs, milk, meat, and a small bundle of bamboo shoots daily, and a freshly killed bird from time to time. We show many of our birds without barriers—in brightly lit open cages. The public looks at them from an adjacent area that is kept dark. By what magic are the birds kept in cages from which they could so easily escape?"

We waited, and Mr. Van den bergh said, "Simply by the light, which to



"He's got this gimmick, see. He's completely honest."

• •

them means comfort and safety. They're diurnal birds, of course. To them, darkness spells night, danger, and terror. At night, toward closing time, an opaque curtain is lowered in front of each of the cages, and the lights are gradually dimmed and switched off, creating an artificial sunset, during which the birds begin to roost. In the morning, this process is reversed. The birds wake up gradually, and the harmful consequences of dazzling are avoided."

Mr. Van den bergh next informed us that his zoo has an aquarium two hundred and seven feet long and fifty-two feet wide, and we asked how its denizens were getting along.

"Famously," he said. "The fresh-water fish get tap water from the waterworks, in which the calcium salts and chlorine have been suitably reduced, and the salt-water fish get water brought by ship from the Bay of Biscay. Such water, if it is continuously filtered and aerated, will keep for several years."

We asked Mr. Van den bergh how he fell into mimosa-leaf circles.

"My father was a wool manufacturer," he said, "and I thought of going into the business, but in 1931, when I was twenty-two and just back from my military service, there was a wool crisis, so I joined the zoo. I was always a great book lover, and I was attracted to it by its library, which I have increased. I never went to college. I feel rather bad about this. I sent my daughter to college, and she took a degree in geography, but then she got married, so her degree does her no good."

Mr. Van den bergh sighed, and presented us with an English-language pamphlet on his establishment, in which, under "General Information," we subsequently read, "Visitor groups are advised to visit the garden in the morning, when there is less affluence." We drew a startled Galbraithian breath and conjured up a vision of matutinal poverty—before the day's earning power had a chance to make itself felt—but Webster set us straight.

Anything to Oblige

THE Americana, the hotel that recently set up shop at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-second Street, has fifty floors, each dedicated, by way of a large bronze medallion on a corridor wall, to a state of the union. The other day, a gentleman from Louisiana was given a room on the forty-fourth floor, which proved to be Texas territory. "I did so hope that my room would be on the Louisiana floor," he said to the bellboy. Shortly thereafter, the manager informed him that a Louisiana medallion had replaced the Texas one on the forty-fourth floor, and that during his stay he could consider himself on his home grounds.

Literary Outing

THE dazzling prospect of a literary lunch in an eighteenth-century-type French pavilion situated on the banks of the Connecticut River and inhabited by a Yale man became one of life's realities the other Saturday when, our transportation problem solved by the offer of a round trip in a British cab, we bowled to Essex, Connecticut, in the company of Mrs. Carlton Cole, a literary agent, and Mr. Earl Blackwell, the dean of Celebrity Service and the publisher of the *Celebrity Register*. Our host and target was Mr. Jerome Zerbe, the celebrated photographer and frequent chronicler of the international set, and the occasion was the imminent publication, by Macmillan, of "Les Pavillons: French Pavilions of the Eighteenth Century," a de-luxe account of thirty-nine of these ornamental edifices—among them the Pavillon de Sully, the Hermitage of Mme. de Pompadour, the Petit Trianon, the Pavillon Du Barry, and the Pavillon Lopez-Willshaw—to which Mr. Cyril Connolly had contributed the text and Mr. Zerbe two hundred and fifty-four photographs.

We set out from the Waldorf Towers, where Mrs. Cole, who is handling the book for Mr. Z., resides, and as we headed for the Connecticut Turnpike, she said, "I moved to the Towers from the Algonquin a couple of years ago. I have a cocker spaniel, Jingle Beau, and they didn't want a steady dog at the Algonquin. My problem was to find a hotel that would take dogs but would also have an internationally known address. I'd learned that the Duchess of Windsor's dogs were welcome at the Towers, so I figured that Jingle Beau would be, too. He had a sister, Jingle Belle, but she died. Cole Porter has a schipperke there, and I believe there are some transient dogs in the hotel proper. I don't know much about those transient dogs."

"There are celebrities among dogs, don't forget," said Mr. Blackwell.

We asked Mrs. Cole who some of her clients are, besides Mr. Zerbe.

"Louis Nizer," she replied. "His 'My Life in Court' has sold some two hundred thousand copies. I have Beatrice Lillie, who is writing a book about her dogs. She paints, too; she's having a show at the Sagittarius Gallery soon. I'm not interested in art in general, but I *am* interested in Bea Lillie's art. It's great. I also represent Huntington Hartford, who is writing a book called 'Art Without Culture.' "

"Huntington Hartford is changing his image splendidly, from playboy to public-spirited citizen," Mr. Blackwell said. "It's terrible the way Walter Hoving and the Fifth Avenue Association are trying to keep his projected restaurant out of Central Park. Why should they be against his giving a present to the city?"

"I can't imagine," Mrs. Cole said, and presently remarked "West Haven," as a sign indicated our proximity to that New Haven suburb. "You know, I used to be a Dixieland singer, and one of my early jobs was in West Haven."

"Did the boys at Yale go to hear you?" we asked.

"I was so young then I didn't know Yale *existed*," she said. "I didn't know Yale from the Connecticut College for Women. I've just come back from a business trip to Europe. I bought a watch for my mother in Switzerland, and on my return I was horrified to find that you could get the same thing here for the same price."

We asked Mr. Blackwell where he was born, and he said Atlanta, Georgia. "I used to drive my parents and my aunts and uncles around the countryside there when I was fourteen," he went on.

"I love driving on back-country roads, but I never do it any more," Mrs. Cole said. "The trouble with being successful is that you don't have time to *do* anything."

One o'clock found us at the Pavillon Zerbe, an attractive white structure with marble vases and statuary on the lawn and an agreeable vista to the river. We accepted a Martini and a devilled egg, were introduced to twenty or thirty people, most of the men in red jackets and most of the women in tweeds, and learned from our host that his house had been copied twelve times since he built it, in 1947.

"There are three versions of it in Jamaica," he said. "I designed it during the war, on Guam, when I was a chief specialist photographer in the Navy and was starved for beauty. I got the idea for the book then. I made eighteen trips to France to take photographs. I sent Cyril Connolly thirty-seven reference volumes from my eighteenth-century library for his text, and I took him around to the places we covered."

We persuaded Mr. Zerbe to take us around his house.

"Most of the doors, panelling, and parquet floors in the house are from Mrs. William Astor's house in Rhinebeck," he said. "Vincent Astor sold them to me for fifteen hundred dollars. I paid him ten cents for the shower in the bathroom. This bedroom was added in 1951; I paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars for its woodwork, which came from Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house on Fifth Avenue, and it cost me six thousand dollars to install it. These two eighteenth-century sphinxes"—we were now on the terrace—"are exact duplicates of Pompadour's and used to be at Friendship, Evalyn Walsh McLean's place in Washington. She wouldn't sell them to me when I asked her. I bought them after her death, from a dealer in Atlanta."

Several hours and a magnificent buffet later, we regained our cab, a stately Austin, which was being driven by its owner. He handed us a card reading, "The 'Top Hat' Service. Limousines of London. A. Rothman. Fieldstone 3-5183," and said, "A little cheaper than Carey Cadillacs. There are three of these in town."

"I used to wear my hair long, but some of my clients objected," Mrs. Cole said on the way back. "They're insecure, though they have no reason to be."

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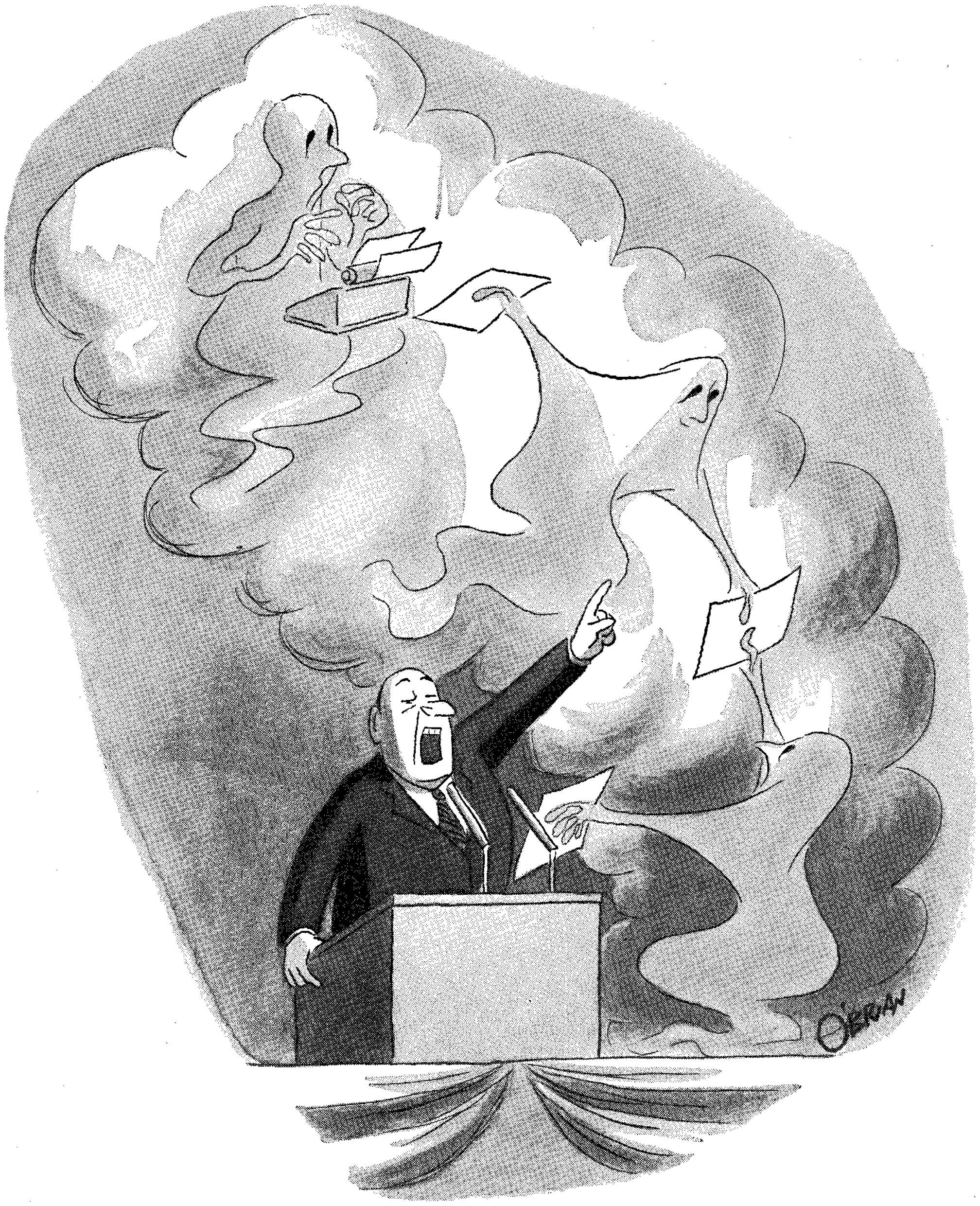
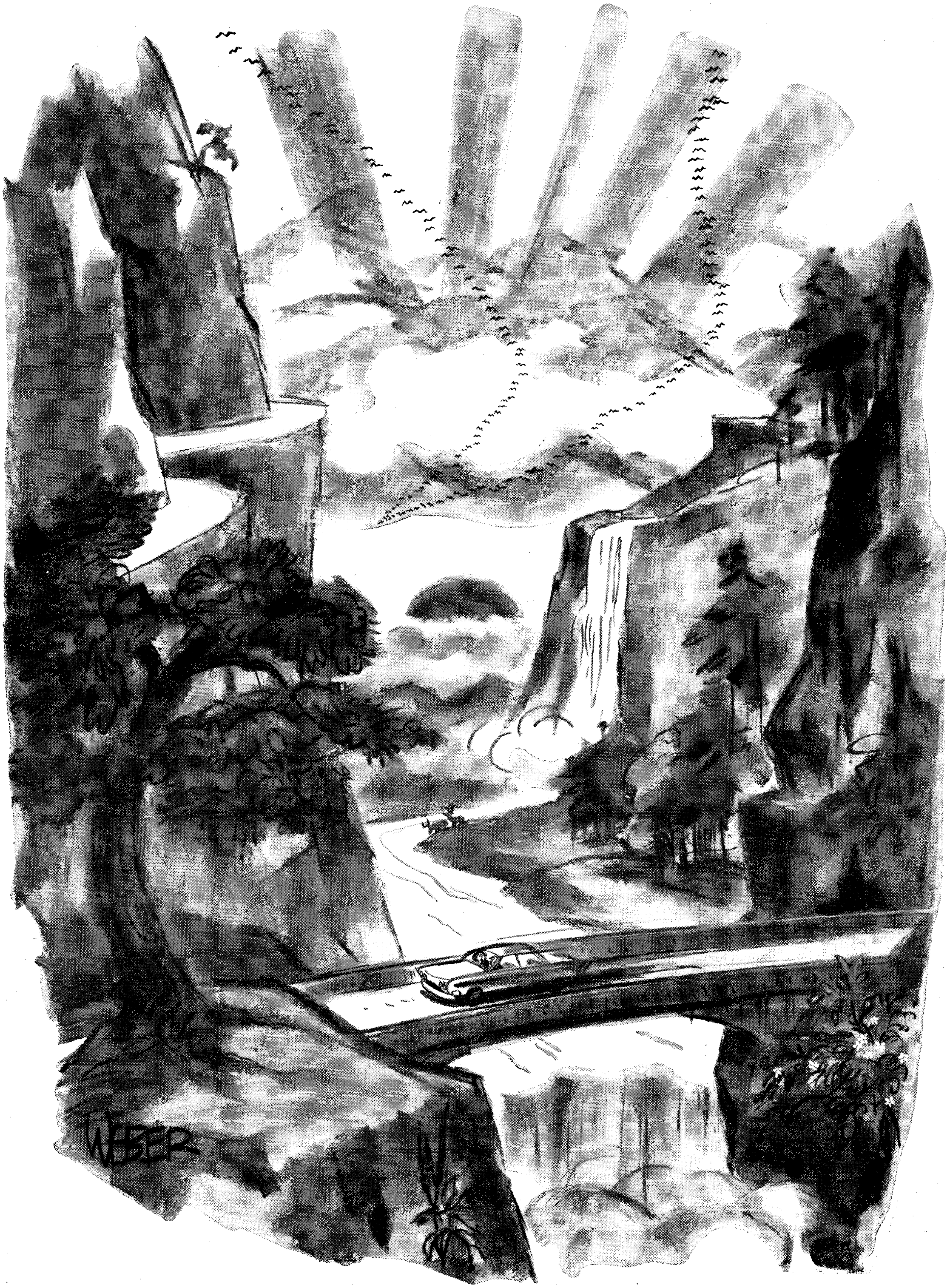
NOTE from a twelve-year-old, at boarding school in England, to her parents, in Hong Kong, who are fairly weary of inscrutability: "There are two new girls at school this term. One has run away and the other hasn't arrived."





"I'm sick of playing Twenty Questions. Turn on the radio."

REUNION

THE last time I saw my father was in Grand Central Station. I was going from my grandmother's in the Adirondacks to a cottage on the Cape that my mother had rented, and I wrote my father that I would be in New York between trains for an hour and a half, and asked if we could have lunch together. His secretary wrote to say that he would meet me at the information booth at noon, and at twelve o'clock sharp I saw him coming through the crowd. He was a stranger to me—my mother divorced him three years ago and I hadn't been with him since—but as soon as I saw him I felt that he was my father, my flesh and blood, my future and my doom. I knew that when I was grown I would be something like him; I would have to plan my campaigns within his limitations. He was a big, good-looking man, and I was terribly happy to see him again. He struck me on the back and shook my hand. "Hi, Charlie," he said. "Hi, boy. I'd like to take you up to my club, but it's in the Sixties, and if you have to catch an early train I guess we'd better get something to eat around here." He put his arm around me, and I smelled my father the way my mother sniffs a rose. It was a rich compound of whiskey, after-shave lotion, shoe polish, woollens, and the rankness of a mature male. I hoped that someone would see us together. I wished that we could be photographed. I wanted some record of our having been together.

We went out of the station and up a side street to a restaurant. It was still early, and the place was empty. The bartender was quarrelling with a delivery boy, and there was one very old waiter in a red coat down by the kitchen door. We sat down, and my father hailed the waiter in a loud voice. "*Kellner!*" he shouted. "*Garçon! Cameriere! You!*" His boisterousness in the empty restaurant seemed out of place. "Could we have a little service here!" he shouted. "Chop-chop." Then he clapped his hands. This caught the waiter's attention, and he shuffled over to our table.

"Were you clapping your hands at me?" he asked.

"Calm down, calm down, *sommelier*," my father said. "If it isn't too much to ask of you—if it wouldn't be too much above and beyond the call of duty, we would like a couple of Beefeater Gibsons."

"I don't like to be clapped at," the waiter said.

"I should have brought my whistle," my father said. "I have a whistle that is audible only to the ears of old waiters. Now, take out your little pad and your little pencil and see if you can get this straight: two Beefeater Gibsons. Repeat after me: two Beefeater Gibsons."

"I think you'd better go someplace else," the waiter said quietly.

"That," said my father, "is one of the most brilliant suggestions I have ever heard. Come on, Charlie, let's get the hell out of here."

I followed my father out of that restaurant into another. He was not so boisterous this time. Our drinks came, and he cross-questioned me about the baseball season. He then struck the edge of his empty glass with his knife and began shouting again. "*Garçon! Kellner! Cameriere! You!* Could we trouble you to bring us two more of the same."

"How old is the boy?" the waiter asked.

"That," my father said, "is none of your God-damned business."

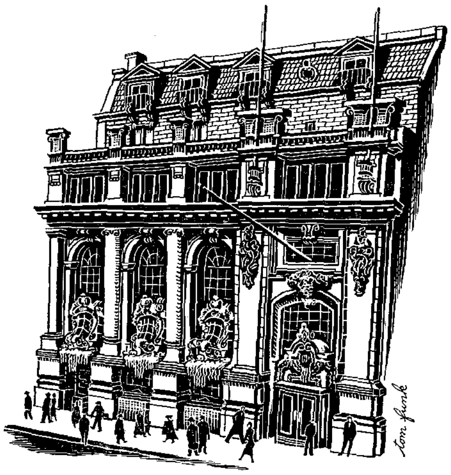
"I'm sorry, sir," the waiter said, "but I won't serve the boy another drink."

"Well, I have some news for you," my father said. "I have some very interesting news for you. This doesn't happen to be the only restaurant in New York. They've opened another on the corner. Come on, Charlie."

He paid the bill, and I followed him out of that restaurant into another. Here the waiters wore pink jackets like hunting coats, and there was a lot of horse tack on the walls. We sat down, and my father began to shout again. "Master of the hounds! Tallyho and all that sort of thing. We'd like a little something in the way of a stirrup cup. Namely, two Bibson Geefeaters."

"Two Bibson Geefeaters?" the waiter asked, smiling.

"You know damned well what I want," my father said angrily. "I want two Beefeater Gibsons, and make it snappy. Things have changed in jolly old England. So my friend the duke tells me. Let's see what England can produce in the way of a cocktail."



"This isn't England," the waiter said.

"Don't argue with me," my father said. "Just do as you're told."

"I just thought you might like to know where you are," the waiter said.

"If there is one thing I cannot tolerate," my father said, "it is an impudent domestic. Come on, Charlie."

The fourth place we went to was Italian. "*Buon giorno*," my father said. "*Per favore, possiamo avere due cocktail americani, forti, forti. Molto gin, poco vermut.*"

"I don't understand Italian," the waiter said.

"Oh, come off it," my father said. "You understand Italian, and you know damned well you do. *Vogliamo due cocktail americani. Subito.*"

The waiter left us and spoke with the captain, who came over to our table and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but this table is reserved."

"All right," my father said. "Get us another table."

"All the tables are reserved," the captain said.

"I get it," my father said. "You don't desire our patronage. Is that it? Well, the hell with you. *Vada all'inferno.* Let's go, Charlie."

"I have to get my train," I said.

"I'm sorry, sonny," my father said. "I'm terribly sorry." He put his arm around me and pressed me against him. "I'll walk you back to the station. If there had only been time to go up to my club."

"That's all right, Daddy," I said.

"I'll get you a paper," he said. "I'll get you a paper to read on the train."

Then he went up to a newsstand and said, "Kind sir, will you be good enough to favor me with one of your God-damned, no-good, ten-cent afternoon papers?" The clerk turned away from him and stared at a magazine cover. "Is it asking too much, kind sir," my father said, "is it asking too much for you to sell me one of your disgusting specimens of yellow journalism?"

"I have to go, Daddy," I said. "It's late."

"Now, just wait a second, sonny," he said. "Just wait a second. I want to get a rise out of this chap."

"Goodbye, Daddy," I said, and I went down the stairs and got my train, and that was the last time I saw my father.

—JOHN CHEEVER

NOVOTNY'S PAIN

IN the early months of the Korean War, a young man who had been studying to be a television cameraman in a night school just west of the Loop in Chicago was drafted into the Army and almost immediately fell ill. He awoke one morning with a pain on the right side of his body, directly above the buttock. When he rolled over, it was as though whatever bones came together inside him there were not meeting as they should. The pain, however, was not what had awakened him; his eyes always opened themselves five minutes before the appearance in the barracks of the Charge of Quarters. Though there was much of Army life that he had to grit his teeth to endure, he did not have to work at getting up on time; it simply happened to him. When it was necessary to grit his teeth, he gritted them and did what he was told. In that way, he was like a good many young men who suffered military life alongside him or had suffered it before him. His sense of shame was strong, as was his sense of necessity; the two made him dutiful.

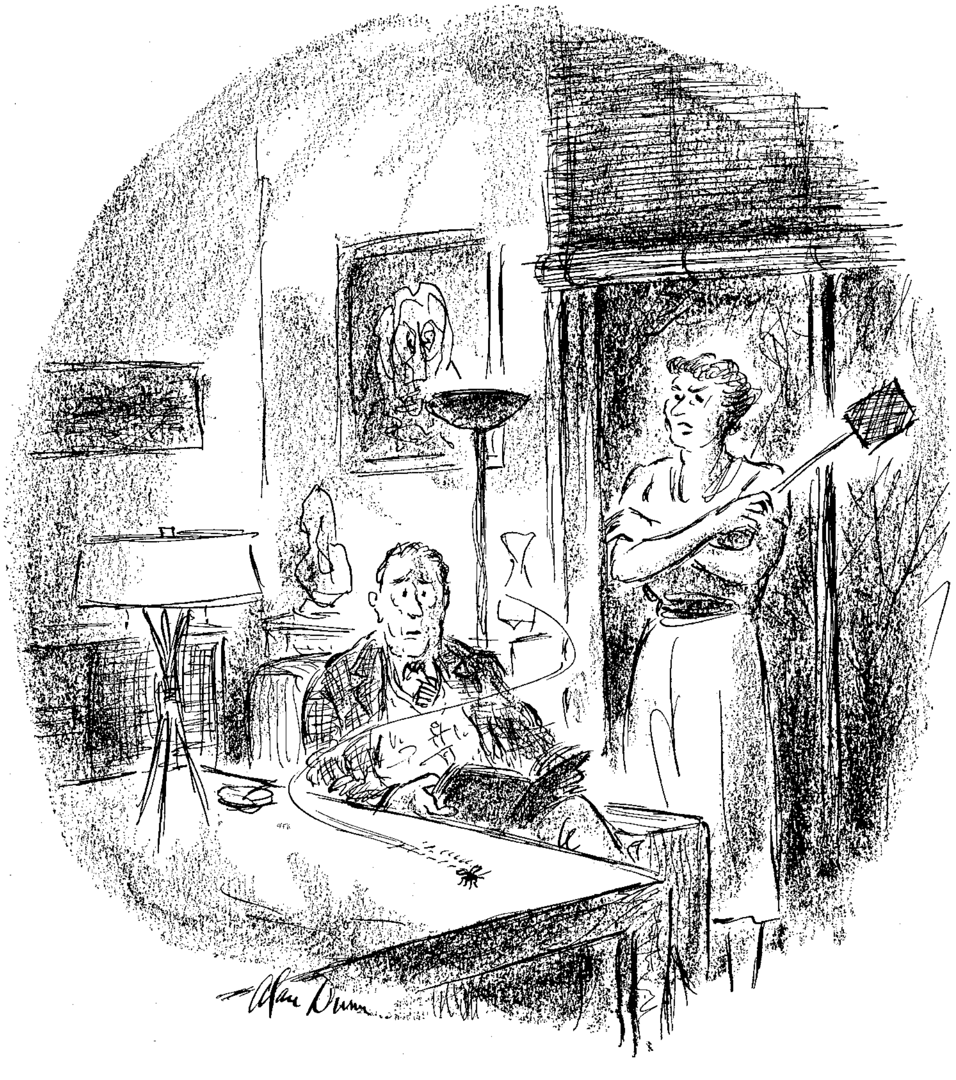
Also, he was of foreign extraction, and though his hard-working family had not as yet grown fat off the fat of the land, it was nevertheless in their grain to feel indebted to this country. Perhaps if they had been a little fatter they would have felt less indebted. As it was, Novotny believed in fighting for freedom, but because what he himself wanted most from any government was that it should let him alone to live his life. His patriotism, then—his commitment to wearing this republic's uniform and carrying this republic's gun—was seriously qualified by his feeling of confinement and his feeling of loss, both of which were profound.

When the C.Q. got around to Novotny's bed that morning, he did not shine his flashlight into the soldier's eyes; he simply put a hand to his arm and said, "You better get yourself up, young trooper." Novotny was appreciative of this gentleness, and though, as he stepped from his bunk, the pain across his back was momentarily quite sharp, he met the day with his usual decision. Some mornings, making the decision required that he swallow hard and close his eyes, but he never failed to make it: *I am willing*. He did not know if any of those around him had equivalent decisions to make, because he did not ask. He did not mull much over motive. People were honest or dishonest, good or bad, himself included.

After dressing, he moved off with four others to the mess hall, where it was their turn to work for the day. It was still dark, and in the barracks the other recruits slept on. The previous day, the entire company had marched fifteen miserable miles with full packs, and then, when it was dark, they had dropped down on their stomachs and fired at pinpoints of light that flickered five hundred yards away and were supposed to be the gunfire of the enemy. Before they had climbed into trucks at midnight, they were ordered to attention and told in a high, whiny voice by their captain, a National Guardsman recently and unhappily called back to duty, that only one out of every fifty rounds they had fired had hit the targets. This news had had a strong effect upon the weary recruits, and the trucks had been silent all the way to the barracks, where it had been necessary for them to clean their rifles and scrape the mud from their boots before they flung themselves onto the springs of their bunks for a few hours' rest.

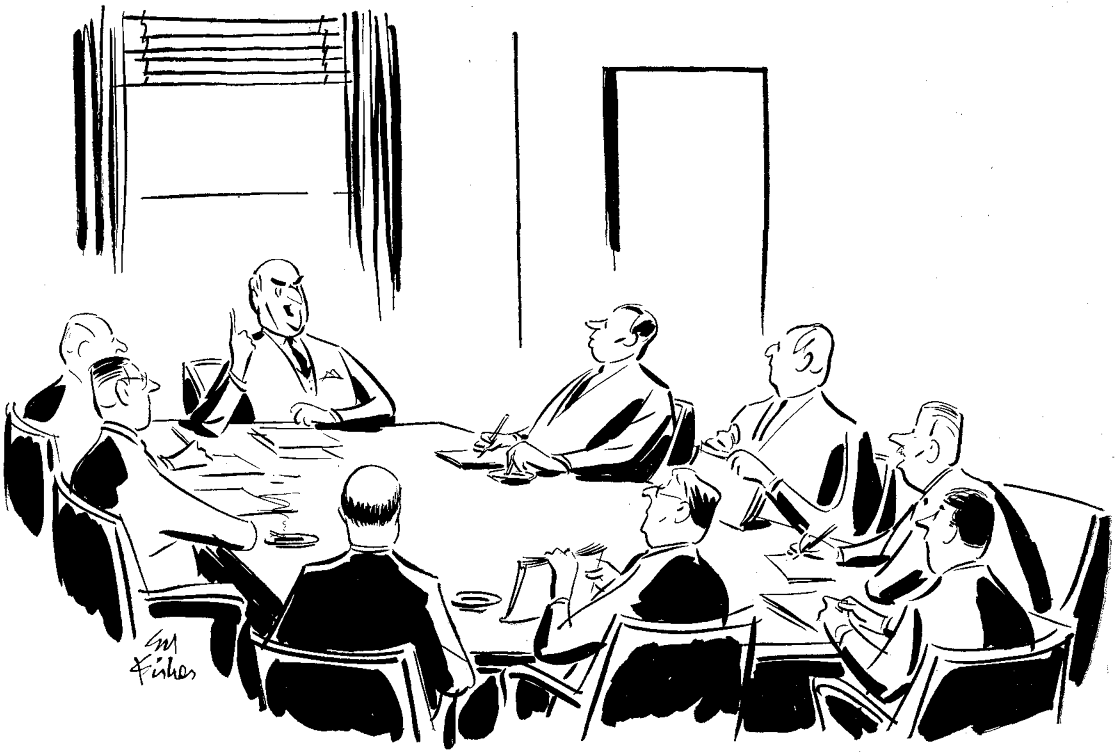
At the mess hall, the K.P.s were each served two large spoonfuls of Army eggs and a portion of potatoes. The potatoes had not been cooked long enough, and the taste they left on the palate was especially disheartening at such an early hour, with no light outdoors and a cold wind blowing. But Novotny did not complain. For one thing, he was occupied with finding a comfortable position in which to sit and eat—he had the pain only when he twisted the wrong way. Besides, the food was on his tray to give him strength, not pleasure. Novotny did not skip meals, no matter how ill-prepared they were, for he did not want to lose weight and be unequal to the tasks assigned him.

Before entering the Army, Novotny had worked for several years as an apprentice printer with a company that manufactured telephone books in Chicago. It had turned out to be dull work, and because he considered himself a bright and ambitious young man, he had looked around for a night school where he might learn a job with a future. He had settled on television, and for over



"*Would it upset the balance of nature if I gave it one good swat?*"

a year he had been attending classes two evenings a week. He had a girl friend and a mother, to both of whom he had a strong attachment; his girl friend he loved, his mother he took care of. Novotny did not want to cause any trouble. On the other hand, he did not want to be killed. With his girl friend, he had been a man of passion; he dreamed of her often. He was thrifty, and had four hundred dollars in a savings account in the First Continental Bank on LaSalle Street in Chicago. He knew for a fact that he had been more adept at his work than anyone else in his television course. He hated the Army because nothing he did there was for himself.



"And don't forget. Next week, everyone brings in a six-hundred-word essay on 'How the Common Market Will Affect My Department of National Metals, Inc.'"

• •

The labors of the K.P.s began at dawn, and at midnight—light having come and gone—they were still at it. The cooks had ordered the men around all day until five in the afternoon, when the Negro mess sergeant showed up. He hung his Eisenhower jacket on a hook, rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, and said, "As there is a regimental inspection tomorrow morning, we will now get ourselves down to the fine points of housecleaning, gentlemens." The K.P.s had then proceeded to scrub the mess hall from floor to ceiling, inside and out.

A little after midnight, while Novotny was working away at the inside of a potato bin with a stiff brush and a bucket of hot, soapy water, the man working beside him began to cry. He said the sergeant was never going to let them go to sleep. The sergeant would be court-martialled for keeping them up like this. They would all get weak and sick. All Novotny knew of the fellow beside him was that his name was Reynolds and that he had been to college. Apparently, the mess sergeant only knew half that much, but that was enough; he came into the storeroom and saw Reynolds weeping into the empty potato bins. "College boy," he said, "wait'll they get you over in Korea." The sergeant delivered his words standing over them, looking down, and for the moment Novotny stopped feeling sorry for himself.

When the scrubbing was finished, Novotny and Reynolds had to carry back the potatoes, which were in garbage cans, and dump them into the bins. Reynolds began to explain to Novotny that he had a girl friend whom he was supposed to have called at ten-thirty. For some reason, Reynolds said, his not having been able to get to a phone had made him lose control. Novotny had, till then, been feeling superior to Reynolds. For all his resenting of the stupidity that had made them scrub out bins one minute so as to dump dirty potatoes back into them the next, he had been feeling somewhat in league with the sergeant. Now Reynolds' words broke through to his own unhappiness, and he was about to say a kind word to his companion when the fellow suddenly started crying again. Reynolds threw his hand up to cover his wet cheeks and dropped his end of the can. Novotny's body stiffened; with a great effort he yanked up on the can so that it wouldn't come down on Reynolds' toes. Pain cut deep across the base of Novotny's spine.

Later, he limped back to the barracks. He got into bed and counted up the number of hours he had spent scrubbing out what hadn't even needed to be scrubbed. At a dollar and a quarter an hour, he would have made over twenty dollars. Nineteen hours was as much night-school time as he had been able to squeeze into three weeks. He had known Rose Anne, his girl, for almost a year, but never had he spent nineteen consecutive hours in her company. Though once they had had twelve hours. . . . He had driven in his Hudson down to Champaign, where she was a freshman at the University of Illinois, and they had stayed together, in the motel room he had rented, from noon to midnight, not even going out for meals. He had driven her back to her dormitory, his shoelaces untied and wearing no socks. Never in his life had he been so excited.

The following week, he had been drafted.

AFTER completing his eight weeks of basic training, Novotny was given a week's leave. His first evening home, his mother prepared a large meal and then sat down opposite him at the table and watched him eat it. After dinner, he stood under the hot shower for twenty minutes, letting the water roll over him. In his bedroom, he carefully removed the pins from a new white-on-white shirt and laid it out on the bedspread, along with a pair of Argyles, a silver tie clasp, cufflinks, and his blue suit. He polished his shoes—not for the captain's pleasure, but for his own—and chose a tie. Then he dressed for his date as he had learned to dress for a date from an article he had read in a Sunday picture magazine, while in high school, that he kept taped to the inside of his closet door. He had always collected articles having to do with how to act at parties, or dances, or on the job; his mother had never had any reason not to be proud of Novotny's behavior. She kissed him when he left the house, told him how handsome he looked, and then tears moved over her eyes as she thanked him for the government checks—for always having been a good son.

Novotny went to a movie with Rose Anne, and afterward he drove to the forest preserve where they remained until 2 A.M. In bed, later, he cursed the Army. He awoke the following morning to find that the pain, which had not troubled him for some weeks, had returned. It came and went through the next day and the following night, when once again he saw Rose Anne. Two days later, he visited the family doctor, who said Novotny had strained a muscle, and gave him a diathermy treatment. On their last night together, Rose Anne said that if writing would help, she would write not just twice a day, as was her habit, but three times a day, even four. In the dark of the forest preserve, she told Novotny that she dreamed about his body; in the dark, he told her that he dreamed of hers.

He left her weeping into a Kleenex in her dim front hallway, and drove home in a mood darker than any he had ever known. He would be killed in Korea and never see Rose Anne again, or his mother. And how unfair—for he *had* been a good son. Following his father's death, he had worked every day after school, plus Wednesday nights and Saturdays. When he had been drafted, he had vowed he would do whatever they told him to do, no matter how much he might resent it. He had kept his mouth shut and become proficient at soldiering. The better he was at soldiering, the better chance he had of coming out alive and in one piece. But that night when he left Rose Anne, he felt he had no chance at all. He would leave some part of his body on the battlefield, or come home to Rose Anne in a box. Good as he had been—industrious, devoted, stern, sacrificing—he would never have the pleasure of being a husband, or a television cameraman, or a comfort to his mother in her old age.

FIVE days after his return to the post—where he was to receive eight weeks of advanced infantry training, preparatory to being shipped out—he went on sick call. He sat on a long bench in the barren waiting room, and while two sullen prisoners from the stockade mopped the floor around his feet, he had his temperature taken. There were thirteen men on sick call, and they all watched the floor being washed and held thermometers under their tongues. When Novotny got to see the medic, who sat outside the doctor's office, he told him that every time he twisted or turned or stepped down on his right foot, he felt a sharp pain just above the buttock on the right side of his body. Novotny was sent back to duty with three inches of tape across his back, and a packet of APC pills.

At mail call the following morning, Novotny received a letter from Rose Anne unlike any he had ever received from her before. It was not only that her hand was larger and less controlled than usual; it was what she said. She had written down, for his very eyes to see, all those things she dreamed about when she dreamed about his body. He saw, suddenly, scenes of passion that he and she were yet to enact, moments that would not merely repeat the past but would be even deeper, even more thrilling. Oh Rose Anne—how had he found her?

Novotny's company spent the afternoon charging around with fixed bayonets—crawling, jumping up, racing ahead, through fences, over housetops, down into trenches—screaming murderously all the while. At one point, leaping from a high wall, Novotny almost took his eye out with his own bayonet; he had been dreaming of his beautiful future.

The next morning, he walked stiffly to sick call and asked to see the doctor. When, in response to a question, he said it was his back that hurt him, the medic who was interviewing him replied sourly, "Everybody's back hurts." The medic told Novotny to take off his shirt so that he could lay on a few more inches of tape. Novotny asked if he could please see the doctor for just a minute. He was informed that the doctor was only seeing men with temperatures of a hundred or more. Novotny had no temperature, and he returned to his unit, as directed.

On the seventh weekend, with only one more week of training left, Novotny was given a seventy-two-hour pass. He caught a plane to Chicago and a bus to Champaign, carrying with him only a small ditty bag and Rose Anne's impassioned letter. Most of Friday, most

THE COT

I stopped in a sidestreet surplus shop, just south of Yorkville,
a holy, antic basement where a butterfish in a bowl and a fierce Sahara cat,
a rarity in Manhattan, were guardians of wilderness relics: ancestral
buttons, bones of lizards, aggregations of driftwood and coral, remaindered
shells. More autumn museum than shop. Its gentle keeper—
in his time, I imagine, an explorer, hunting guide, or harbor tugboat captain—
kept for noon naps an outlandish cot in a corner, an antique of extinct
canvas and bandied wooden legs, quaint for terrace sleeping
and catching October faiths from the river winds.
Kind to young voyagers, the keeper
decreed a just price, and, amidst uprisings of dust, the wild desert cat's protestations,
we dismantled the cot, which I carried home in a cab.
And I was warm enough on the cot, curled up like a pioneer,
like a mountain hunter, in a Western roll of blankets.
In the ambient winds were chances of change, scents of East River deities,
and there were more stars than usual for Manhattan, restless and cold,
as stars should be in October; but it was the windows I carefully wondered at,
their lights, by distance, quite warm and wicked, the dangerous shades
slightly drawn, to a wilderness watcher, on what promises of color
and surprise. And although I knew well that, for a quick faith before
sleep, the least stars are better, I kept to my choice of lights until the last
windows went out, when, having little knowledge, for all my pretensions, of dark,
I moved back to my own bed, leaving the wilderness prayer cot (still good for naps at noon)
adrift in true night with the stars, the river winds, and the abstract faiths of October.

—GROVER AMEN

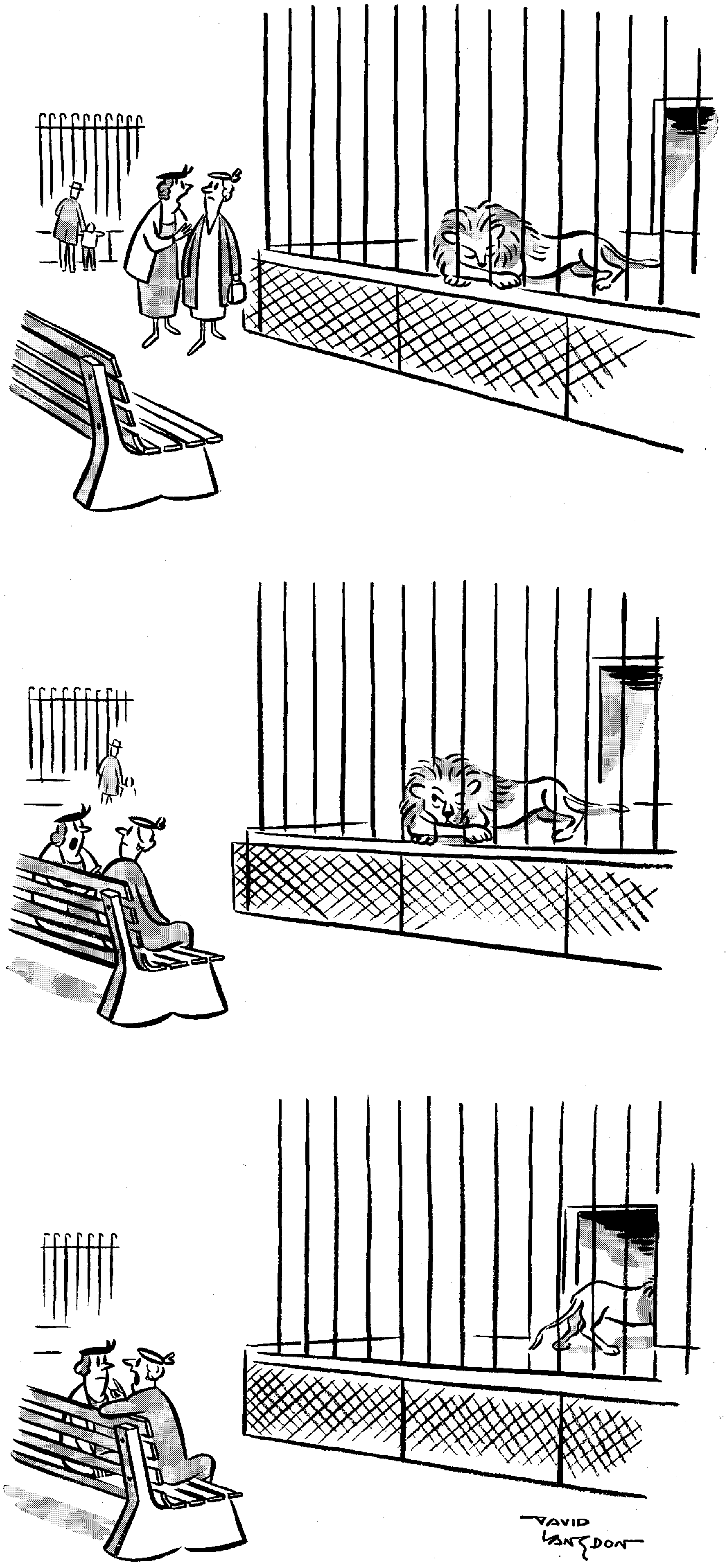
• •

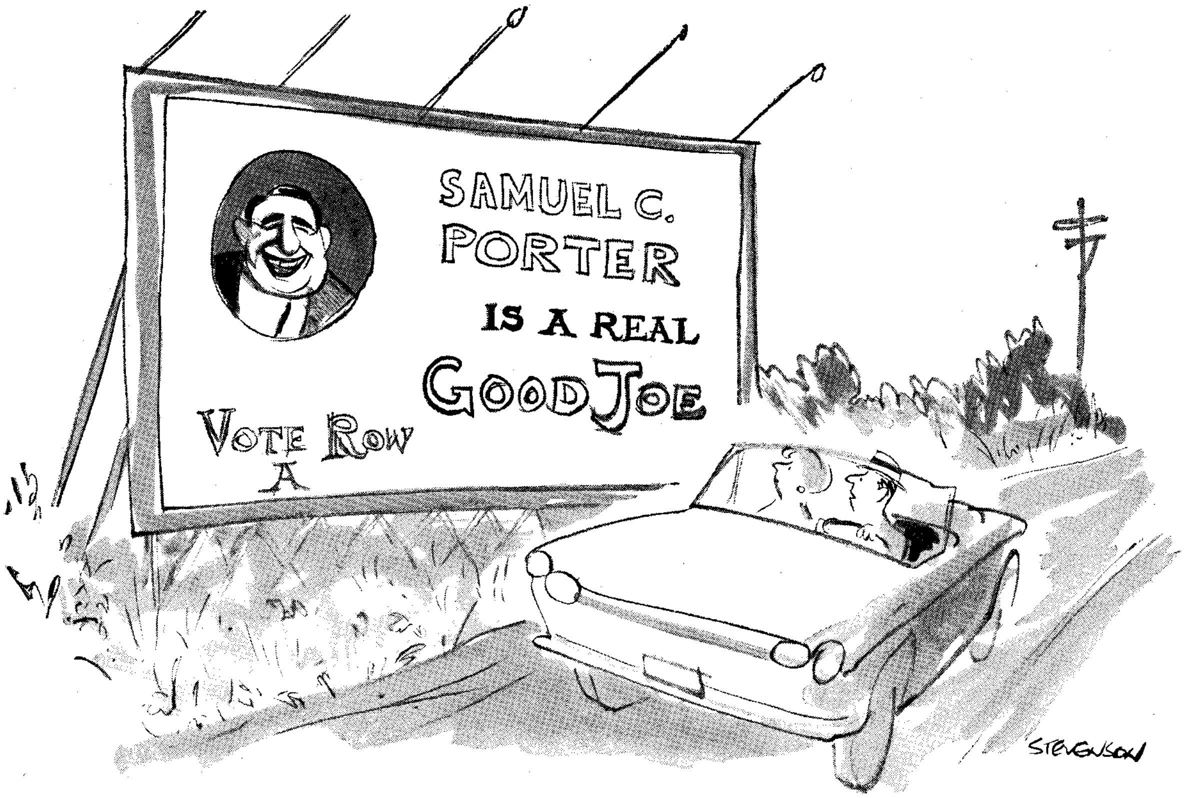
of Saturday, and all day Sunday, Rose Anne wept, until Novotny was more miserable than he had ever imagined a man could be. On Sunday night, she held him in her arms and he proceeded to tell her at last of how he had been mistreated by the medic; till then he had not wanted to cause her more grief than she already felt. She stroked his hair while he told how he had not even been allowed to see a doctor. Rose Anne wept and said the medic should be shot. They had no right to send Novotny to Korea if they wouldn't even look after his health here at home. What would happen to him if his back started to act up in the middle of a battle? How could he take care of himself? She raised many questions—rational ones, irrational ones, but none that Novotny had not already considered himself.

Novotny travelled all night by train so as to be back at the base by reveille. He spent most of the next day firing a Browning automatic, and the following morning, when he was to go on K.P., he could not even lift himself from his bed, so cruel was the pain in his back.

In the hospital, the fellow opposite Novotny had been in a wheelchair for two years with osteomyelitis. Every few months, they shortened his legs; nevertheless, the disease continued its slow ascent. The man on Novotny's right had dropped a hand grenade in basic training and blown bits of both his feet off. Down at the end of Novotny's aisle lay a man who had had a crate full of ammunition tip off a truck onto him, and the rest of the men in the ward, many of whom were in the hospital to learn to use prosthetic devices, had been in Korea.

The day after Novotny was assigned to the ward, the man the crate had fallen on was wheeled away to be given a myelogram. He came back to the ward holding his head in his hands. As soon as Novotny was able to leave his bed, he made his way over to this fellow's bed, and because he had heard that the man's condition had been diagnosed as a back injury, he asked him how he was feeling. He got around to asking what a myelogram was, and why he had come back to the ward holding his head. The fellow was talkative enough, and told him that they had injected a white fluid directly into his spine and then X-rayed him as the fluid moved down along the vertebrae, so as to see if the spinal discs were damaged. He told Novotny that apparently it was the stuff injected into him that had given him the headache, but then he added that, lousy as he had felt, he considered him-





"He's sure steering clear of any egghead-image overtones this year."

self pretty lucky. He had heard of cases, he said, where the needle had slipped. Novotny had himself heard of instances where doctors had left towels and sponges inside patients, so he could believe it. The man said that all the needle had to do was go off by a hairbreadth and it would wind up in the tangle of nerves leading into the spine. Two days later, two damaged discs were cut out of the man with the injured back, and three of his vertebrae were fused together. All through the following week he lay motionless in his bed.

One evening earlier, while Novotny was still restricted to bed, he had been visited by Reynolds. Reynolds had come around to say goodbye; the entire outfit was to be flown out the next day. Since Reynolds and Novotny hardly knew each other, they had been silent after Reynolds spoke of what was to happen to him and the others the following day. Then Reynolds had said that Novotny was lucky to have developed back trouble when he did; he wouldn't have minded a touch of it himself. Then he left.

When Novotny was out of bed and walking around, X-rays were taken of his back, and the doctors told him they showed no sign of injury or disease; there was a slight narrowing of the intervertebral space between what they referred to on the pictures as L-1 and L-2, but nothing to suggest damage to the disc—which was what Novotny had worked up courage to ask them about. The doctors took him into the examination room and bent him forward and backward. They ran a pin along his thigh and calf and asked if he felt any sensation. They laid him down on a table and, while they slowly raised his leg, asked if he felt any pain. When his leg was almost at a ninety-degree angle with his body, Novotny thought that he did feel his pain—he did, most certainly, remember the pain, and remembered the misery of no one's taking it seriously but himself. Then he thought of all the men around him who hobbled on artificial limbs during the day and moaned in their beds at night, and he said nothing. Consequently, they sent him back to duty.

He was shunted into an infantry company that was in its seventh week of advanced training. Two days before the company was to be shipped out, he awoke in the morning to discover that the pain had returned. He was able to limp to sick call, where he found on duty the unsympathetic medic, who, almost immediately upon seeing Novotny, began to unwind a roll of three-inch tape. Novotny raised an objection, and an argument ensued, which was settled when the doctor emerged from behind his door. He ordered Novotny into his office and had him strip. He told him to bend forward and touch his toes. Novotny tried, but could come only to within a few inches of them. The doctor looked over Novotny's medical record and then asked if he expected the Army to stand on its head because one soldier couldn't touch his toes. He asked him what he expected the Army to do for him. The doctor said there were plenty of G.I.s with sore backs in Korea. And with worse. Plenty worse.

Though the pain diminished somewhat during the day, it returned the next morning with increased severity. Novotny could by this time visualize his own insides—he saw the bone as white, and the spot where the pain was located as black. At breakfast, he changed his mind three times over, then went off to the first sergeant to ask permission to go on sick call. He had decided finally that if he did not go and have the condition taken care of within the next few days it would simply get worse and worse; surely there would be no time for medical attention, no proper facilities, while they were in transit to Korea. And, once in Korea, those in charge would surely be even more deaf to his complaints than they were here; there they would be deafened by the roar of cannons. The first sergeant asked Novotny what the matter was this time, and he answered that his back hurt. The first sergeant said what the medic had said the first day: "Everybody's back hurts." But he let him go.

At sick call, the doctor sat Novotny down and asked him what *he* thought was wrong with him. What the suffering soldier had begun to think was that perhaps he had cancer or leukemia. It was really in an effort to minimize his complaint that he said that maybe he had a slipped disc. The doctor said that if Novotny had slipped a disc he wouldn't even be able to walk around. Novotny suddenly found it difficult to breathe. What had he done in life to deserve this? What had he done, from the day he had grown out of short pants, but everything that was asked of him? He told the doctor that all he knew was that he had a pain. He tried to explain that taping it up didn't seem to work; the pain wasn't on the surface but deep inside his back. The doctor said it was deep inside his head. When the doctor told him to go back to duty like a man, Novotny refused.

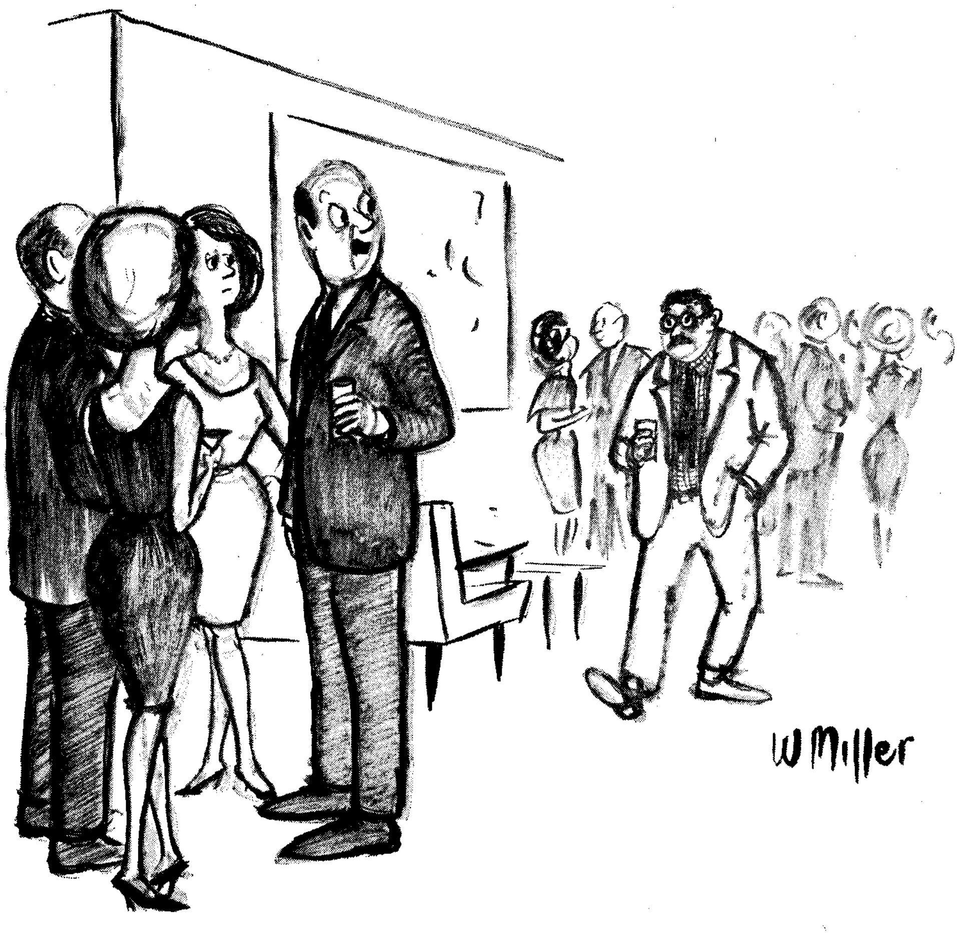
NOVOTNY was taken to the hospital, and to the office of the colonel in charge of orthopedics. He was a bald man with weighty circles under his eyes and a very erect carriage, who looked to have lived through a good deal. The colonel asked Novotny to sit down and tell him about the pain. Novotny, responding to a long-suffering quality in the man that seemed to him to demand respect, told him the truth: he had rolled over one morning during his basic training, and there it had been, deep and sharp. The colonel asked Novotny if he could think of anything at all that might have caused the pain. Novotny recounted what had happened on K.P. with Reynolds. The doctor asked if that had occurred before the morning he had awakened with the pain, or after it. Novotny admitted that it was after. But surely, he added, that must have aggravated the pain. The doctor said that that did not clear up the problem of where the pain had come from in the first place. He reminded Novotny that the X-rays showed nothing. He ordered Novotny to take off his hospital blues and stretch out on the examination table. By this time, of course, Novotny knew all the tests by heart; once, in fact, he anticipated what he was about to be asked to do, and the colonel gave him a strange look.

When the doctor was finished, he told Novotny that he had a lumbosacral strain with some accompanying muscle spasm. Nothing more. It was what they used to call a touch of lumbago. Novotny stood up to leave, and the colonel informed him that when he was released from the hospital he would have to appear at a summary court-martial for having refused to obey the doctor's order to return to duty. Novotny felt weak enough to faint. He was suddenly sorry he had ever opened his mouth. He was ashamed. He heard himself explaining to the colonel that he had refused to obey only because he had felt too sick to go back to duty. The colonel said it was for a trained doctor to decide how sick or well Novotny was. But, answered Novotny—hearing the gates to the stockade slamming shut behind him, imagining prison scenes so nasty even he couldn't endure them—but the doctor had made a mistake. As the colonel said, he *did* have a lumbosacral strain, and muscle spasm, too. In a steely voice, the colonel told him that there were men in Korea who had much worse. That was the statement to which Novotny had no answer; it was the statement that everyone finally made to him.

When they put him in traction, he had further premonitions of his court-martial and his subsequent internment in the stockade. He, Novotny, who had never broken a law in his life. What was happening? Each morning, he awoke at the foot of the bed, pulled there by the weights tied to his ankles and hanging to the floor. His limbs and joints ached day in and day out from being stretched. More than once, he had the illusion of being tortured for a crime he had not committed, although he knew that the traction was therapeutic. At the end of a week, the weights were removed and he was sent to the physical-therapy clinic, where he received heat treatments and was given a series of exercises to perform. Some days, the pain lessened almost to the point of disappearing. Other days, it was as severe as it had ever been. Then he believed that they would have to cut him open, and it would be the doctor at sick call who would be court-martialled instead of himself. When the pain was at its worst, he felt vindicated; but then, too, when it was at its worst he was most miserable.

He was only alone when he was in the bathroom, and it was there that he would try to bend over and touch his toes. He repeated and repeated this, as though it were a key to something. One day, thinking himself alone, he had begun to strain toward his toes when he was turned around by the voice of the osteomyelitis victim, who was sitting in the doorway in his wheelchair. "How's your backache, buddy?" he said, and wheeled sharply away. Everybody in the ward somehow knew bits of Novotny's history; nobody, nobody knew the whole story.

Nobody he didn't know liked him; and he stopped liking those he did know. His mother appeared at the hospital two weeks after his admittance. She treated him like a hero, leaving with him a shoebox full of baked goods and a Polish sausage. He could not bring himself to tell her about his court-martial; he could not disappoint her—and that made him angry. He was even glad to see her go, lonely as he was. Then, the following weekend, Rose Anne arrived. Everybody whistled when she walked down the ward. And he was furious at her—but for what? For being so desirable? So perfect? They argued, and Rose Anne went back to Cham-



"Watch out, here it comes again! 'Existence is neither good nor evil. It simply is.'"

paign, bewildered. That night, the Negro fellow next to Novotny, who had lost his right leg in the battle of Seoul, leaned over the side of his bed and said to him, with a note in his voice more dreamy than malicious, "Hey, man, you got it made."

The next day, very early, Novotny went to the hospital library and searched the shelves until he found a medical encyclopedia. He looked up "slipped disc." Just as he had suspected, many of his own symptoms were recorded there. His heart beat wildly as he read of the difficulties of diagnosing a slipped disc, even with X-rays. Ah yes, only the myelogram was certain. He read on and on, over and over, symptoms, treatments, and drugs. One symptom he read of was a tingling sensation that ran down the back of the leg and into the foot, caused by pressure of the herniated disc on a nerve. The following morning, he awoke with a tingling sensation that ran down the back of his right leg and into his foot. Only momentarily was he elated; then it hurt.

On his weekly ward rounds, the colonel, followed by the nurse and the resident, walked up to each bed and talked to the patient; everyone waited his turn silently, as in formation. The colonel examined stumps, incisions, casts, prosthetic devices, and then asked each man how he felt. When he reached Novotny, he asked him to step out of bed and into the aisle, and there he had him reach down and touch his toes. Novotny tried, bending and bending. Someone in the ward called out, "Come on, Daddy, you can do it." Another voice called, "Push, Polack, *push*"—and then it seemed to him that all the patients in the ward were shouting and laughing, and the colonel was doing nothing to restrain them. "Ah, wait'll they get you in Korea"—and then suddenly the ward was silent, for Novotny was straightening up, his face a brilliant red. "I can't do it, sir," he said. "Does your back feel better?" the colonel asked. "Yes, sir." "Do you think we should send you back to duty?" "I've had a tingling sensation down the back of my right leg," Novotny said. "So?" the colonel asked. The ward was silent; Novotny decided not to answer.

In the afternoon, Novotny was called to the colonel's office. He walked there without too much difficulty—but then it was not unusual for the pain to come and go and come back again, with varying degrees of severity. Sometimes the cycle took hours, sometimes days, sometimes only minutes. It was enough to drive a man crazy.

In the colonel's office, Novotny was told that he was going to get another chance. Novotny was too young, the colonel said, not to be extended a little forgiveness for his self-concern. If he went back to duty, the charges against him would be dismissed and there would be no court-martial. The colonel said that with a war on there was nothing to be gained by putting a good soldier behind bars. The colonel let Novotny know that he was impressed by his marksmanship record, which he had taken the trouble to look up in the company files.

When it was Novotny's turn to speak, he could only think to ask if the colonel believed the tingling sensation in his leg meant nothing at all. The colonel, making it obvious that it was patience he was displaying, asked Novotny what *he* thought it meant. Novotny said he understood it to be a symptom of a slipped disc. The colonel asked him how he knew that, and Novotny—hesitating only a moment, then going on with the truth, on and on with it—said that he had read it in a book. The colonel, his mouth turning down in disgust, asked Novotny if he was that afraid of going

THE GREAT SCARF OF BIRDS

Ripe apples were caught like red fish in the nets
of their branches. The maples
were colored like apples,
part orange and red, part green.
The elms, already transparent trees,
seemed swaying vases full of sky. The sky
was dramatic with great straggling V's
of geese streaming south, mare's-tails above them;
their trumpeting made us look up from golf.
The course sloped into salt marshes,
and this seemed to cause the abundance of birds.

As if out of the Bible or science-fiction,
a cloud appeared, a cloud of dots
like iron filings which a magnet
underneath the paper undulates.
It dartingly darkened in spots,
paled, pulsed, compressed, distended, yet
held an identity firm: a flock
of starlings, as much one thing as a rock.
One will moved above the trees
the liquid and hesitant drift.

Come nearer, it became less marvellous,
more legible, and merely huge.
Like dutiful Lot, I turned my back.
Later, I lazily looked around.

The rise of the fairway above and behind us was tinted,
so evenly tinted I might not have noticed
but that at the rim of the delicate shadow
the starlings were thicker and outlined the flock
as an inkstain in drying pronounces its edges.
The gradual rise of green was vastly covered;
I had thought nothing in nature could be so broad but grass.

And as
I watched, one bird,
prompted by accident or will to lead,
ceased resting; and, lifting in a casual billow,
the flock ascended as a lady's scarf,
transparent, of gray, might be twitched
by one corner, drawn upward and then,
decided against, negligently tossed toward a chair.
Melting all thought, the southward cloud withdrew into the air.

—John Updike

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"Love to stay, but we have a sitter."

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to Korea. Novotny did not know what to answer; he truly had not thought of it that way before. The colonel then asked him if he ever broke out in a cold sweat at night. Novotny said no—the only new symptom he had was the tingling in the leg. The colonel brought a fist down on his desk and told Novotny that the following day he was sending him over to see the psychiatrist. He could sit out the rest of the war in the nuthouse.

WHAT to do? Novotny did not know. It was not a cold but a hot sweat that he was in all through dinner. In the evening, he walked to the Coke machine in the hospital basement, as lonely as he had ever been. A nurse passed him in the hall and smiled. She thought he was sick. He drank his Coke, but when he saw two wheelchairs headed his way he turned and moved up the stairs to the hospital library. He began to perspire again, and then he set about looking through the shelves for a book on psychology. Since he knew as little about psychology as he did about medicine, he had to look for a very long time. He did not want to ask for the help of the librarian, even though she was a civilian. At last he was able to pick out two books, and he sat down on the floor between the stacks, where nobody could see him.

Much of what he read he did not completely follow, but once in a while he came upon an anecdote, and in his frustration with the rest of the book, he would read that feverishly. He read of a woman in a European country who had imagined that she was pregnant. She had swelled up, and then, after nine months, she had had labor pains—but no baby. Because it had all been in her imagination. *Her imagination had made her swell up!* Novotny read this over several times. He was respectful of facts, and believed what he found in books. He did not believe that a man would take the time to sit down and write a book so as to tell other people lies.

When he walked back to the ward, his back seemed engulfed in flames. It was then that he became absorbed in the fantasy of reaching inside himself and cutting out of his body the offending circle of pain. He saw himself standing over his own naked back and twisting down on an instrument that resembled the little utensil that is sold in dime stores to remove the core of a grapefruit. In his bed, he could not find a position in which the pain could be forgotten or ignored. He got up and went to the phone booth, where he called long distance to Rose Anne. He could barely prevent himself from begging her to get on a plane and fly down to him that very night. And yet—the darkness, his fright, his fatigue were taking their toll—if it wasn't his back that was causing the pain, was it Rose Anne? Was he being punished for being so happy with her? Were they being punished for all that sex? Unlike his mother, he was not the kind of Catholic who believed in Hell; he was not the kind who was afraid of sex. All he wanted was his chance at life. That was all.

In the washroom, before he returned to bed, he tried to touch his toes. He forced himself down and down and down until his eyes were cloudy from pain and his fingers had moved to within an inch of the floor. But he could not keep his brain from working, and he did not know what to think. If a woman could imagine herself to be in labor, then for him, too, anything was possible. He leaned over the sink and looked into the mirror. With the aid of every truthful cell in his pained body, he admitted to his own face that he was—yes, he was—frightened of going to Korea. Terribly frightened. But wasn't everybody? He wondered if nothing could be wrong with him. He wondered if nothing he knew was so.

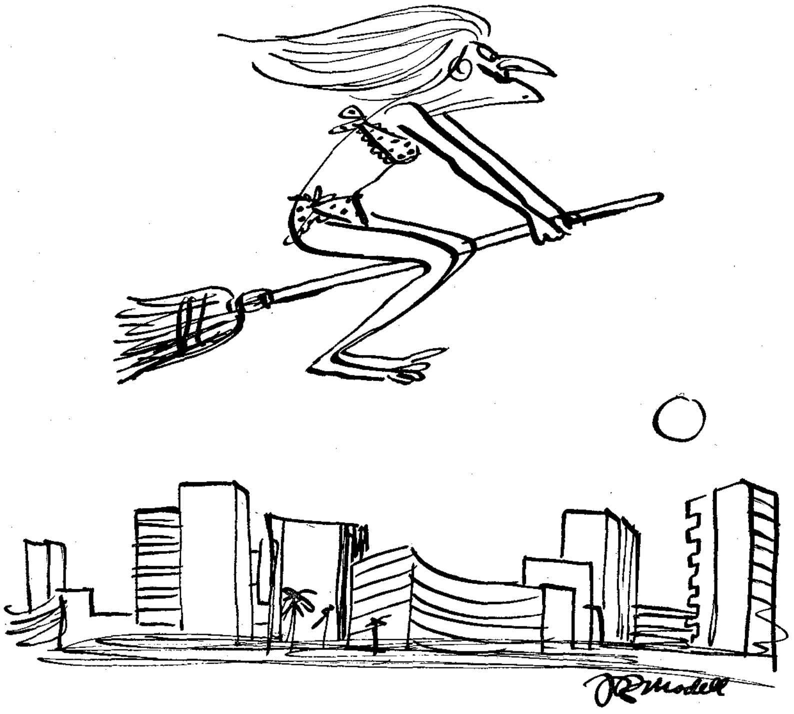
The next day, the psychiatrist asked Novotny if he felt nervous. He said he didn't. The psychiatrist asked if he had felt nervous before he had come into the Army. Novotny said no, that he had been happy. He asked if Novotny was afraid of high places, and if he minded being in crowds; he asked if he had any brothers and sisters, and which he liked better, his mother or his father. Novotny answered that his father was dead. He asked which Novotny had liked better before his father died. Novotny did not really care to talk about this subject, particularly to someone he didn't even know, but he had decided to be as frank and truthful with the psychiatrist as it was still possible for him to be—at least, he meant to tell him what he *thought* was the truth. Novotny answered that his father had been lazy and incompetent, and the family was finally better off with him gone. The psychiatrist then asked Novotny about Rose Anne. Novotny was frank. He asked Novotny if his back hurt when he was being intimate with Rose Anne. Novotny answered that sometimes it did and sometimes it didn't. He asked Novotny if, when it did hurt, they ceased being intimate. Novotny dropped his head. It was with a searing sense that some secret had been uncovered, something he himself had not even known, that he admitted that they did not. He simply could not bring himself, however, to tell the psychiatrist what exactly they did do when Novotny's back was at its worst. He said quickly that he planned to marry Rose Anne—that he had always known he would marry her. The psychiatrist asked where the couple would live, and Novotny said with his mother. When he asked Novotny why, Novotny said because he had to take care of her, too.

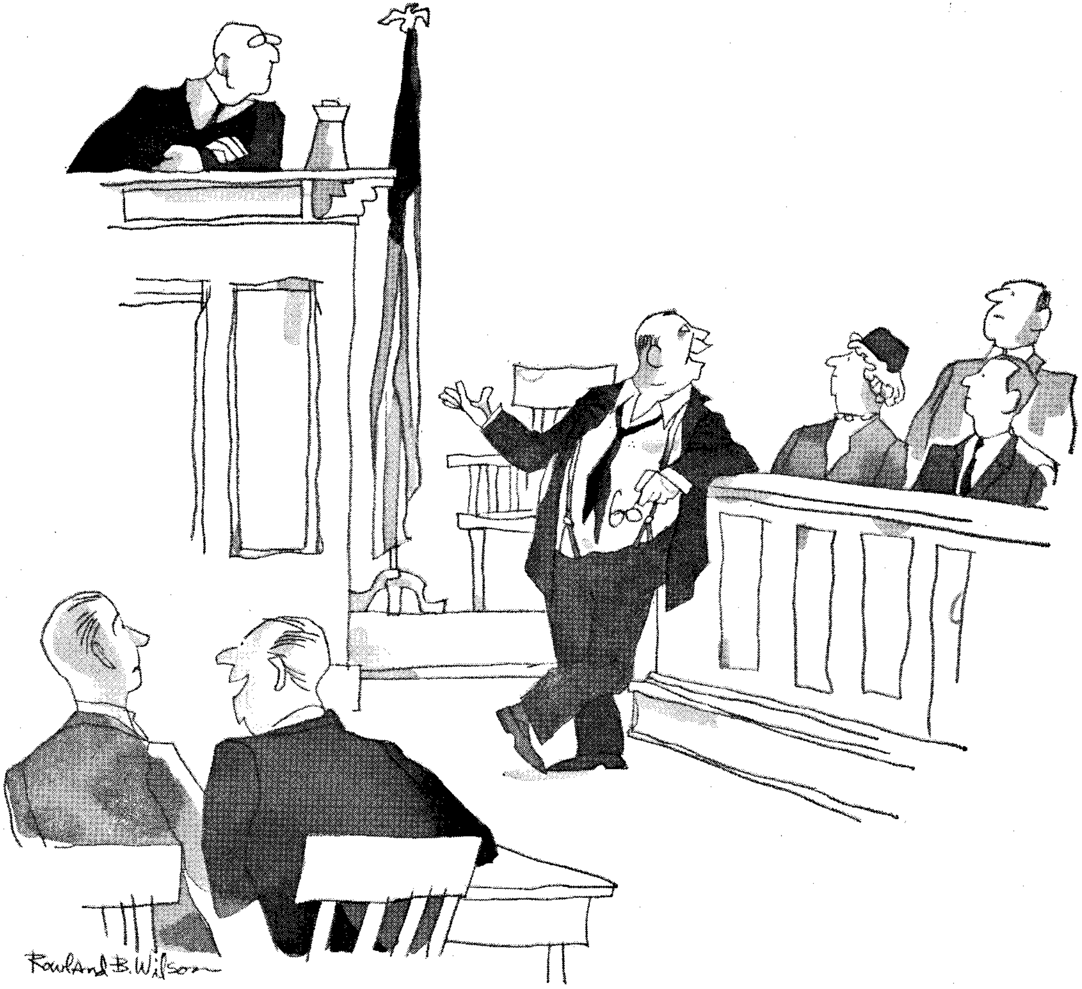
The psychiatrist made Novotny stand up, close his eyes, and try to touch the tips of his index fingers together. While Novotny's eyes were closed, the psychiatrist leaned forward and, in a whisper, asked if Novotny was afraid of dying. The weight of all that he had been put through in the past weeks came down upon the shoulders of the young soldier. He broke down and admitted to a fear of death. He began to weep and to say that he didn't want to die. The psychiatrist asked him if he hated the Army, and he admitted that he did.

THE psychiatrist's office was across the street from the main hospital, in the building the colonel had called the nuthouse. Novotny, full of shame, was led out of the building by an attendant with a large ring of keys hooked to his belt; he had to unlock three doors before Novotny got out to the street. He went out the rear door, just in sight of a volleyball game that was being played within a wire enclosure at the back of the building. To pull himself together before returning to the hostile cripples in the ward, Novotny watched the teams bat the ball back and forth over the net, and then he realized that they were patients who spent their days and nights inside the building from which he had just emerged. It occurred to him that the doctors were going to put him into the psychiatric hospital. Not because he was making believe he had a pain in his back—which, he had come to think, was really why they had been going to put him in the stockade—but precisely because he was *not* making believe. He was feeling a pain for which there was no cause. He had a terrible vision of Rose Anne having to come here to visit him. She was only a young girl, and he knew that it would frighten her so much to be led through three locked doors that he would lose her. He was about to begin to lose things.

He pulled himself straight up—he had been stooping—and clenched his teeth and told himself that in a certain number of seconds the pain would be gone for good. He counted to thirty, and then took a step. He came down upon his right foot with only half his weight, but the pain was still there, so sharp that it made his eyes water. The volleyball smashed against the fence through which he was peering, and, trying to walk as he remembered himself walking when he was a perfectly healthy young man, a man with nothing to fear—a man, he thought, who had not even begun to know of all the confusion growing up inside him—he walked away.

The colonel had Novotny called to his office the following day. The night before, Novotny had got little sleep, but by dawn he had reached a decision. Now, though he feared the worst, he marched to the colonel's office with a plan of action held firmly in mind. When Novotny entered, the colonel asked him to sit down, and proceeded to tell him of his own experiences in the Second World War. He had flown with an airborne division at a time when he was only a little more than Novotny's age. He had jumped from a plane over Normandy and broken both his legs, and then been shot in the chest by a French farmer for a reason he still did not understand. The colonel said that he had returned from Korea only a week before Novotny had entered the hospital. He wished that Novotny could see what the men there were going through—he wished Novotny could be witness to the bravery and the courage and the comradery, and, too, to the misery and suffering. The misery of our soldiers and of those





"You're going to get a great summation! He's smashed!"

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poor Koreans! He was not angry with Novotny personally; he was only trying to tell him something for his own good. Novotny was too young to make a decision that might disgrace him for the rest of his life. He told the young soldier that if he walked around with that back of his for a few weeks, if he just stopped *thinking* about it all the time, it would be as good as new. That, in actual fact, it was almost as good as new right now. He said that Novotny's trouble was that he was a passive-aggressive.

Novotny's voice was very thin when he asked the colonel what he meant. The colonel read to him what the psychiatrist had written. It was mostly the answers that Novotny had given to the psychiatrist's questions; some of it had to do with the way Novotny had sat, and the tone of his voice, and certain words he had apparently used. In the end, the report said that Novotny was a passive-aggressive and recommended he be given an administrative separation from the Army, and the appropriate discharge. Novotny asked what that meant. The colonel replied that the appropriate discharge as far as he was concerned was "plain and simple;" he took down a book of regulations from a shelf behind him, and after flipping past several pages read to Novotny in a loud voice. " 'An undesirable discharge is an administrative separation from the service under conditions other than honorable. It is issued for unfitness, misconduct, or security reasons.' " He looked up, got no response, and, fiery-eyed, read further. " 'It is recognized that all enlisted personnel with behavior problems cannot be rehabilitated by proper leadership and/or psychiatric assistance. It is inevitable that a certain percentage of individuals entering the service subsequently will demonstrate defective moral habits, irresponsibility, inability to profit by experience—' " He paused to read the last phrase again, and then went on—" 'untrustworthiness, lack of regard for the rights of others, and inability to put off pleasures and impulses of the moment.' " He engaged Novotny's eye. " 'Often,' " he said, returning to the regulation, " 'these individuals show poor performance despite intelligence, superficial charm, and a readiness to promise improvement. The effective leader is able to rehabilitate only the percentage of persons with behavior problems who are amenable to leadership.' " He stopped. "You can say that again," he mumbled, and pushed the book forward on his desk so that it faced Novotny. "Unfitness, soldier," he said, tapping his finger on the page. "It's what we use to get the crackpots out—bed-wetters, homos, petty thieves, malingerers, and so on." He waited for Novotny to take in the page's contents, and while he did, the colonel made it clear that such a discharge followed a man through life. Novotny, raising his head slightly, asked again what a passive-aggressive was. The colonel looked into his eyes and said, "Just another kind of coward."

What Novotny had decided in bed the night before was to request a myelogram. Of course, there lived still in his imagination the man who had said that all the needle had to do was be off by a hairbreadth; he was convinced, in fact, that something like that was just what would happen to him, given the way things had begun to go in his life. But though such a prospect frightened him, he did not see that he had any choice. The truth had to be known, one way or the other. But when the colonel finished and waited for him to speak, he remained silent.

"What do you have against the Army, Novotny?" the colonel asked. "What makes you so special?"

Novotny did not mention the myelogram. Why *should* he? Why should he have to take so much from people when he had an honest-to-God pain in his back? He was not imagining it, he was not making it up. He had practically ruptured himself when Reynolds had dropped the end of the can of potatoes. Maybe he had only awakened with a simple strain that first morning, but trying to keep the can from dropping on Reynolds' toes, he had done something serious to his back. That all the doctors were unable to give a satisfactory diagnosis did not make his pain any less real.

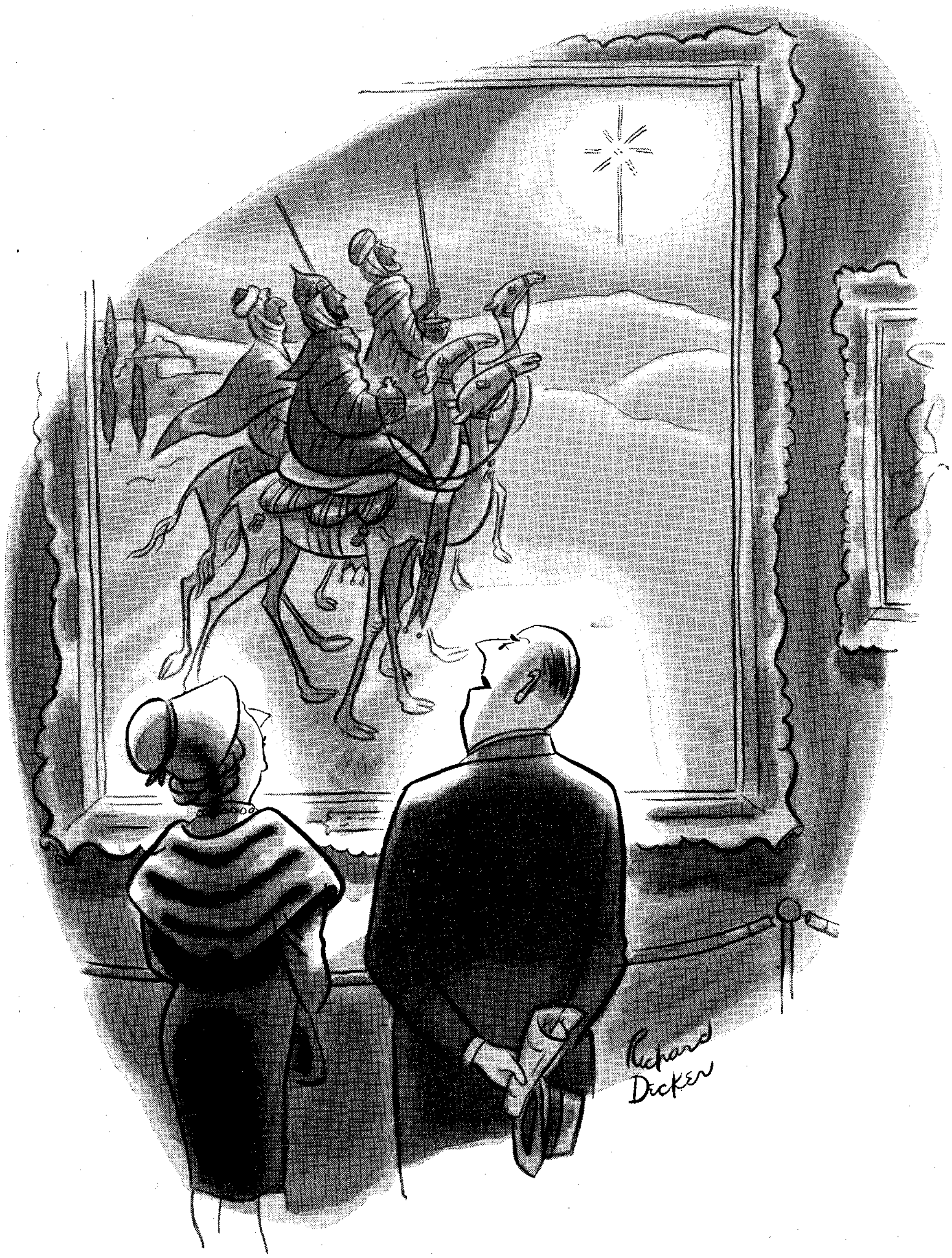
"You are a God-damned passive-aggressive, young man, what do you think of that?" the colonel said.

Novotny did not speak.

"You know how many people in America have low back pain?" the colonel demanded. "Something like fifteen per cent of the adult population of this country has low back pain—and what do you think they do, quit? Lay down on the job? What do you think a man does who has a family and responsibilities—stop supporting them? You know what your trouble is, my friend? You think life owes you something. You think something's coming to you. I spotted you right off, Novotny. You're going to get your way in this world. Everybody else can go to hell, just so long as you have your way. Imagine if all those men in Korea, if they all gave in to every little ache and pain. Imagine if that was what our troops had done at Valley Forge, or Okinawa. Then where would we all be? Haven't you ever heard of self-sacrifice? The average man, if you threatened him with this kind of discharge, would do just about anything he could to avoid it. But not you. Even if you have a pain, haven't you got the guts to go ahead and serve like everybody else? Well, answer me, yes or no?"

But Novotny would not answer. All he had done was answer people and tell them the truth, and what had it got him? What good was it, being good? What good was it, especially if at bottom you were bad anyway? What good was it, acting strong, if at bottom you were weak and couldn't *be* strong if you wanted to? With the colonel glaring across at him, the only solace Novotny had was to think that nobody knew any more about him than he himself did. Whatever anybody chose to call him didn't really mean a thing.

"Ah, get out of my sight," the colonel said. "People like you make me sick. Go ahead, join the bed-wetters and the queers. Get the hell out of here."



"Today, they'd be driving Cadillacs."

WITHIN six days, the Army had rid itself of Novotny. It took Novotny, however, a good deal more than six days to rid himself of infirmity, if he can be said ever to have rid himself of infirmity—or, at least, the threat of infirmity. During the next year, he missed days of work and evenings of night school, and spent numerous weekends on a mattress supported by a bed board, where he rested and nursed away his pain. He went to one doctor who prescribed a set of exercises, and another who prescribed a steel brace, which Novotny bought but found so uncomfortable that he finally had to stick it away in the attic, though it had cost forty-five dollars. Another doctor, who had been recommended to him, listened to his story, then simply shrugged his shoulders; and still another told Novotny what the colonel had—that many Americans had low back ailments, that they were frequently of unknown origin, and that he would have to learn to live with it.

That, finally, was what he tried to do. Gradually, over the years, the pain diminished in severity and frequency, though even today he has an occasional bad week, and gets a twinge if he bends the wrong way or picks up something he shouldn't. He is married to Rose Anne and is employed as a television cameraman by an educational channel in Chicago. His mother lives with him and his wife in Park Forest. For the most part, he leads a quiet, ordinary sort of life, though his attachment to Rose Anne is still marked by an unusual passion. When the other men in Park Forest go bowling on Friday nights, Novotny stays home, for he tries not to put strains upon his body to which he has decided it is not equal. In a way, all the awfulness of those Army days has boiled down to that—no bowling. There are nights, of course, when Novotny awakens from a dead sleep to worry in the dark about the future. What will happen to him? What won't? But surely those are questions he shares with all men, sufferers of low back pain and non-sufferers alike. Nobody has ever yet asked to see his discharge papers, so about that the colonel was wrong. —PHILIP ROTH

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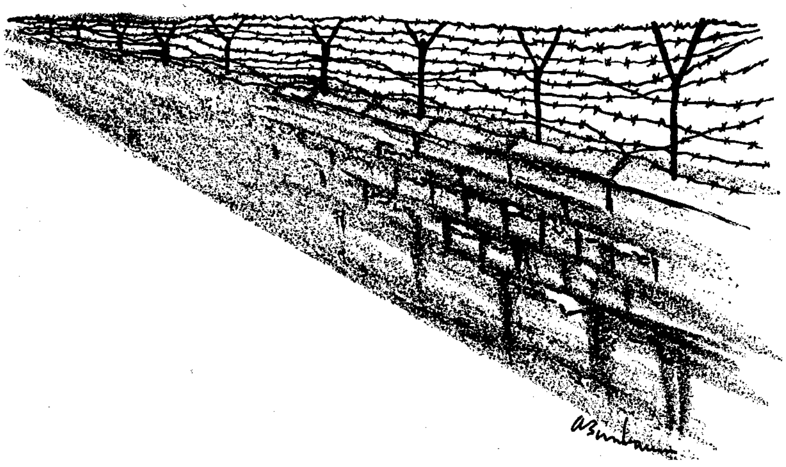
Little diamond size of quarter lost near 20th St. & 1st Ave in Stuy. Town. Reward.—*Town & Village.*

All right, Tex, none of that!

PROFILES

DIE MAUER



THE wall that divides Berlin is hard to visualize, because it defies comparison. Other things in the city are easy enough to imagine, because they can be likened to something familiar—the Kurfürstendamm to Fifth Avenue, Potsdamer Platz (in an earlier period) to Times Square, the Spree River to the East River, and so on. But there has never been anything quite like *die Mauer*—or, as Mayor Willy Brandt has called it, *die Schandmauer* (the wall of shame). Its purpose alone would make it unique. Countries have built walls to keep their enemies out; *die Mauer* is probably the only wall ever built to keep a people in. Physically, too, it is in a class by itself. Unlike the Great Wall of China, Hadrian's Wall, and other walls that have figured in history, it is an engineering and architectural laughingstock. It isn't even very long, as famous walls go. The Great Wall stretched for fifteen hundred miles, Hadrian's for almost seventy-five. *Die Mauer* is only twenty-seven miles over all. It runs along the sector border—the line that was drawn approximately through the center of Greater Berlin in 1945 by the Four Powers to mark off the Soviet and Allied occupation areas—and since the sector border, which follows some of Berlin's old borough borders, is even more eccentric than most territorial boundaries, the wall runs a highly irregular course, going for a certain distance in one direction, veering off in another, curving slightly here, making a ninety-degree turn there, cutting through parks, squares, cemeteries, factory lots, and waterways, and continuing thus on its ragged way. It is anything but uniform in construction. In outlying sections of the city, it consists mainly of two ten-foot-high barbed-wire fences spaced about six feet apart. Along several streets, it is a row of vacant apartment houses whose doors and windows have been bricked shut. For a few blocks, it incorporates a red brick wall bounding one side of a cemetery, and for more than a mile the Spree serves as the wall. For the most part, though, it is made of materials originally intended for housing construction—a circumstance that contributes to its generally implausible appearance. At the base of the wall, there is usually a row of upright prefabricated concrete slabs about four and a half feet square and a foot thick. These were not set into excavated foundations but merely laid on the ground. As a result, when the ground heaved during last spring's thaws the wall fell down in a few places, and East German workers had to put it up again. On top of the slabs there may be a couple of rows of regulation-size concrete building blocks and, above them, a piece of smoothly finished concrete about thirty inches long and twelve inches square. All these blocks and slabs are held together with mortar that drips messily down the sides. Surmounting the structure at intervals of about three feet are Y-shaped pieces of metal, on which are strung strands of barbed wire that have become rusty. These are the usual components, but they are not always assembled in the same way. Sometimes, the master builders slapped a second piece of finished concrete on top of the first. Other times, they didn't. Occasionally, they put up a stretch using building blocks exclusively. Not surprisingly, the wall varies a good deal in height. As a rule, it is about ten feet high, but in some places it is twice that, and it may vary by a couple of feet as many as three or four times in the course of a city block. There is, however, one consistent thing about the wall, and that is shoddy workmanship. It looks, as a Berlin sculptor has remarked, as if it had been thrown together by a band of backward apprentice stonemasons when drunk.

NO matter how unprepossessing it is, the wall has largely realized its main immediate objective—the elimination of West Berlin as an escape hatch for residents of East Germany. From 1945 until August 13, 1961, when the wall went up, nearly four million citizens of East Germany—roughly, one out of every four—fled to the West. As a result, East Germany earned the distinction of being the only country in Europe, if not in the world, that had both an excess of births over deaths and a steadily declining population. The mass emigration was not only politically embarrassing but economically crippling. For the first few years following the Second World War, exact records were not kept of the numbers and occupations of the refugees. After the early nineteen-fifties, however, sixty-one per cent of those who fled had been gainfully employed. Among the émigrés were a hundred and fifty thousand farmers and farm workers; forty-seven hundred doctors and dentists; eight hundred judges, lawyers, notaries, and state attorneys; more than seventeen thousand teachers; and an almost equal number of engineers and technicians. About half of all the refugees were under the age of twenty-five; thirty thousand were students. Though East Germany could ill afford to lose any of its people (its population is now seventeen million, and that of West Germany fifty-three million), it was the exodus of young workers that was of most concern to the regime and its leader, Walter Ulbricht. As he complained in *Pravda* last year, "It cost us more than thirty billion marks [about $1,500,000,000] just to prepare a labor force, which was then recruited by West Germany." Two weeks before the wall went up, he told a reporter from the London *Evening Standard*, "This is no political emigration but filthy man-trade, which is carried out with large sums of money invested by Bonn authorities, West Germany monopoly capital, and the United States spy centers in West Berlin." Ulbricht and his colleagues also described the mass departure as "filthy head-hunting" and "filthy slave trading," and they did what they could to stop it. One step was to pass a law in 1956 making *Republikflucht* (fleeing the republic) a crime punishable by three years' imprisonment. (The Constitution of the German Democratic Republic guarantees the freedom to emigrate, which it calls "one of the truly basic freedoms." However, like so many other Communist guarantees, this one contains a joker, for the Constitution also says that the right to emigrate can be restricted by law.) As another step, East Germany established elaborate security measures three miles in depth along its eight-hundred-and-sixty-mile border with West Germany. Yet as long as the escape route through Berlin remained open, the flow of refugees could not be staunched. It was not difficult for an East German to travel to East Berlin, and, once there, he needed only to buy a ticket on the U-Bahn (subway) or S-Bahn (elevated) and ride to West Berlin. Some refugees walked across the border; others took a taxi. All of them ran the risk of encountering spot customs checks by the East German border guards. From time to time, the Vopos—an abbreviation for the Volkspolizei, or People's Police, and now, by extension, the usual term for all East German armed forces on border duty—arrested intended refugees who had given themselves away by nervous behavior or suspicious luggage, or had been denounced by informers. However, the great majority of refugees from East Germany used the Berlin route successfully. It was open to almost anyone who was ready to leave behind him, among other things, his job, his home, and his personal possessions.

The number of East Germans willing to accept these terms in order to get out of the country averaged about nineteen thousand a month from 1950 through the first half of 1961. In July of that year, 30,415 people crossed over. And in the first days of August, the stream of refugees reached flood proportions. The deluge was partly a response to the discouraging outcome of the Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting in Vienna in June, and partly a response to events within East Germany, such as a rise in the work quotas, a speedup of the collectivization of agriculture, and an intensified campaign of harassment of the "boundary walkers"—some sixty thousand people who lived in East Berlin and worked in West Berlin. Thanks to hindsight, it is not difficult now to see that some measure to stop the drain of manpower—perhaps the erection of a wall—was imminent. In fact, Ulbricht had suggested as much, though only in the customary reversible Communist terms. In mid-June, he had said flatly at a press conference, "Nobody has the intention of building a wall." More clues turned up in July. The East German newspapers approached hysteria in their agitation against "slave trading." More and more "boundary walkers" were stopped at the border or required to surrender their identity cards. By the beginning of August, the East German border police had been reinforced to six times their former strength. It was estimated that in the week between July 29th and August 4th every second Berlin-bound refugee was intercepted. Nevertheless, 10,419 refugees—a record number—got through. As the next week began, West Berlin newspapers reported that Ulbricht was in Moscow and that he had asked Khrushchev to permit the blocking of the border forthwith. A few days later, the newspapers announced that Khrushchev had sent his secret-police chief to East Berlin. At this time, too, the East German press was printing a great many letters from individual citizens and resolutions from groups demanding the immediate closing of the border; this was a tell-

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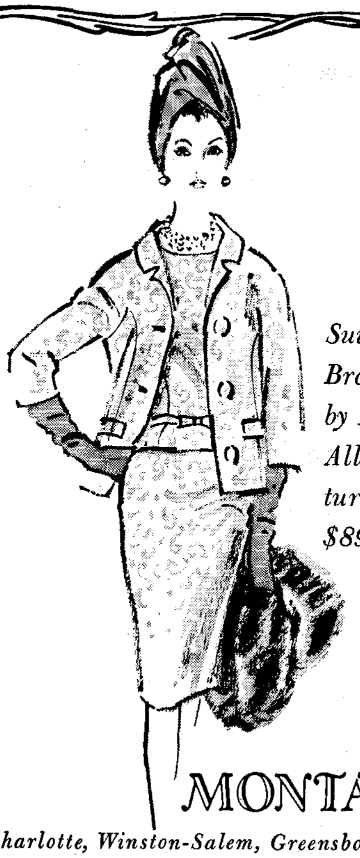

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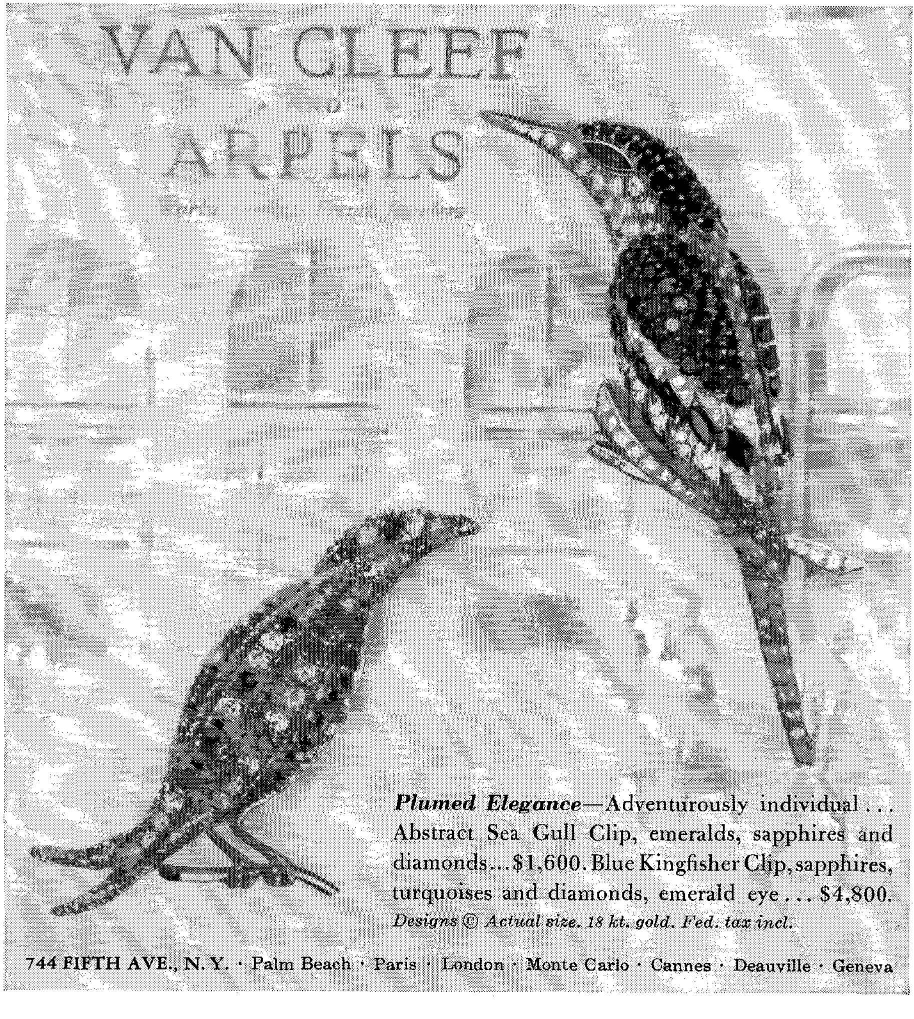

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tale sign, for a similar spate of "spontaneous" communications had preceded every coercive measure undertaken in East Germany. All these portents contributed to the building up of a now-or-never mood among East Germans who had considered fleeing, and they left by the thousands. They swamped Marienfelde, the refugee reception center in West Berlin. The British Army set up tents around the center to shelter the multitudes waiting to be admitted; the American Army supplied as many as twenty-five hundred field rations a day to help feed them; and Pan American, Air France, and British European Airways—the three airlines that are permitted to provide service to West Berlin—flew about a thousand refugees a day to camps in West Germany. On August 11th, the West Berlin newspapers said quite specifically that the East German authorities had met that morning and had probably reached a decision to close the border. On that day and the next, thousands of refugees made their way to West Berlin, bringing the total for the first twelve days of August to more than forty-five thousand.

Shortly before two o'clock the next morning—a Sunday—East German armed forces began sealing off the sector border. The undertaking was handled as if it were a military operation of high risk. Under cover of darkness, some forty thousand heavily armed soldiers and police, supported by tanks, armored cars, personnel carriers, trucks equipped with water cannon, and other military vehicles, took up positions along the border. By dawn, the troops had strung up thousands of feet of barbed wire; felled trees across streets; cut streetcar tracks and turned the ends up to make crude bumpers; and torn up paving stones and dug trenches across avenues and squares. East Berlin took on the aspect of a besieged city. Until August 13th, it had been possible to cross the border at the Brandenburg Gate and at eighty other points, as well as on the subway and elevated. Now the Brandenburg Gate was closed, and so were all but twelve of the other crossing points. (These were later reduced to seven.) That same day, the East German authorities stopped direct subway and elevated travel between the two parts of the city and issued a decree forbidding any inhabitant of East Germany or East Berlin to set foot in West Berlin. A subsequent decree had the effect of barring West Berliners from crossing into East Berlin. West Germans and

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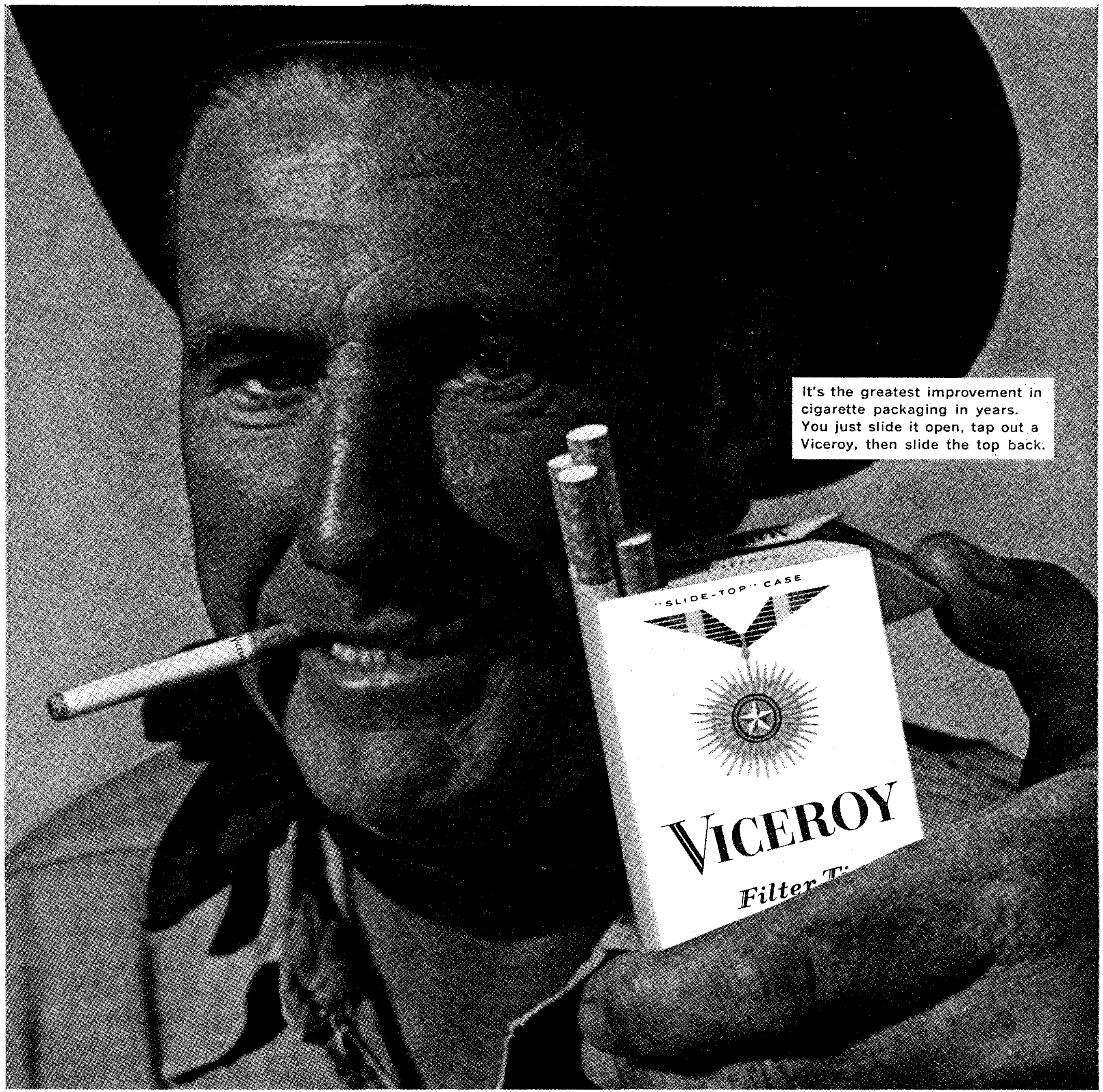
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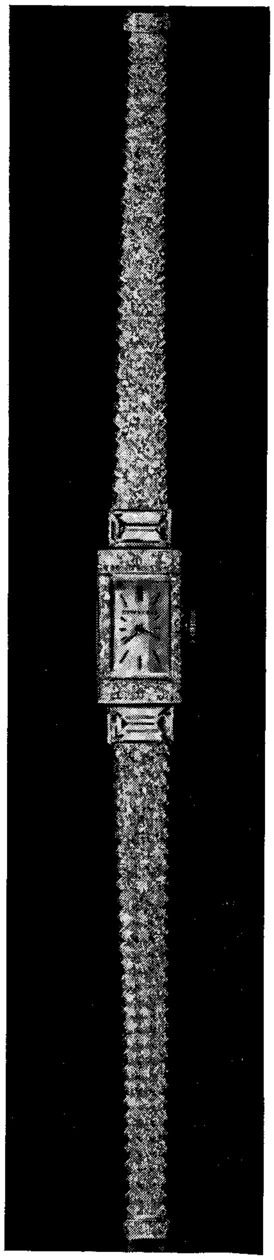
At first, considerable portions of the wall consisted of nothing more than knee-high coils of barbed wire or shoulder-high fencing nailed to wooden poles. For a few days, dozens of East Germans found their way around or through these obstacles without great difficulty. Many others made it by swimming across the Spree or some other waterway. In those days, the East German border guards were neither as alert nor as ruthless as they have since become, and East Berliners could talk through the improvised barrier to relatives and friends, and even exchange parcels with them. Once the East German authorities realized that their coup had succeeded, however, they lost no time in stiffening the flimsy barricade with concrete. In addition, they not only ordered East Berliners not to go near the wall but insolently warned West Berliners against approaching within a hundred metres of it, "in the interests of their own safety." To try to make this stick, the Vopos started firing warning shots whenever small groups of West Berliners congregated near the wall. The Western commandants thereupon dispatched troops in battle dress to the sector boundary, and kept them there until the East Germans stopped trying to enforce that injunction. By then—about a month after the border was sealed off—East Berliners had been forbidden to wave in the direction of the wall, even if they were blocks away from it. (As recently as this July, eight East Berliners were taken into custody during one day for waving.) At former crossing points, where large numbers of West Berliners hopefully continued to gather, the East Germans erected high wooden screens, completely blocking the view into the "workers' paradise."

On August 13th, the East Germans also began a systematic evacuation of dwellings situated on or near the border. Private houses were demolished to make way for a so-called "death strip," or no man's land. Searchlights were installed to illuminate the death strip at night. Hundreds of East Berliners owned small plots of land along the border, where they had cultivated gardens and, in many cases, had built small cottages of some kind for use on weekends. The garden areas, too, were levelled and bulldozed by Vopos, who were sometimes urged on by Communist fighting songs issuing from a sound truck. The apartment houses on the border presented a more difficult prob-



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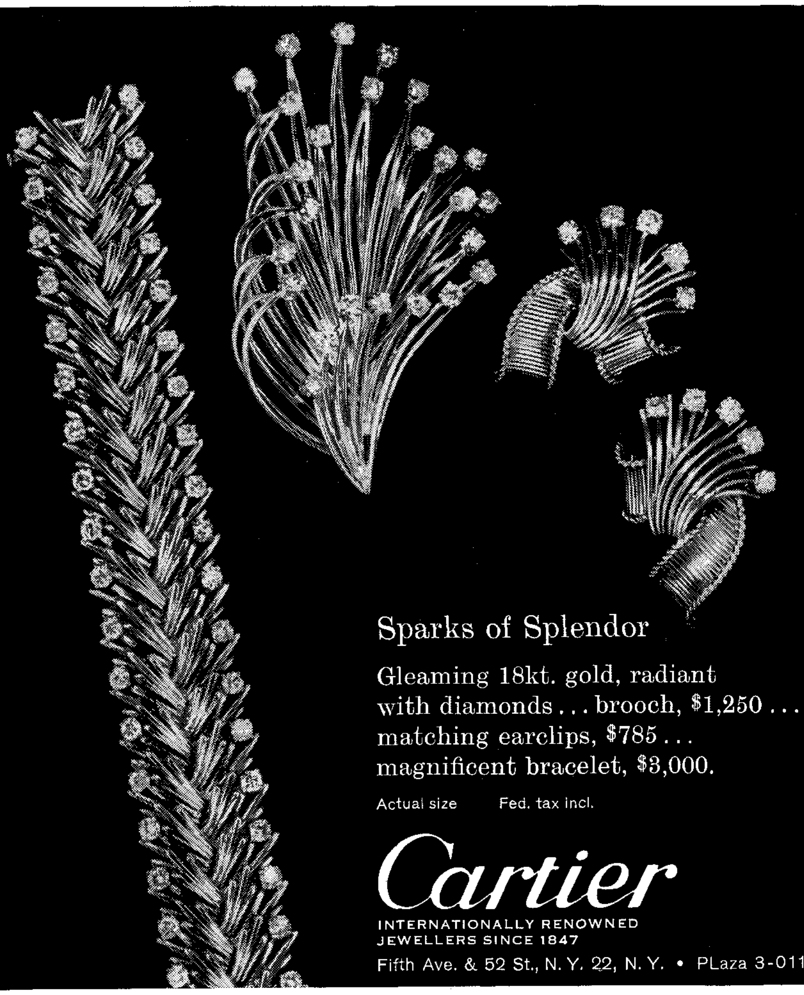

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lem. In several places—on Bernauerstrasse, for example—the buildings on the east side of the street are in East Berlin, and the sidewalks and the street in West Berlin. Since this meant that a resident could walk out his front door to freedom, the East Germans started, on August 13th, to wall up the entrances to all those buildings. Residents immediately began leaving by way of first-floor windows, after throwing a few possessions into the street. The windows on the first and second floors were then bricked up, after which refugees departed from third-floor windows by lowering themselves on ropes or jumping into rescue nets held by members of the West Berlin Fire Brigade. As the bricking up of the windows proceeded, the attempts to escape by jumping continued, though they were fewer and some ended in death. The Vopos thwarted as many as they could by throwing tear-gas bombs at the firemen holding rescue nets. Frequently, too, they sent out false alarms. They would arrange for a decoy to appear at an apartment window and signal his wish to jump. A West Berlin policeman or someone else on the street would summon the fire brigade, and when the firemen had arrived and were holding the net, the Vopos would shower them with stones and red paint. Meanwhile, the authorities were evacuating the apartment houses—first floor by floor and then entire buildings at one time. A typical operation of this kind got under way shortly before dawn one day in mid-October of 1961, when detachments of Vopos and other military units, a fleet of moving vans, and about a hundred civilians wearing armbands to show that they were functionaries of the Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands, or S.E.D.—the Communist Party—descended on Harzerstrasse. The functionaries went through a row of apartment buildings and told the two hundred and fifty families living in them to start packing; van after van drove off to an undisclosed destination and returned to be filled again. The evacuation went on uninterruptedly for two days and three nights. Then the buildings were empty, and the evacuation team moved on.

On a recent visit to Berlin, I saw what a street that has been made part of the wall looks like; one afternoon I walked the length of Bernauerstrasse—a distance of about a mile—in the company of a Berlin newspaper editor. We stayed on the west side of the street, at the suggestion of a policeman, who said that Vopos patrolling the va-

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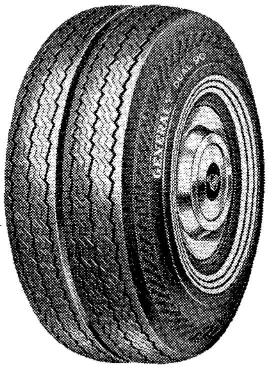

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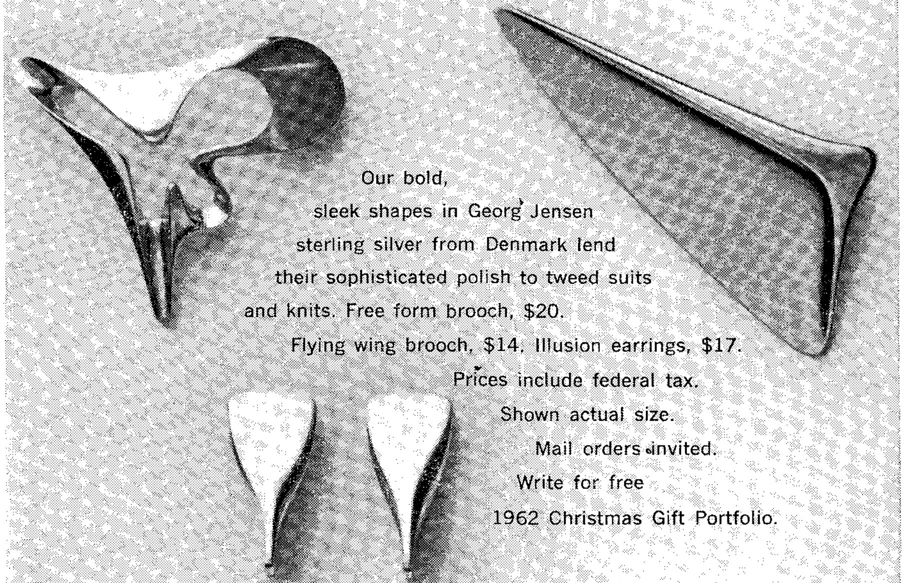

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cated buildings liked to drop things on people venturing along the east side. A walk down Bernauerstrasse is a sickening experience. While people go in and out of the shops and apartment houses on the west side of the street, the other side is empty and silent. From one end to the other, no living thing appears. My companion said that the buildings had been taken over by rats. The dead buildings, stretched out in a long line, show the signs of violence committed on them in every door and window, crudely sealed with bricks of various sizes, shapes, and colors (some red, some white, some yellow)—often mixed together. As a rule, the window frames were knocked out and the entire aperture bricked up. In a few places, both the frames and the windows were left, and the opening was sealed from the inside; one looks through dirty panes of glass at a sloppy blank wall of bricks—a sight all the more repugnant when, as occurs here and there, remnants of curtains are still hanging at the window. On the roofs, barbed wire is strung along the front edges and from chimney to chimney. The spaces between the buildings have been filled in with the familiar concrete slabs and blocks and topped with barbed wire. Looking closely at the upper stories, one can see places where a few bricks have been removed to provide lookouts for the Vopos. Otherwise, there is nothing but a solid façade of ugly, ashen masonry. As we neared the end of this spectral thoroughfare, my companion said, "We call this Berlin's first completely socialized street."

WHILE the Communists were trying to make West Berlin's front door impenetrable by strengthening the wall, they were also making it more difficult to get through the city's back door by increasing the fortifications along the zonal border. This is West Berlin's boundary on the west, north, and south—a zigzag line, sixty-nine miles long, separating the city from East Germany. Though the zonal border is more than twice the length of the sector border, it has been the scene of comparatively few escapes. It is not hard to understand why after seeing it, as I did one morning, accompanied by an American Army colonel, wearing a sports jacket and slacks, who picked me up at my hotel and drove me out in an Opel sedan. On the way, he told me that he had been stationed in Berlin for five years, and had become fond of both the city and the people. "Of course, since August 13th, you feel a little more hemmed in," he added. "East Berlin has the most

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beautiful parks and forests and the largest lakes, and West Berliners by the thousands used to spend their Sundays there. Now, on a nice Sunday, in the Grunewald, which is the largest forest in West Berlin, you have a hard time walking ten feet without stepping on someone. But if you want to get an idea of the really important and rough effects of the wall, just imagine waking up one morning to find Manhattan divided by a wall down the middle of Fifth Avenue from the Battery to the Bronx. You live on West Tenth Street, and your office is on Park Avenue. Well, you're not going to work there any more. Your parents live on East Eighty-second Street. You're not going to see them, and you're not going to the East Side to visit a hospital or see a movie or anything of the kind. And nobody over there is coming to see *you*." The colonel said that probably seven out of ten West Berliners have relatives or close friends in East Berlin. Because of the suddenness with which the border was closed, husbands were separated from their wives and parents from their small children. Engaged couples who lived on opposite sides of the border had to give up their marriage plans. West Berliners could no longer attend their church if it was in East Berlin, or visit cemeteries there. The lives of East Berliners have been sorely diminished. Before the wall went up, a quarter of a million of them crossed into West Berlin every day to visit, shop, attend the theatre, concerts, and movies, and use libraries where they could read books and newspapers forbidden at home. "Thousands of East Berliners used to come over, maybe only for an hour or two, just to walk around and feel free in a free city," the colonel said. "It's hard to overestimate what that meant to them—and to West Berliners, to the Germans as a whole, and to the West. Certainly it was the most effective answer to Communist propaganda."

As the colonel talked, we were driving on Heerstrasse to the western edge of the city. The landscape gradually became rural. We passed a sizable field of hay which was being harvested by a woman with a long wooden rake, drove through a checkpoint manned by West Berlin police, and parked about twenty feet from the East German border, which was marked by a white line painted across the street. Beyond the city limits, Heerstrasse leads to a highway that goes to Hamburg. Two Hamburg-bound trailer trucks were parked at the curb on the West Berlin side of the white line; their drivers were taking a rest before starting the

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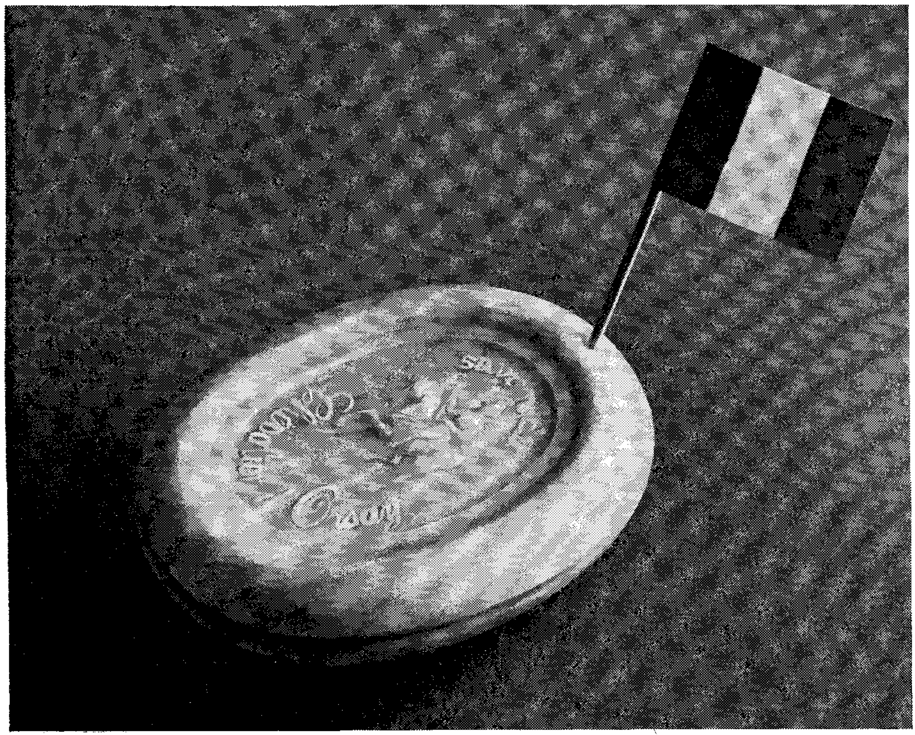

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hundred-and-ten-mile journey through East Germany, during which it is not advisable to stop. Three young men in shirtsleeves were standing nearby, trying to hitch a ride. The colonel and I got out of the car, but even before we had opened our doors, a Vopo standing about thirty feet inside the East German border had trained his binoculars on us. Just beyond the border was a brightly painted metal sign that featured Picasso's white dove over representations of Berlin, Potsdam, Warsaw, Moscow, and Peking. "*Achtung!*" the sign commanded. "This is the beginning of the Zone of Peace. From here it reaches over 10,000 kilometres to the Pacific Ocean." (The geographical non sequitur, the colonel said, stemmed from the fact that signs like this one were produced for use on the East German-West German border.) A few feet inside the Zone of Peace stood a ten-foot-high fence of barbed wire strung thickly on concrete posts. Six feet behind this fence was a similar one, and six feet behind the second was a third. Directly behind the third fence was a ditch about eight feet wide and three feet deep. Behind the ditch was a strip of land, about thirty yards wide, that had been cleared of trees and brush—the death strip. To the north and south, this formidable band of fortifications stretched as far as one could see, across fields that had once been used for farming and truck gardening. Nothing was growing on them now, nor was there any sign of life. "This border looks much the same over its entire length," the colonel said. "They've mined the death strip in a great many places—we know, because we've watched them do it—and they've also put up watchtowers about every three thousand feet. Between the towers they're building bunkers out of earth and logs. There are plenty of searchlights, and plenty of Vopos on patrol. Last December, about half a mile from here, they killed a young student who was trying to help a refugee escape. Three months after that, also not far from here, a thirteen-year-old boy cut the barbed-wire fences in the family meadow, and he and his parents and his sister got out safely. It's a strong border, but it's not perfect. There are still places where a person could get through if he studied the situation diligently enough."

It was a pleasant morning, and the colonel suggested that we walk down a cobblestone road that leads off to the right, parallel to the border. The Vopo continued to watch us through his binoculars as we set off. When we had gone the equivalent of a couple of city blocks,

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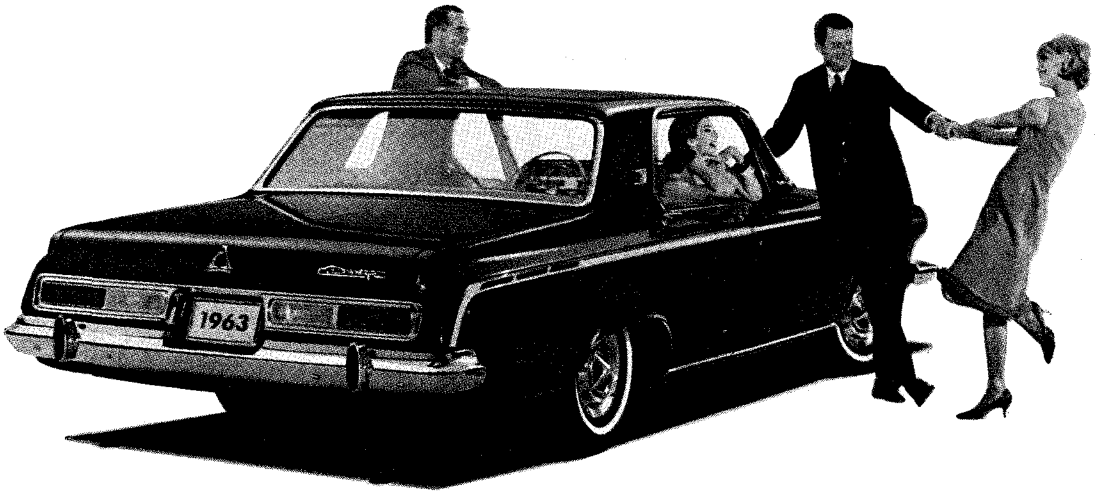

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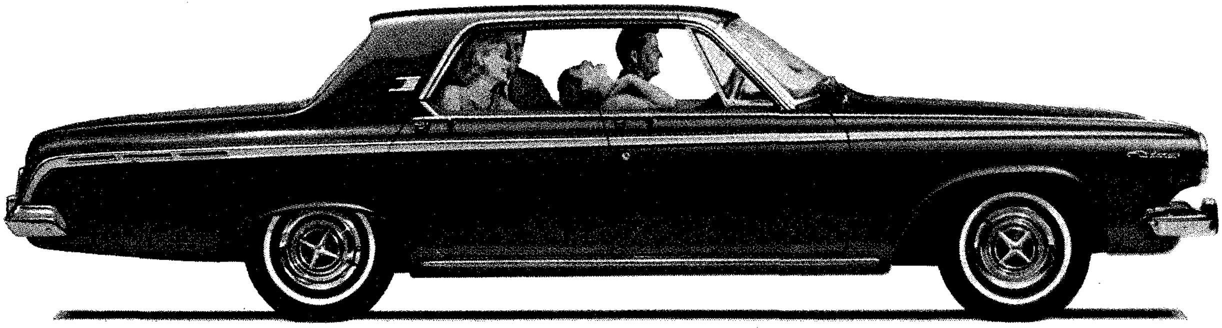

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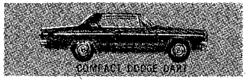

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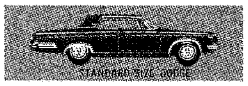

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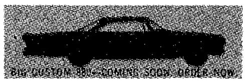

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a pair of patrolling Vopos (they never go on border duty singly) came into view behind the barbed-wire fence nearest the road. Each had a submachine gun, or machine pistol, as the Germans call it, slung over his shoulder. When we were nearly abreast of them, they stopped. One checked his wristwatch and wrote something in a notebook; the other raised his binoculars. The colonel and I also stopped. Like most Vopos, these two were young—probably nineteen or twenty—and neither cut a very smart figure. Their uniforms seemed a size too big, they were loaded down with gear, which included steel helmets hanging from their belts (they were wearing forage caps), and they presented a lumpy aspect, as if all their pockets were overstuffed. “They don’t look too sharp,” the colonel said, “but everything they’ve got is the best Ulbricht can give them—the best cloth, best leather, best of everything all the way down the line, including food. Those submachine guns were manufactured in Czechoslovakia. They’re first quality, too.” I decided to get a picture of the Vopos, and took a Minox camera from my pocket. The minute I raised the view finder to my eye, both turned their backs. A few feet away was a fruit tree with low branches (one of the very few trees that I saw left standing anywhere near the East German border); the Vopos camouflaged themselves behind the foliage, and as one again raised his binoculars, the other slid his submachine gun from his shoulder. “They’ll stand there as long as we stand here,” the colonel said. “They think it’s some kind of a game. We might as well go on.”

About a quarter of a mile farther down the road, we came to a wooden shack the size of three telephone booths put together, which provides shelter for the two West Berlin policemen on border duty in the area. They were sitting nearby on the grass, listening to a transistor radio; M-2 carbines, manufactured in the United States, lay across their knees. Opposite the police shelter, another garishly painted metal sign could be seen through the barbed-wire fence. This one showed Death in the uniform of a Nazi S.S. officer, standing amid a sea of skulls and skeletons labelled “Stalingrad.” To the right of this figure was a drawing that supposedly represented a West Berlin policeman. The message on the sign was addressed to him. It read, “Turn around! Your enemy is behind you. He lost the last war. Now you are supposed to march and die for him again. Turn around!” “You

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see those everywhere up and down the border," one of the policemen said. "The idea is to try to demoralize us and keep us from doing our duty. Ulbricht must think we haven't got all our cups in the cupboard. Nobody has to tell us who the enemy is."

After we had walked on another quarter of a mile or so, the colonel stopped and told me that it was here that the student had been killed last December. His name was Dieter Wohlfahrt, he was twenty, and he was enrolled in the West Berlin Technical University. He had managed to get his fiancée, a girl named Elke, who was also a university student, out of East Berlin with a faked passport. A few weeks later, Elke's mother sent word that she, too, wanted to flee. Since it was no longer feasible to arrange escapes with the use of false documents, Dieter impetuously decided to rescue her in a Commando-type operation. He got word to Elke's mother that she should make her way to a farmhouse, owned by a family with whom Dieter had connections, that then stood just beyond the third barbed-wire fence. According to the plan, she was to be at the side of the house nearest the fence at seven o'clock on the night of Saturday, December 9th. The operation began on schedule. Dieter cut a passage through the first fence and was crawling toward the second when he was sighted and shot by a Vopo. The colonel said that evidently somebody had informed, because several other Vopos were at the scene. They arrested Elke's mother. A West Berlin police patrol arrived a few minutes after the shooting and turned searchlights on the area, but the policemen were held back by the Vopos, brandishing their submachine guns. Since this part of Berlin is in the British Sector, the British Military Police were summoned; they were also prevented by the Vopos from giving assistance. As a result, Dieter, like later casualties at the wall, died while West Berlin police and Allied soldiers looked on. It was nearly two hours before a truck arrived to remove the body. The farmhouse was levelled the next day. The colonel and I turned around and walked back to the main road, where we were again taken under surveillance by the Vopo at the checkpoint. "I see Junior still has the glasses on us," the colonel said. He thumbed his nose at the Vopo, and with that we got into the car and headed away from the Zone of Peace.

The colonel's annoyance interested me, because it indicated that he had still not become accustomed to being watched. The tactic irritated me, too,

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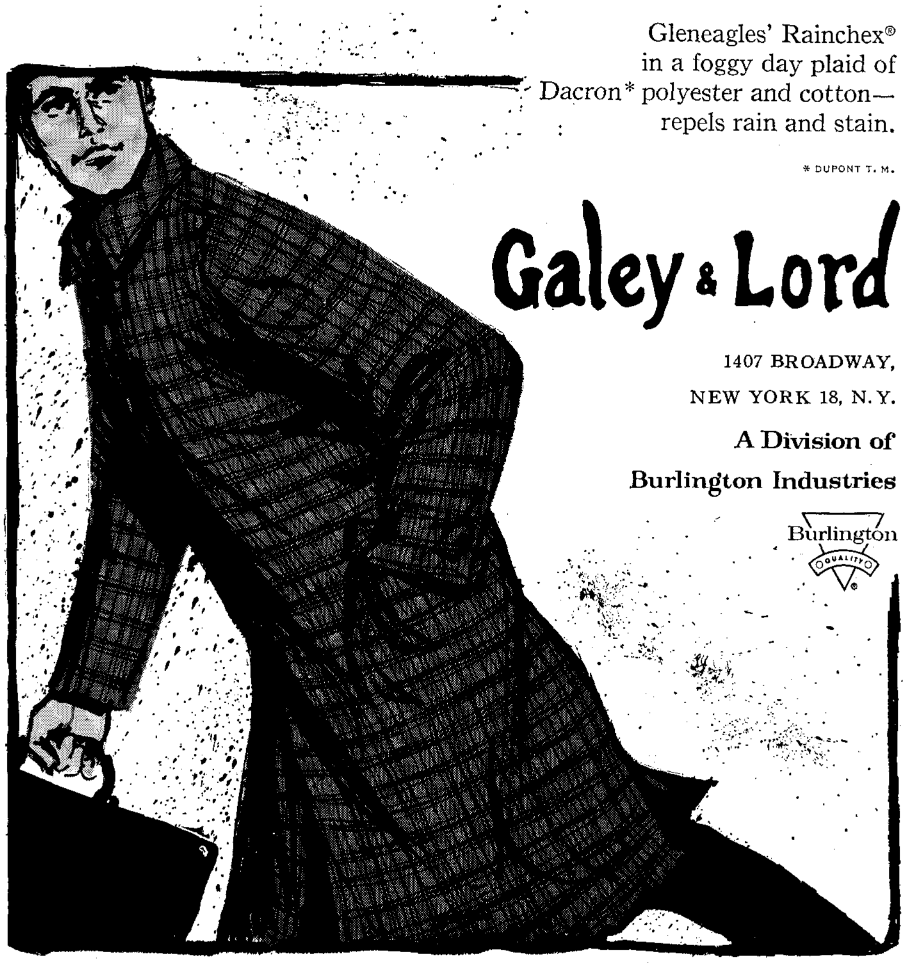
but I had been in Berlin only a few days, and had thought that in time one would get used to it. My German friends and acquaintances apparently had, and seemed somewhat amused when I showed my displeasure, as I did for the first time a couple of days after arriving in Berlin. I was talking to a West Berlin *Polizeimeister*, or police captain, in a wooden shack overlooking the wall, and was being watched through binoculars by a Vopo standing on a raised platform about ten feet on the other side. After a while, I borrowed the policeman's binoculars, and trained them on the Vopo. He put his glasses down, turned his back, lighted a cigarette with studied nonchalance, and didn't train the binoculars on me again until I started to leave. (I played this childish game a few more times, usually with much the same result, though not if the Vopos were officers; the officers glowered but didn't turn away.) "It shouldn't bother you," the *Polizeimeister* said with a smile. "You must remember that everything the Vopos do is calculated to *intimidate* us, or to try to. They want to give us the feeling that we're being watched and that we're *helpless to do anything about it*." Later that day, he took me out to a suburban neighborhood on the sector border, where the wall consisted mainly of barbed-wire fencing. On the West Berlin side, workmen were noisily constructing a new housing development. The East Berlin side was seemingly deserted. "We're being watched, of course," the *Polizeimeister* said, and pointed to places on the roofs of four houses across the border where several pieces of slate had been removed. "The Vopos made those observation slits, and they're probably up there in one of those attics now, looking out. For them, it's like in war. They're always taking cover, spying from concealed positions. They like to stay out of sight, and then appear suddenly with binoculars fixed on you. If they're not up in an attic, they may be over there on the ground, behind the hedges. Some of them are pretty clever at hiding themselves. It takes a while to pick them out. Our men on border duty work a shift of two hours on and one hour off. If you're on too long at a stretch, you don't see the Vopos."

THOUGH the flow of refugees into West Berlin was long ago reduced to a trickle, the East Germans are still strengthening the barriers relentlessly. This past summer, squads of between three hundred and five hundred Vopos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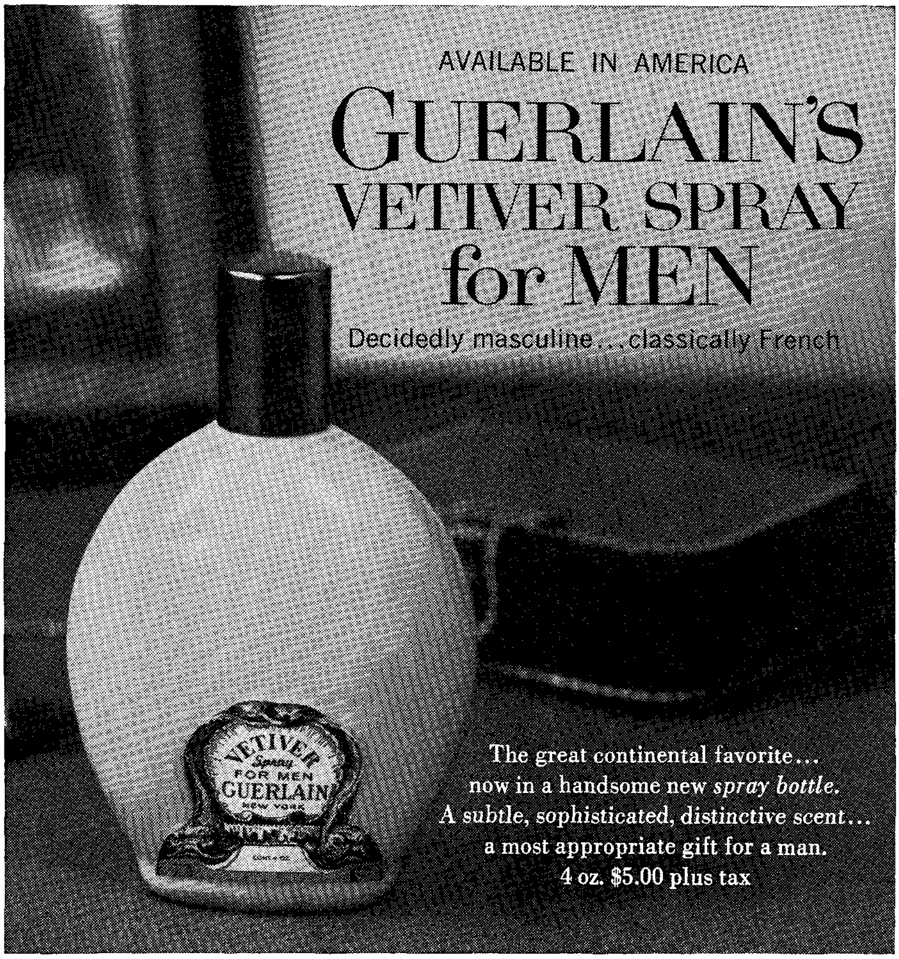
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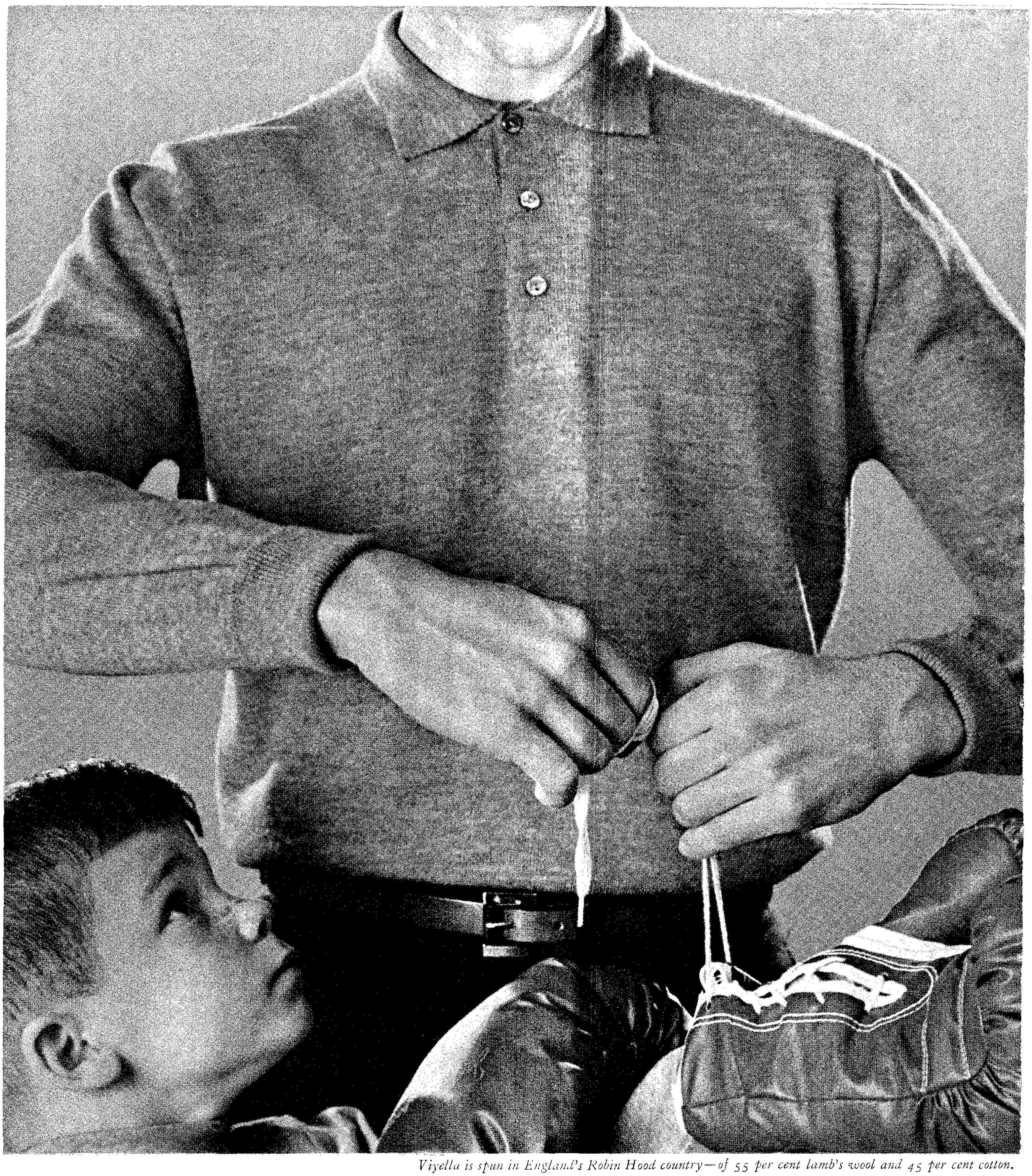

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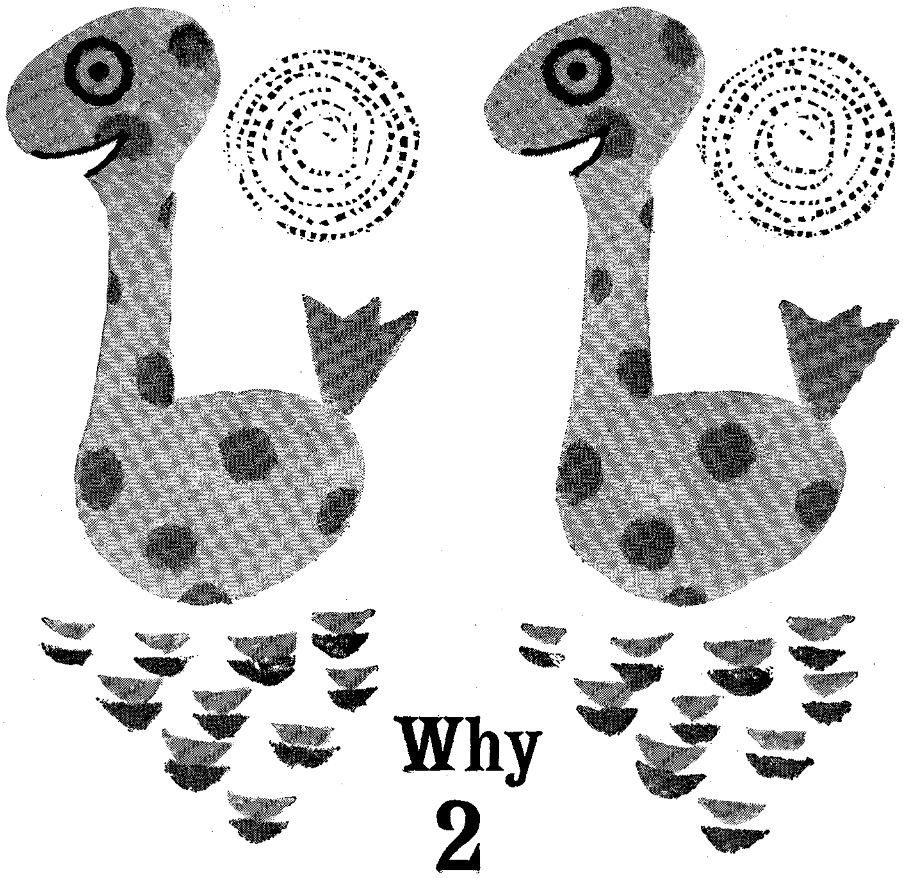
could be seen at work along the wall and the zonal border nearly every day. In a great many places, barbed wire was replaced by a concrete wall, rows of tank traps made of old streetcar rails were set up, and more dwellings were sealed or demolished. Seventy concrete pillboxes with observation slits and gun ports were constructed at intervals a short distance behind "the anti-Fascist rampart," as the East German press sometimes calls the wall. Frogmen of the East German Army strung wire fences in the Spree and other waterways, and squads of Vopos cut down the tall grass and the bushes on the East Berlin shores of rivers and lakes. The border guards assigned to the waterways were equipped with new and faster patrol boats. Concurrently, some forty construction workers, guarded by two hundred Vopos, began to build, first in one place and then in another, a second wall about half a block behind the first; this was designed to help Vopos cut down refugees before they could reach the original wall, where West Berlin policemen, photographers, and journalists could witness and record the shooting. Early in August, a machine gun was installed on top of the Brandenburg Gate. According to Richard Crossman, chairman of the British Labour Party, who returned from a visit to East Germany in late August, Ulbricht plans to extend the wall along the entire zonal border, and thus turn West Berlin into "an island completely surrounded by a full-fledged national frontier." The projected extension will cost well over twice as much as *die Mauer*, which already represents a considerable investment for a country whose economic situation is as precarious as East Germany's. On the first anniversary of the erection of the wall, the West Berlin newspaper *Berliner Morgenpost* reported that a consensus of estimates by engineers and construction contractors placed the cost of the wall and the zonal barrier at about a hundred million West marks, or approximately twenty-five million dollars. That includes the cost of some thirty-eight hundred miles of barbed wire, which is enough, the paper noted, to fence in half of Europe.

The continuing expansion of the East German border fortifications has been accompanied by a steady strengthening of the police and Army units assigned to them. At present, the Communist barricades enclosing West Berlin are guarded by three brigades, totalling eighteen thousand men. (The West Berlin side of the border is in the hands of fifteen hundred police.) The Vopos on border



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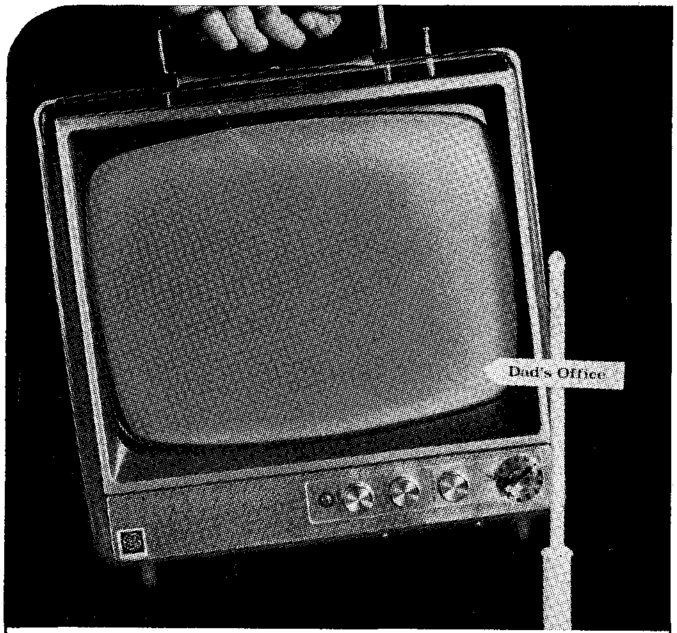
duty, according to the *Polizeimeister* with whom I became acquainted, have changed in character, and not for the better. "Before the wall, we used to have quite a bit of contact with the Vopos," he said. "I remember one night, on an inspection tour, I stopped at the Moritzplatz station of the U-Bahn—the border cuts right through that station—and there were two of our men and two of their men playing cards across the border. We didn't usually get that clubby, but in those days a great many of the Vopos were people from Berlin, and we could usually find something to exchange a few words about—sports, personal matters, and such. Of course, they were all youngsters—eighteen or nineteen—and still are, so there's never been any point in talking politics with them. What do they know about politics? How old were they when the war ended? One? Two? Three? You might mention, for instance, that some friend of yours had just made a trip to the Tyrol on his vacation. They'd say, 'Sure, capitalists can take vacations.' And you'd say, 'He isn't a capitalist. He's a locksmith.' But you couldn't make them believe you. They might ask about the potato ration, and you'd tell them there wasn't any ration—you could buy all you wanted. They'd say, 'Oh, yes, in West Berlin, but in West Germany your people are starving.' They just wouldn't believe anything. It was useless."

All the same, fraternization led many Vopos to defect, and in order to eliminate it the East Germans began, around the first of this year, to transfer the Berliners on duty at the wall and the zonal border—some two thousand, all told—to other units, and to replace them with young Vopos from rural areas, mainly Saxony. The changeover has been completed, and the boundary is now guarded solely by outlanders, who are referred to by some East Berliners as "the fifth occupying power." The political indoctrination of these generally rough country boys has been stepped up, and the various units are kept isolated from one another to discourage the exchange of subversive ideas. Each company is assigned to Berlin for only six months, on the average, and a company that loses as many as ten men is replaced immediately. For the most part, the Vopos now on the borders of West Berlin are reliable, sternly disciplined, and tough. At least, they try to look and act tough. One day a while ago, Ernst Lemmer, the Bonn Minister for All-German Affairs, paid a visit to the wall with a small group of West German



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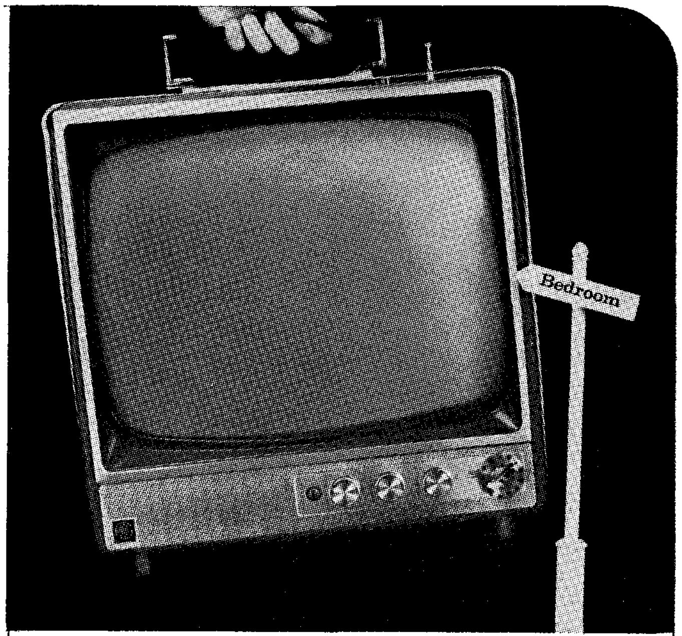

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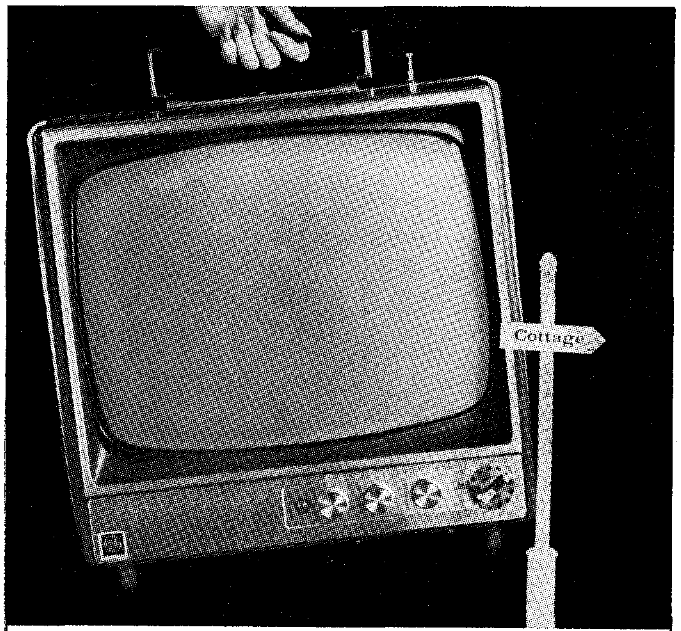

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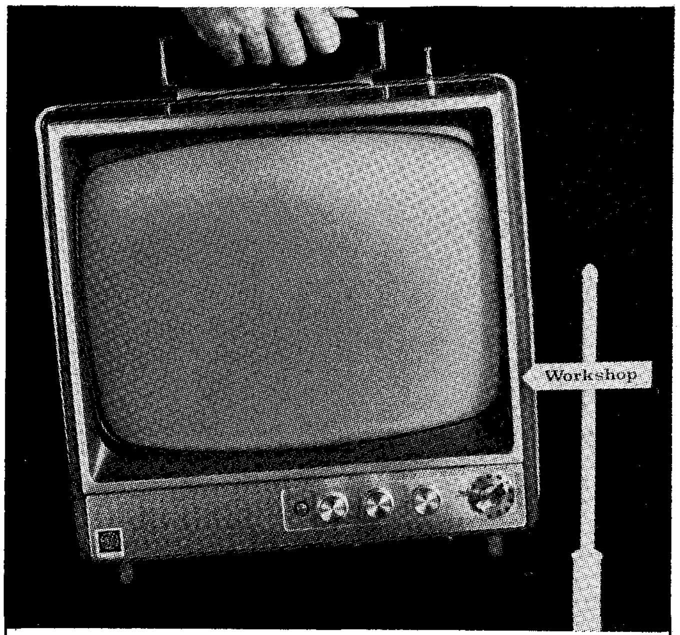

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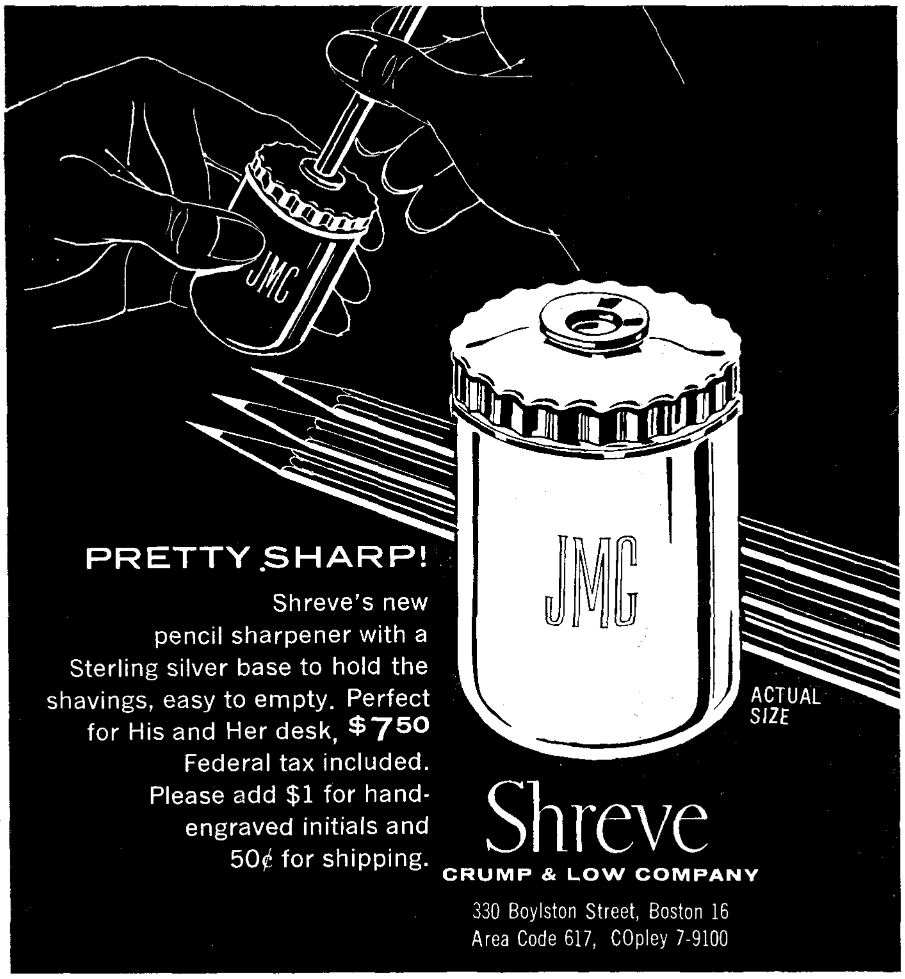
journalists and made a gesture of greeting to two Vopos standing sentry. He got no response. "You don't have to look at us so angrily," he called to them. "Remember, all of us are Germans. And I hope we will all get out of this dilemma by peaceful means." One of the Vopos laughed; the other spat.

According to a knowledgeable member of the United States Mission in Berlin, there used to be a number of places on the border where one could arrange an escape by bribing the Vopos, but pay-as-you-leave exits now seem to be a thing of the past. Today, a person who tries to buy his way across the border runs a grave risk, as the East German press likes to point out every so often in stories about Vopos who have covered themselves with glory by spurning bribes. Not long ago, for example, *Neues Deutschland*, the principal East German newspaper, reported that one night four Vopos on guard duty at an outlying section of the wall were approached by two young women, who offered them four thousand marks to let them and their families through to West Berlin. The Vopos agreed, took the money, and set the time and place for the planned escape. Then they reported the details to the Staats Sicherheitsdienst, or S.S.D.—the State Security Service—and when the young women and eight of their relatives turned up as planned, before dawn the following day, agents of the S.S.D. put them under arrest. Each of the Vopos was decorated with a medal and given a reward of a hundred marks. Rewards are also given to children for informing against East Germans who they fancy are trying to escape. Recently, the East German newspaper *Das Volk* published a long article praising members of the Young Pioneers (the Communist organization for children between ten and fourteen) who had "assisted the police in their task of defending the rampart against aggression." Heidi Mallowitz was congratulated because "as soon as she noticed a stranger walking near the border, she reported to her father, and he alerted the police, who arrested the criminal border violator." As a reward, Heidi received a track suit. Another Young Pioneer, Horst Bratke, detected a stranger in the fog and immediately called the border guards, who arrested the man. Horst received a sports shirt and a soccer ball.

In the course of "defending the rampart," the Vopos have so far killed at least fifty of their countrymen—some of them children. That is the number



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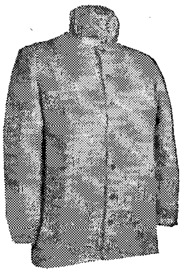

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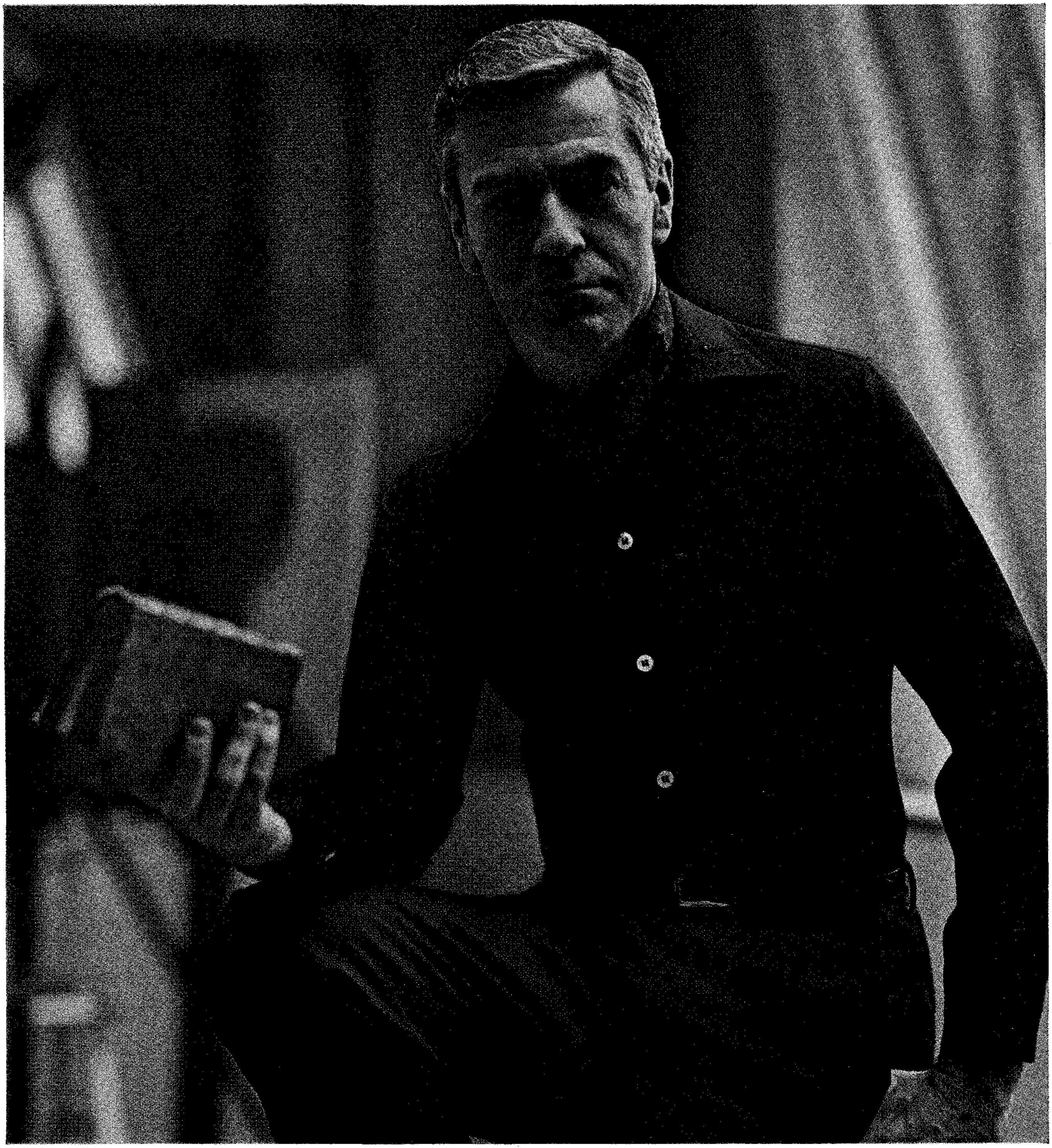

of killings at the border that have been witnessed by the West Berlin police; the actual number, in the opinion of Ernst Lemmer, exceeds a hundred. The fiftieth known victim was an eighteen-year-old East German named Peter Fechter. Shortly after noon on August 16, 1962, he was shot in the stomach and the back as he attempted to scale the wall two blocks from the celebrated Checkpoint Charlie, on Friedrichstrasse; he was left unattended for more than an hour, and bled to death. As he lay dying, hundreds of West Berliners assembled close enough to their side of the wall to hear the youth's screams for help; newspaper reporters and photographers appeared; American military police arrived on the scene but withdrew to Checkpoint Charlie when Vopos threw tear-gas bombs into the crowds; and an American Army helicopter circled over the area. The killing of Peter Fechter set off five days of riotous demonstrations by West Berliners, many of whom were bitterly resentful because no Americans went to the aid of the wounded refugee. Barbarous as the murder of Peter Fechter was, it was no more so than the other killings that the Vopos have been responsible for since August 24, 1961—eleven days after the wall came into existence—when they shot their first refugee, a twenty-five-year-old East Berliner who was trying to reach West Germany by swimming the Humboldt Harbor Canal. Not a week has since passed that they have not killed or wounded another man, woman, or child.

"In Berlin and at the zonal border, Germans shoot at Germans," the Hamburg newspaper *Bild-Zeitung* observed after one of the recent killings at the wall. "What are we doing? We take notice and are shocked for a moment. Then we put the newspaper aside—that's it. What is the matter with Germany in 1962? It is a sick Germany. A Germany which is not indignant about injustice and which is not visibly shocked is a shaking Germany." One expression of indignation, less fleeting than a newspaper story, is the modest memorial erected by anonymous West Berliners to an unknown refugee, who was killed while attempting to swim the Spree. At about five-thirty one evening, I paid a visit to the memorial, which overlooks the river at the place where the slaying occurred. It had begun to drizzle. Only three people were walking along the riverbank, and there was no activity on the river, which was glassy and looked leaden. On the East Berlin side—some hundred and fifty

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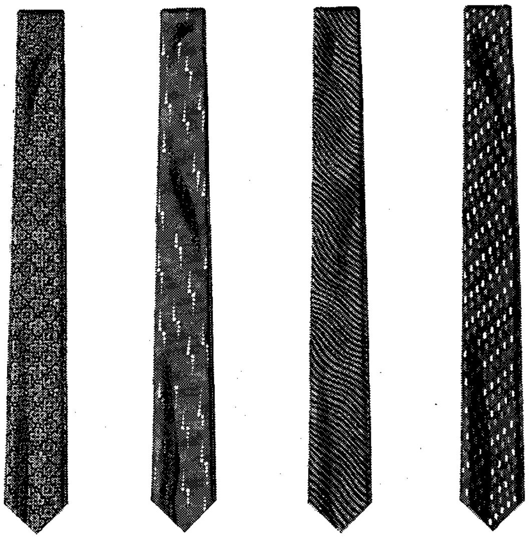

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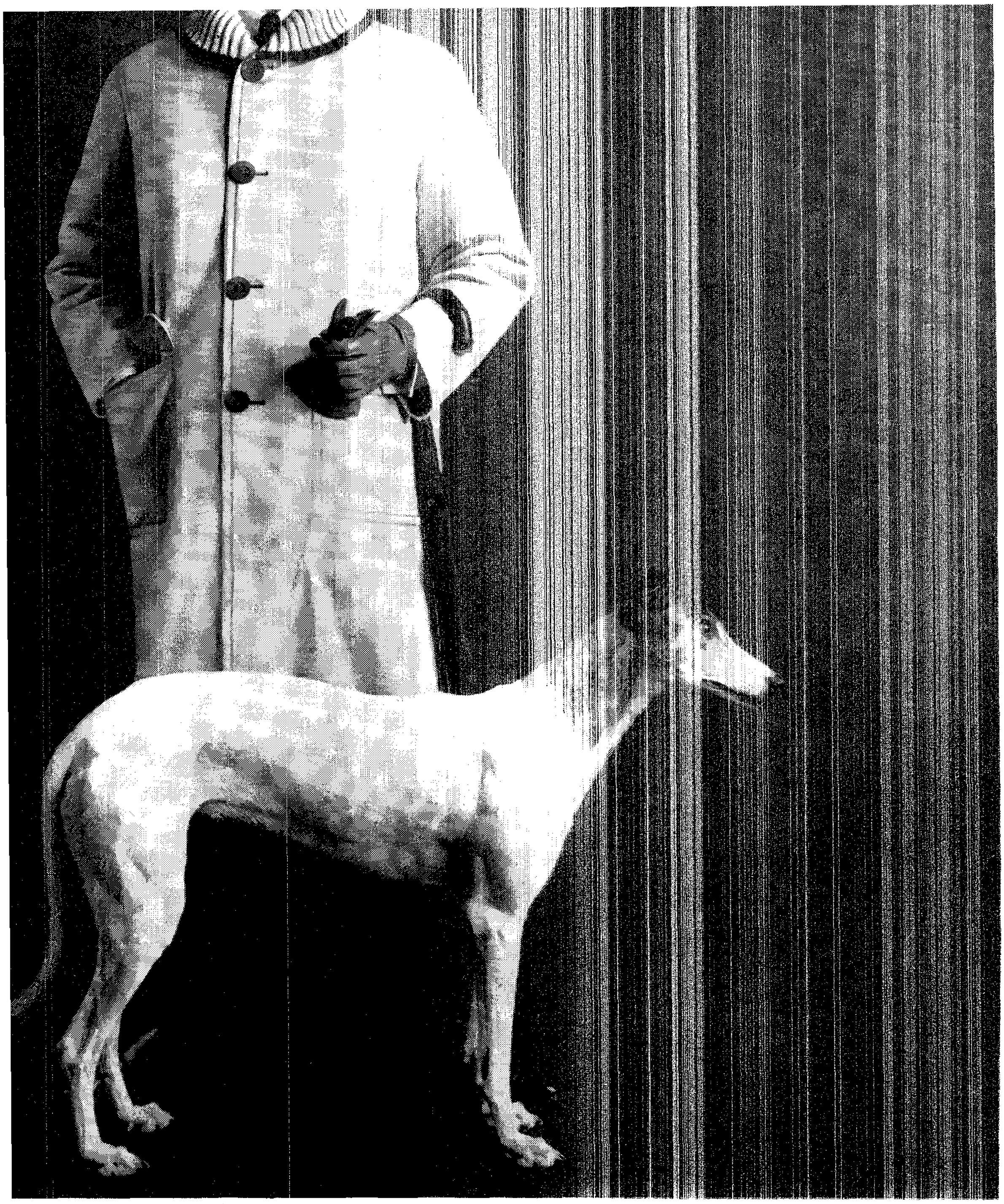
yards away—the warehouses and other buildings lining the bank had apparently been closed for the day, though there was no way of telling, since all of the doors and windows facing the river had been bricked up. The gaps between the structures had been closed to form the familiar, desolate wall. Somewhere along that bank late one afternoon, a man in his early twenties stripped to the waist, tied a small leather pouch around his neck, slipped into the water, and struck out for the western shore. He had reached the middle of the river when the Vopos spotted him and opened fire, first with rifles and then with submachine guns. While West Berliners looked on in horror, the swimmer was struck in the head, and sank. His body was recovered by the West Berlin police. His memorial, set in a small flower bed, consists of a cross made of rough wood painted black; attached to the crosspiece is a festoon of barbed wire. Beneath this is a framed photograph of the unknown refugee lying in a coffin and, at the bottom of the photograph, the hand-lettered words "*Du könntest unser Bruder sein*" ("You might have been our brother").

In spite of East Germany's unremitting and increasingly brutal efforts to keep its citizens locked up, some of the more daring—and more desperate—among them have continued to find a way out. There have been relatively few of them, but the wonder is that there have been any. In the twelve months following the erection of the wall, 12,316 East Germans escaped to West Berlin or West Germany. This figure was released on the first anniversary of *die Mauer* by the West German Refugee Ministry, which, in common with other government departments, in both Bonn and West Berlin, has been extremely reluctant to provide information about refugees—particularly any details concerning the time, place, or means of their escape. Through voluntary censorship, the same policy has been followed by the West Berlin and West German press. The reason for the secrecy is, of course, to avoid jeopardizing the escape of other refugees. While the ban is not applied severely to dramatic escapes that occur in public view or are accomplished in ways that have little chance of being used successfully a second time, the majority of the escapes have been reported in the West Berlin newspapers, if at all, with the utmost brevity. "Within the last twenty-four hours," a typical item that appeared in October, 1961, read, in full, "some



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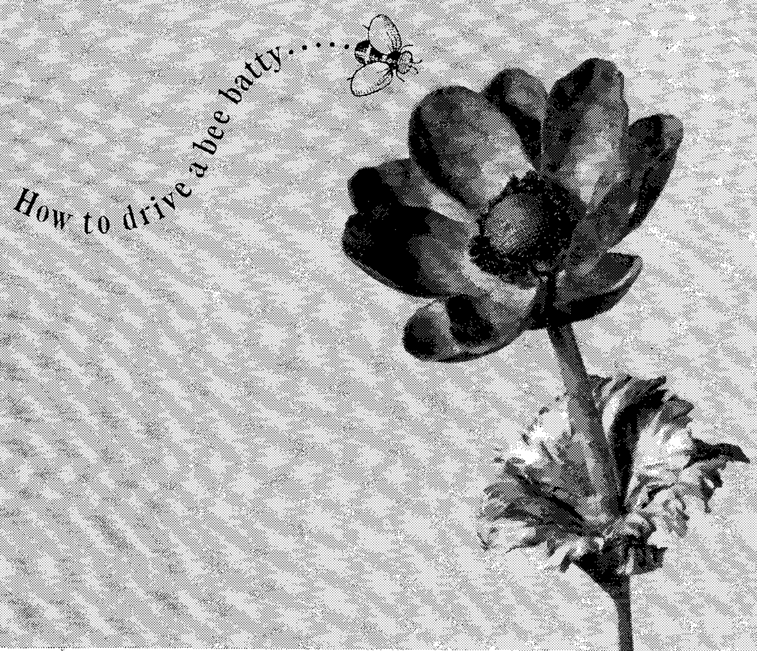

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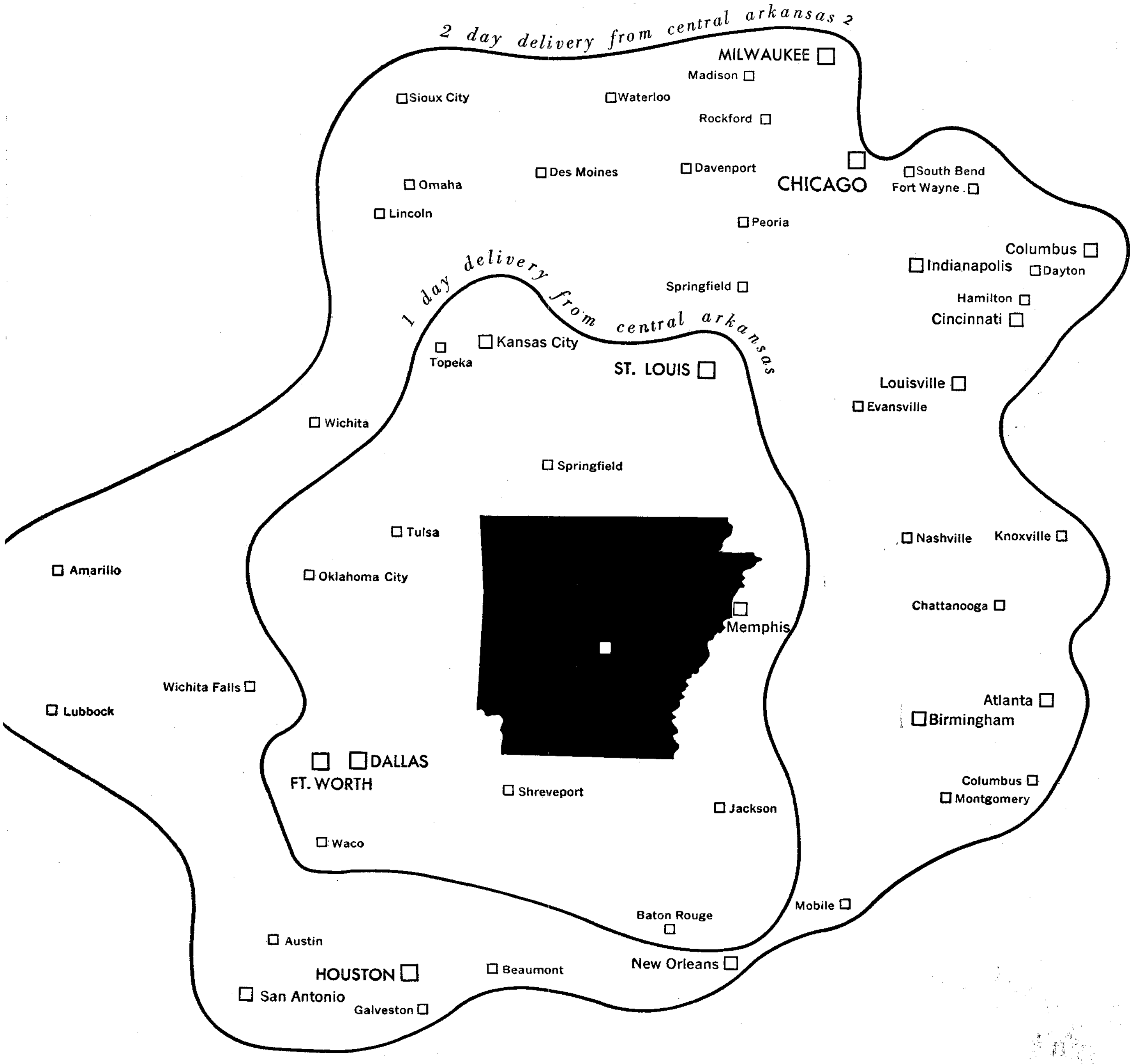
twenty inhabitants of East Berlin succeeded in escaping to West Berlin."

At least a third of the successful escapes made during the first year of the wall's existence took place in the first two months or so, when the border situation was confused and relatively fluid. On one day in September, 1961, fifty-three refugees reached West Berlin, six of them by swimming the Havel River. A few nights later, an East Berlin couple also swam the river, pushing in front of them a child's bathtub containing their three-year-old daughter. For several weeks after the wall went up, quite a few refugees reported that they had been able to cross the border because the Vopos had looked the other way, or had merely fired a warning shot or two in the air, in an effort to avoid drawing suspicion on themselves. In some instances, the Vopos went even further. At a stretch of barbed-wire fence where two Vopos, aged nineteen and eighteen, were on duty, an East German mechanic appealed to the older one for permission to cross the border with his wife and daughter so that the three of them could live near their relatives. The Vopo agreed, and, while his comrade stood aside, helped the family make their way through the barrier. Then the older Vopo said to the younger one, "Let's follow them," and they did. To outwit border guards who were not so obliging, some East Berliners devised ingenious stratagems. A photographer named Horst Beyer convinced the East German authorities that a good stunt to help publicize the twelfth anniversary of Ulbricht's regime, on October 10, 1961, would be to publish pictures of a few shapely members of a Communist women's sports club in the act of presenting the guardians of the wall with bouquets. He accordingly took a few athletic beauties to Checkpoint Charlie, and, as the girls presented their flowers to the Vopos, snapped one photograph after another. In posing his group, Beyer moved closer and closer to the white line on the pavement marking the border, and when one of the Vopos helpfully called out, "Be careful that you don't step across the line!" Beyer turned and ran into West Berlin. Late one evening, a couple of weeks later, a young East German artist named Fritz Berger put on khaki work pants, a G.I. shirt, tie, and forage cap, and a khaki tunic that had originally been part of a Czech uniform; on the buttons of the tunic he had engraved the letters "U.S." with a pocketknife, and on the sleeve he had sewn a Second World War shoulder patch of the 15th United States Air

[2] *when figuring competitive shipping rates from Arkansas to market, use the true mileage scale, the Commission's Traffic Bureau will obtain comparable commodity rates whether or not they are presently established in Arkansas*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Contemporary Target for Industry[1]

[1] *reproduced from the Arkansas Encyclopedia, now in its second printing, available to industrial executives and plant location consultants from the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock*

THIS IS ARKANSAS

Force. He then proceeded to Checkpoint Charlie, gave the Vopos a friendly wave, and strolled on across the border.

Meanwhile, a few East Berliners managed to force their way across the border. At two-forty-five one morning in September, 1961, a young man driving a delivery van approached the Brandenburg Gate at seventy miles an hour and crashed through the barrier before the Vopos had a chance to fire a shot. Within the next three days, two heavy trucks carrying five more refugees rammed through other crossing points. Not long afterward, three East Berlin men and two women roared through the Chausseestrasse checkpoint in an Opel sedan. Several bullets hit the car, but none of the passengers were injured; the refugees had lined the sides and the rear of the car with steel plates and had put a sievelike piece of armor over the windshield. Since then, some two dozen other East Germans who have attempted to break through the checkpoints in vehicles of various kinds have been either arrested or killed. The checkpoints have now been made virtually impregnable; they consist of a series of three or four concrete barriers, five feet high and a yard thick, arranged in a slalom pattern; each barrier has two openings—a narrow one, to accommodate pedestrian traffic, and one that is just wide enough to permit the passage of conventional civilian and commercial vehicles. Each opening is barred by a lift gate and is guarded by four sentries equipped with submachine guns. The checkpoints can, however, still be negotiated by wile, as has been demonstrated by, among others, a young East Berlin couple who escaped on November 7, 1961—the forty-fourth anniversary of the Russian Revolution. That morning, five Soviet buses filled with Russian soldiers and officials crossed into West Berlin at Checkpoint Charlie and proceeded to the Soviet Memorial in the Tiergarten for the traditional wreath-laying ceremony. Shortly after the Russian delegation had passed out of sight, the young couple pulled into the checkpoint in their Volkswagen, on the roof of which they had tied a tremendous homemade wreath. The Vopos waved them on.

Since the wall went up, approximately one out of every twelve refugees—or more than a thousand in all—has been a member of the East German police or armed forces. The great majority of this group consists of Vopos, and, to judge by typically concise items ("Four members of the border police fled into West Berlin on Friday while

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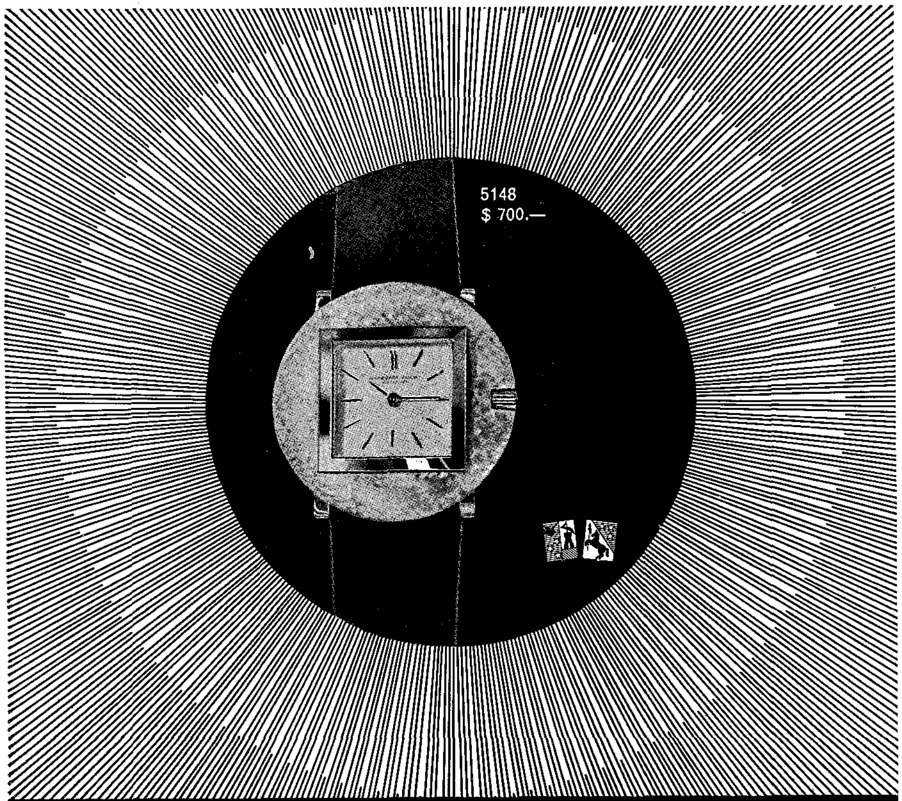

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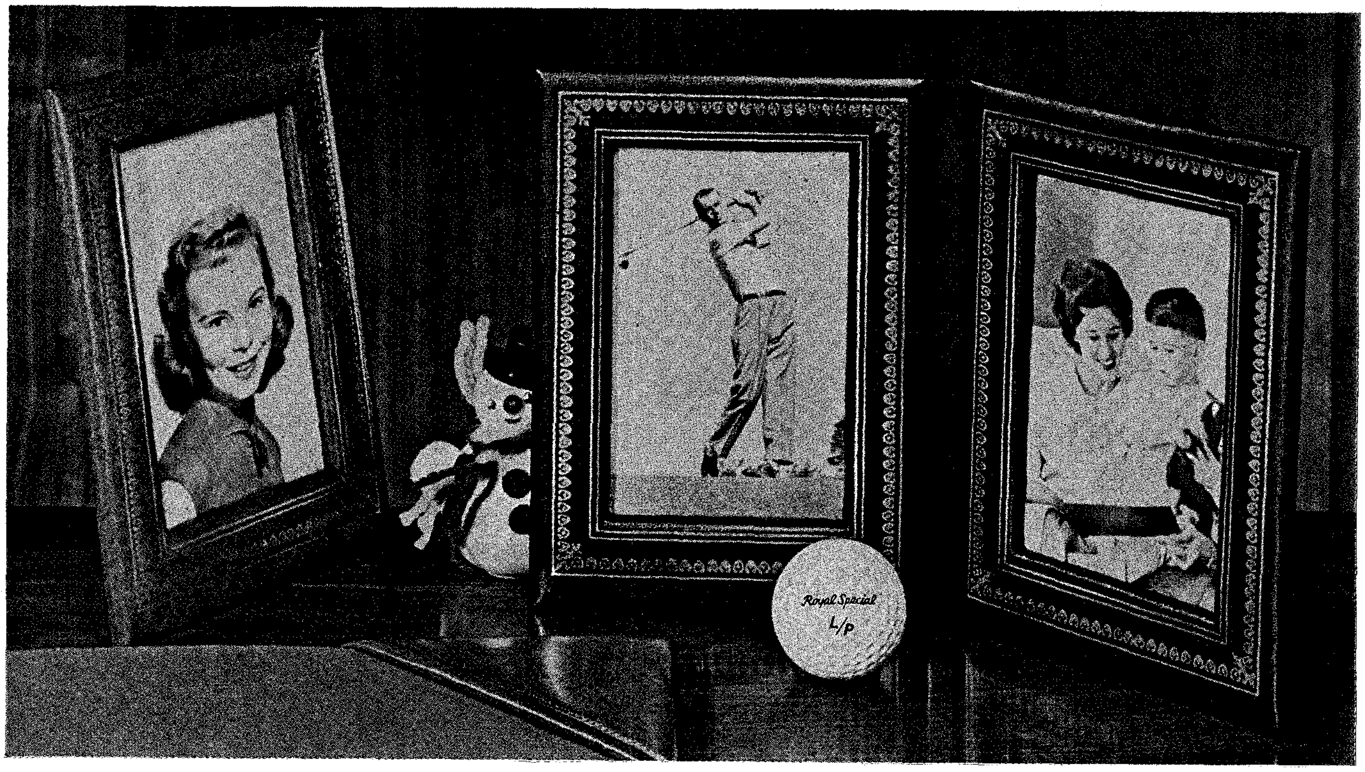

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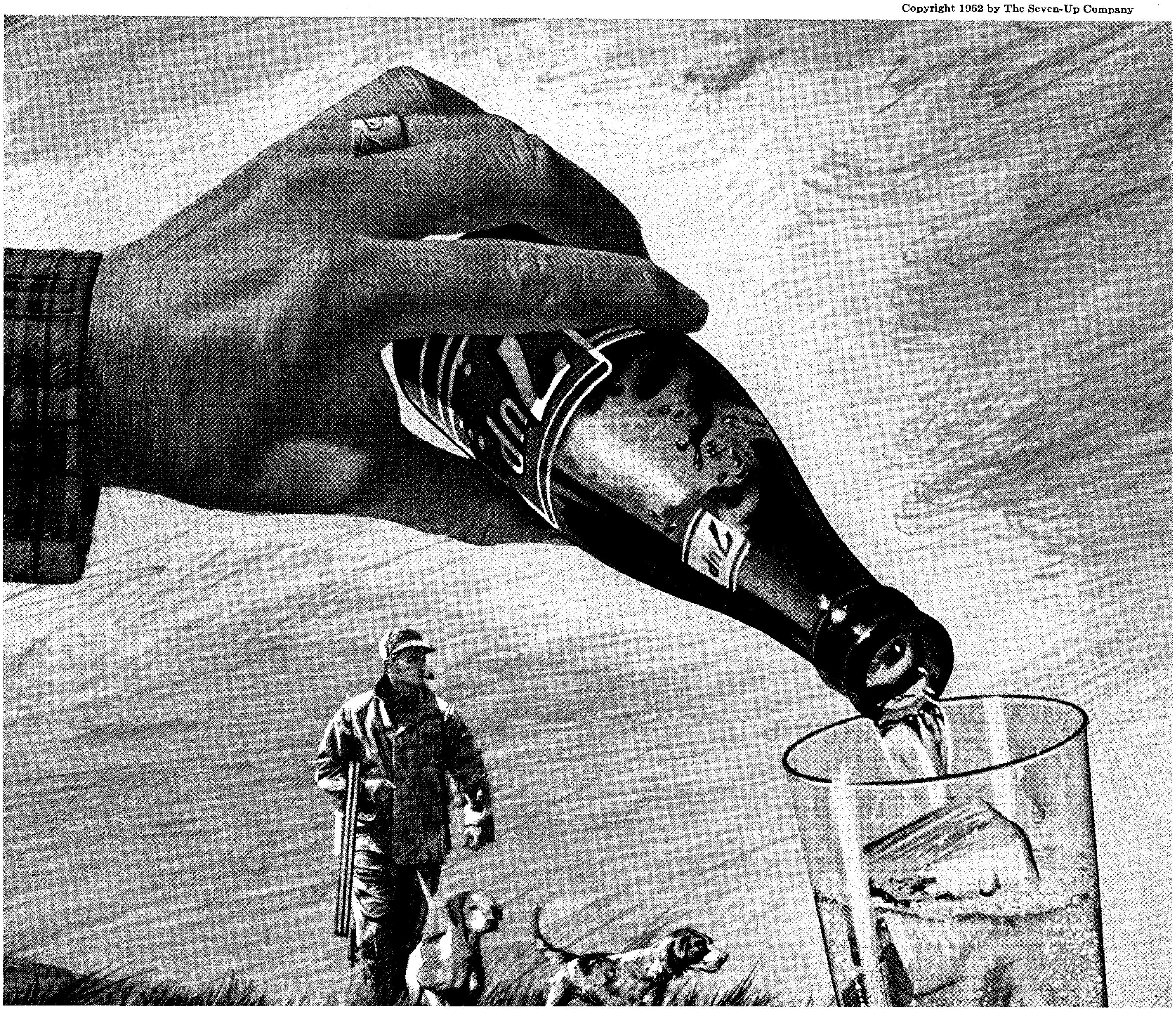
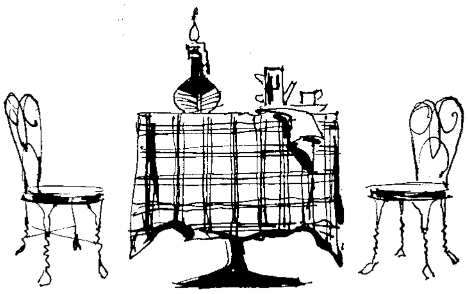


engaged in clearing the terrain at the zone border in Spandau") that continue to appear quite regularly in the West Berlin newspapers, the flight of the guards has not been stopped. As a rule, those who defect are of no more than average intelligence, and their defection is less ideological than personal. They complain of having been shunned by the civilian population and of having found it very difficult to get dates with respectable girls. Furthermore, they say, they felt cut off from their own comrades, unable to find a companion whom they believed they could trust. "I had not a single friend in the whole company" is the way they often put it. The border guards' suspicion of one another, which is deliberately cultivated by their officers, leads would-be escapers among them to think more than twice before making the attempt. When two Vopos who went over the wall together recall the occasion, each of them almost always speaks of his fear of being betrayed by his comrade at the moment of departure. Another deterrent to defection, former Vopos say, is the constant repetition by their officers of warnings about the treatment that "Socialist soldiers" receive in the West. First, the Vopos are told, such soldiers are arrested, put in the cellar of a rat-infested jail, and given the third degree; then they are impressed into the French Foreign Legion (which, as the Vopos know, is made up largely of Germans) or are forced to return to East Germany as secret agents of the Central Intelligence Agency. The official horror stories also have East German girls being lured across the border by Western spies and sent to brothels. "We thought some of those things might be lies," a former Vopo has said. "But when you hear them all so many times, you can't be sure. You begin wondering if they might not be true after all." With scarcely an exception, the Vopos who have come to the West have given as one of the primary reasons for their action the order requiring them to shoot at would-be refugees. Last June, one defecting Vopo described the feeling succinctly when he said that he had fled "because if someone had violated the border in my sector, I would have had to use my weapon, and I did not want to become a murderer."

While in Berlin, I had a chance to talk at some length with a former border guard named (for present purposes) Rudi Hermann, who defected last March and now drives a delivery truck for a West Berlin department store. Rudi came to my hotel room one evening and, over coffee and cognac,

Are you a status seeker?



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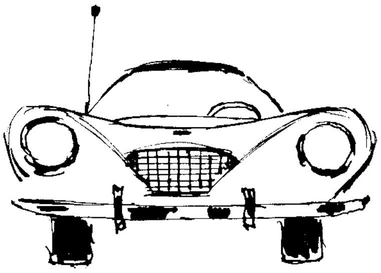

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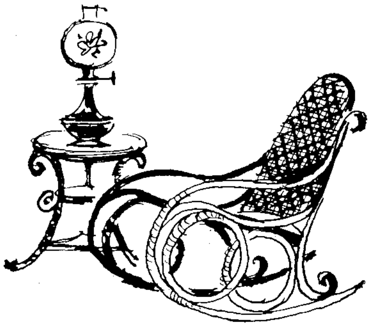

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told me how he had happened to flee to the West. A sturdily built young man who stands about five feet seven, he has blond hair, light-blue, half-hooded eyes, noticeably white and regular teeth, and a manner that is assured. He was wearing slacks, a short-sleeved sweater, loafers, a gold signet ring, and a handsome wristwatch that tells many things besides the time of day. The watch, he said, was the only thing of value that he had been able to bring across the border with him. After he had sat down and lighted a cigarette, he told me that he was twenty-three and was born in a rural district of East Germany. His father was killed on the Eastern Front in 1943, and his mother was killed two years later by the invading Russians. "They tried to rape her," Rudi said. "She resisted, and they shot her. I had an uncle, and he took us in—my three sisters and me." The uncle, Rudi went on, was then in the S.S. and is now a fairly important functionary in the S.E.D. Rudi said that his mother had been a religious woman but that the uncle had forbidden the children to go to church and had also made them join the Young Pioneers and, later, the F.D.J.—the Freie Deutsche Jugend, or Free German Youth. At sixteen, Rudi went to work in a factory; eight months later the young employees there were canvassed for "volunteers" for the Vopos, and he joined. "It was not what you might call voluntary duty," Rudi said. "You are expected to join. You are told that it is your duty to join, to protect the country from the imperialist warmongers, and, of course, to save the *Frieden* [peace]. Everything is for the *Frieden*. Besides, you know if you don't join you will get no promotions where you work. Or, say, you like to study and want to go to the university. You are told that if you serve your two years, you can go to the university later. If not, you do not go." Rudi was unusually well qualified. Besides having received training in the Communist youth organizations, he had the advantage of being an orphan. "Orphans are very popular with the regime," he said. "The authorities think you are reliable if you are an orphan, because you never had parents to give you any ideas."

Like other recruits, Rudi received three months' basic training. Many of his senior officers had been in Hitler's Army, and the discipline was strict. The recruits put in a ten-hour day, of which four hours were devoted to studying the fundamentals of Marxist-Leninist doctrine. "At the end of each week is the examination," Rudi said. "You repeat

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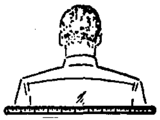

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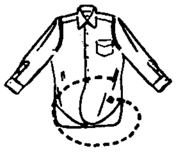

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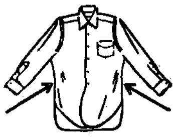

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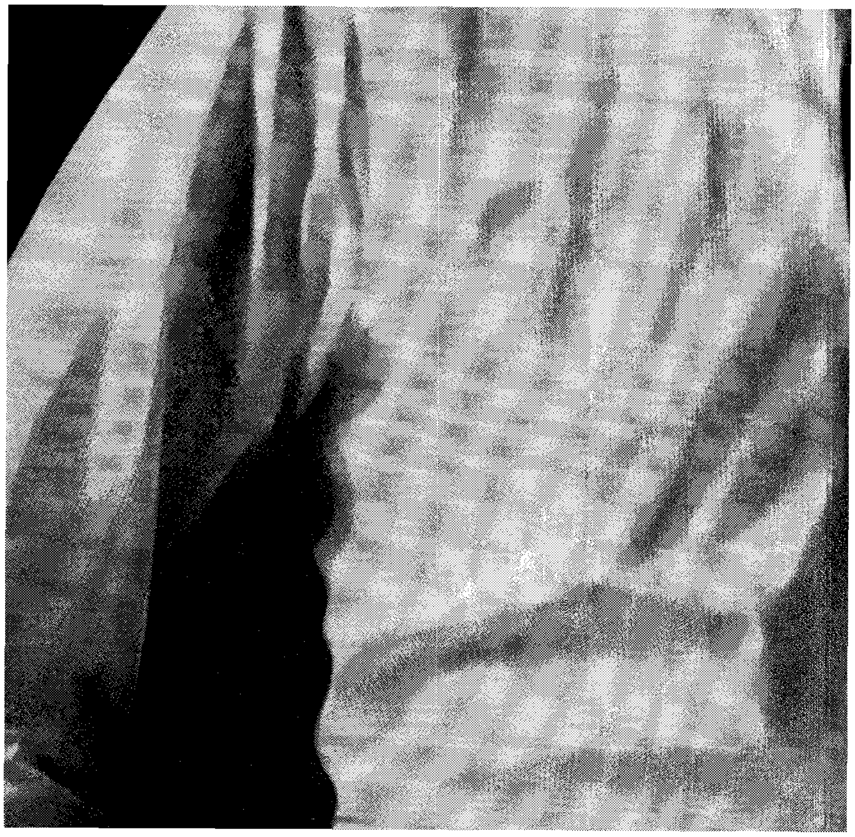

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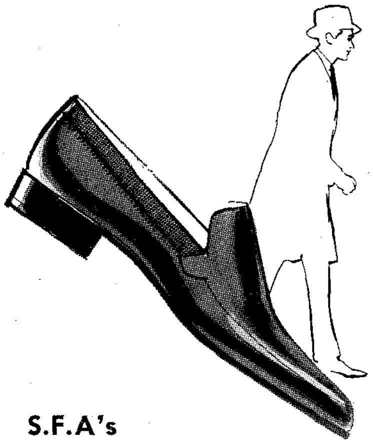
what you learned, and if you succeed you get a certificate. If not, you have to devote your spare time to studying and take the examination again. If you miss the second time, you are made to appear before the F.D.J. You have to stand up before the youngsters while your political instructor tells them what a *Dummkopf* you are. You are stupid, he says, you are lazy, and so forth. The system is to make you look silly and want to do better. You have to promise before the Jugend that you will try to improve." Though questions from students are not encouraged in the political-education sessions, an unenlightened recruit occasionally asks one; if he asks very many, he is watched. The political instructors themselves have several key questions, prepared by the Central Committee, that are designed to uncover any recruits who are not, as Rudi put it, a hundred and fifty per cent for the regime. One of the probing questions asks why it is necessary for soldiers to fire on people trying to cross the border. The answer expected by the instructor is, briefly, that such persons are criminals. A recruit may then ask, "Must I also shoot at children trying to escape?" A recruit who asks that question, Rudi said, will not be put on border duty with another soldier who is considered in any way doubtful. "The instructor has the answer ready," he added. "He says that anybody who is trying to cross the border is a criminal, or else he is working for the C.I.A. The capitalist countries are all warmongers, and they are so bloodthirsty they make spies out of children, six, eight, ten years old. And, of course, they give them arms. So if you see one of them trying to escape, you have to know that he is armed. He may shoot you—therefore you have to shoot first."

Off duty, Rudi went on, the recruits spent most of their time playing soccer and other games. Their pay was the equivalent of thirty dollars a month, at least a third of which they "volunteered" to put into so-called Reconstruction Savings, a government savings plan that pays interest of two per cent. "What was left went for cigarettes and drink, and those things are expensive," Rudi said. "Some things are cheaper there—movies, sports events, books—but not food and drink." Still, the life, taken as a whole, did not seem too bad, Rudi continued. He had never before been away from the region around his birthplace, and he enjoyed seeing new sights. As a recruit, he didn't have to worry about food or clothing or a place to live, and he found it easy to meet the



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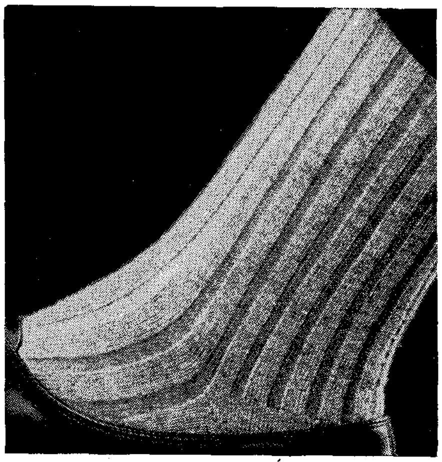

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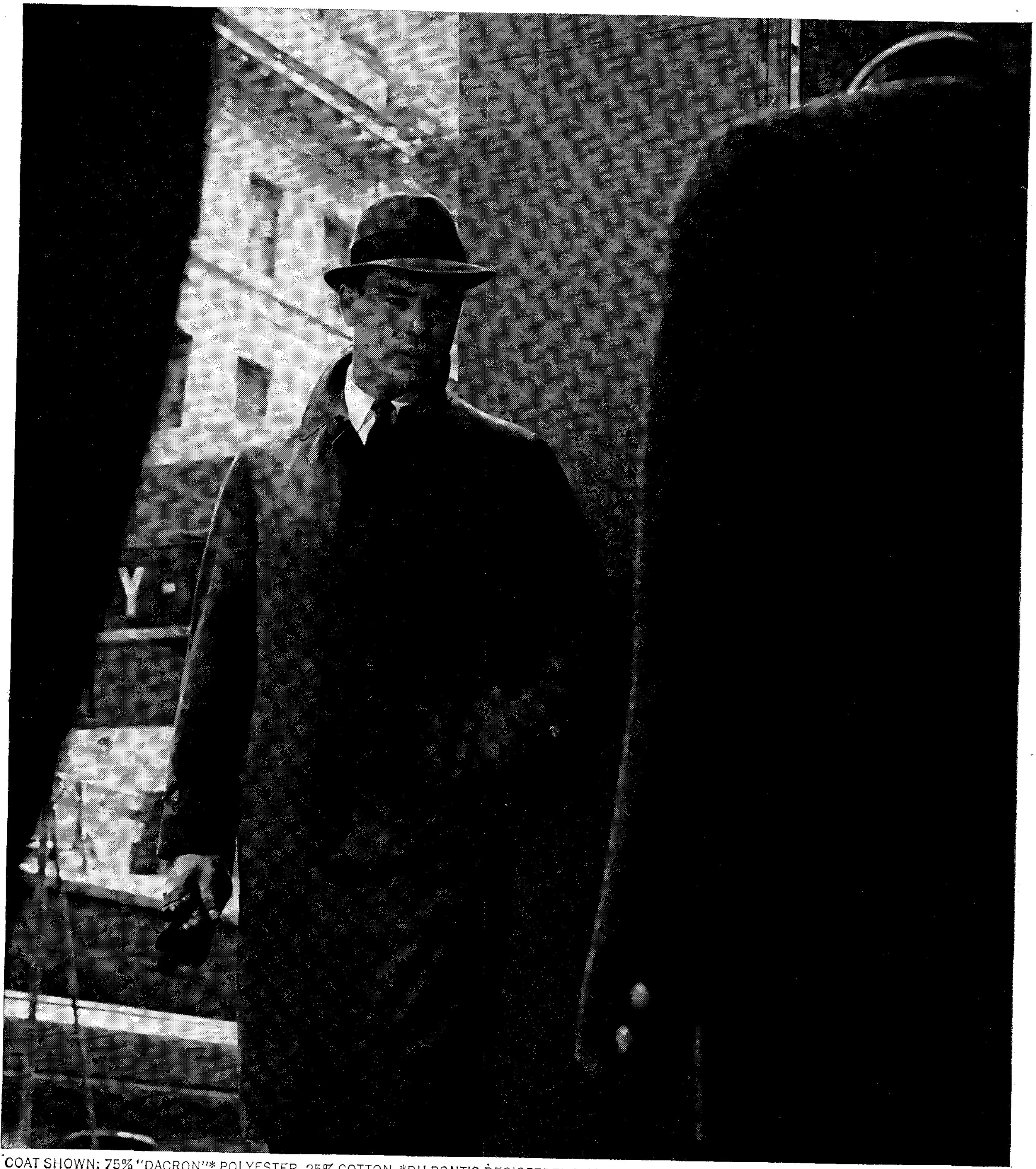

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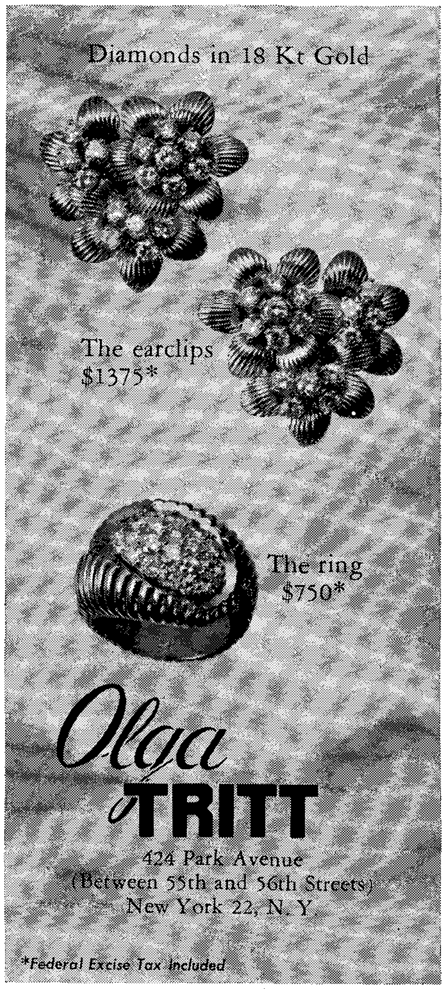
various requirements. In the final examinations, he scored high on both military and political questions. If a recruit fails the political examination, he has to repeat the entire three months' program; if he fails a second time, he is given a routine job, like guarding a shoe factory somewhere in the interior.

After basic training, Rudi was transferred to a unit in a suburb of East Berlin, where he was assigned to border duty. Starting about four months before his enlistment was due to end, he was called almost daily by his company commander, who urged him to reënlist. After he had been promised a chance to take a course in passport control, he decided to stay on. On completing this training, which took three months and included the usual large proportion of political education, he began checking passports at a railroad control point in Berlin. "At that time, it was still a pleasure to be a soldier," he said. "The border was marked only with signs. There was a friendly spirit between the East and West border guards. They gave us cigarettes, and we all talked about the latest football matches. We had a good comradeship. I could go anywhere I wanted to in the Zone during my time off, except on Sunday, when we usually worked on a farm. That was voluntary, of course. If you didn't do it, you got extra heavy duty from your sergeant." He withdrew enough money from his savings account to buy a good Czech motorcycle, and on his leaves he made trips to visit his sisters, all of whom had married.

During these exposures to civilian life, Rudi said, he began to see and hear things that, for the first time, created some doubt in his mind about the regime. He found that his relatives were generally short of food and that their lives were coming under increasingly close control. The husband of one of his sisters was a hairdresser, who owned his own shop. "One day, he was asked to call at the police station," Rudi said. "The S.S.D. has a section in every police station. In every post office, too, for that matter. Well, my brother-in-law was called in by the S.S.D., and they asked the usual questions: 'Are you in favor of the peace?' 'Would you like to have another war?' Naturally, my brother-in-law said he was in favor of the peace and against another war. 'You know,' they said, 'that the Fascist-capitalist countries are planning a war against the freedom-loving countries? And you are convinced that our workers' and peasants' state is first in the interests of peace?' And so on. My brother-in-law gave the right answers, and then they said, 'Well,



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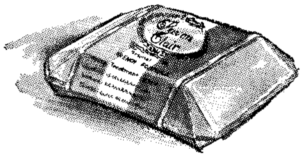

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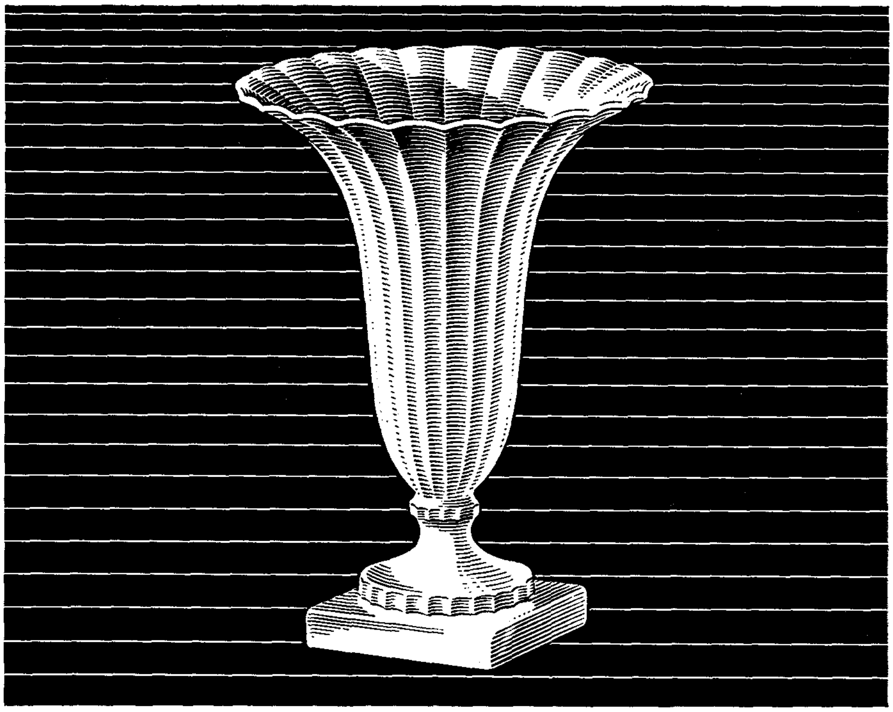
Whatever misgivings Rudi may have been developing at the time were not apparent to his superiors in the Vopos, who, in 1960, sent him to a school to be trained as a noncommissioned officer. He emerged a corporal and returned to his old post, but now as a supervisor, in charge of ten soldiers. Not long afterward, he met a girl from West Berlin, named Monika, and began to see her frequently. The political officers in his unit disapproved strongly. They said that it was "not decent" for a Socialist soldier to have a capitalist girl friend. Rudi listened, but refused to promise to give up Monika; he continued to see her—though they avoided public places—until the wall went up. After that, he often wrote to her, signing his letters with fictitious names. He told her not to reply, and hinted that he might see her before long. "Everything changed after the wall," Rudi said. "It was no longer a pleasure to be a soldier. I began thinking more and more about leaving." From time to time, he withdrew money from his savings account and bought cameras and binoculars, which he planned to sell once he had reached the West, in order to get established there. In October, 1961, his



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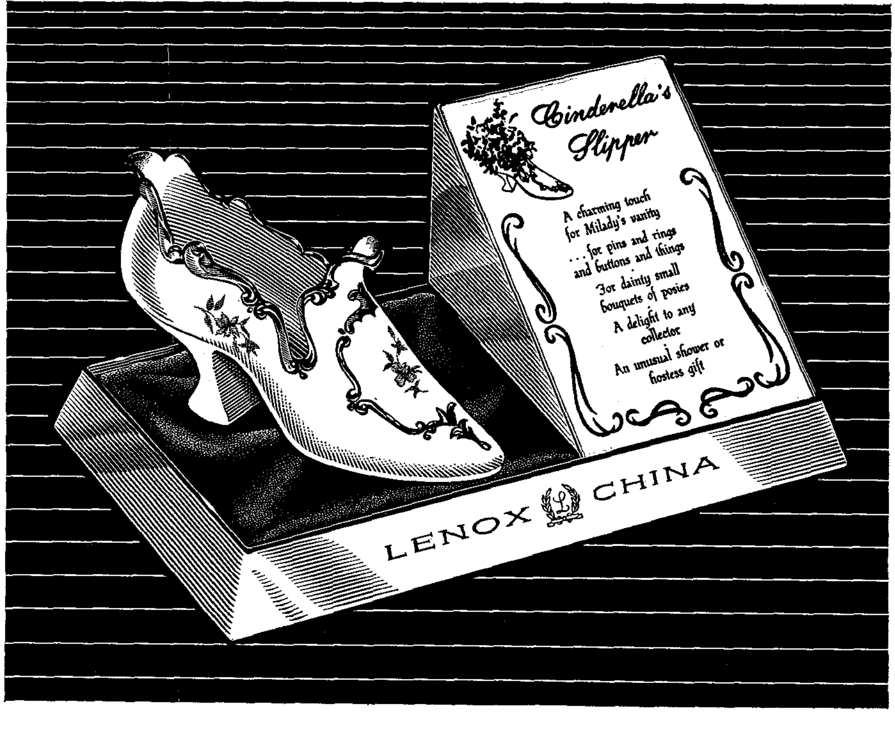

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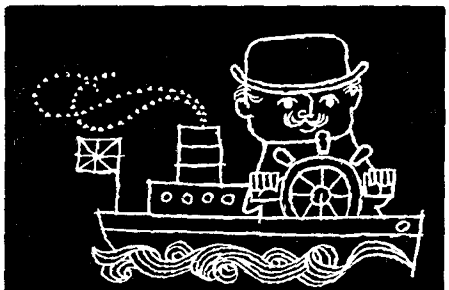

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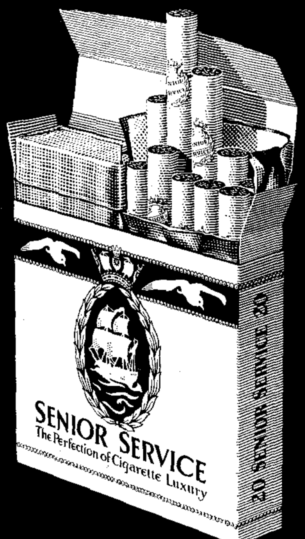

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unit was transferred to the border near a suburb of East Berlin, where, on a day off, he met two young friends of his, who said they were having a hard time getting jobs in East Germany, because they had worked in West Berlin before August 13th. They indicated that they planned to go back. Rudi saw the two friends several more times, on his days off, and the three presently began working out plans for a joint escape. After devising three schemes that had to be discarded because of changing conditions on the border, the group, which had been enlarged to include the fiancée of one of the friends, settled on a plan that they considered feasible.

According to this plan, the escape attempt would start at exactly 8 P.M. At that hour, Rudi's friends were to drive up to the border-patrol office in an automobile. The girl, wearing a man's hat and coat, was to be sitting in the back seat with her fiancé. The other man, at the wheel, was to ask for Unteroffizier Hermann, who would be on office duty that night. Rudi was to get in next to the driver, and the car would then proceed swiftly to the control post at the first barrier, a barbed-wire fence. Rudi was to announce to the sentries there in a loud voice that the other occupants of the car were from the S.S.D. (a term that, he told me, inspires about the same reaction that "Gestapo" did in the past) and that he had to accompany them to the border. "I thought this would work," Rudi explained, "because one of the soldiers on duty that night would be brand-new, and wouldn't know what my authority was, and the other fellow was lazy and stupid." Rudi and his friends planned to be armed, and they had reason for not expecting trouble at the second barrier, which was also a barbed-wire fence. "If something went wrong there," Rudi said, "we weren't figuring on the guards' firing at us or raising an alarm with shooting. Before issuing machine pistols to those two guards that night, I planned to remove a small but necessary part of the firing mechanism. They normally wouldn't notice this until after they had returned to the barracks and were taking their guns apart to clean them before turning them in." With the sentries neutralized, Rudi and his companions planned to use wire snippers to cut through the fence. They had decided that each could take a few possessions in a small bag. Rudi filled his bag with his capital in the form of cameras and binoculars.

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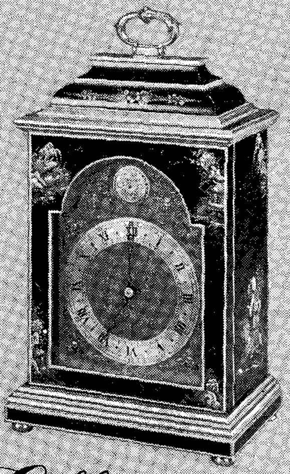

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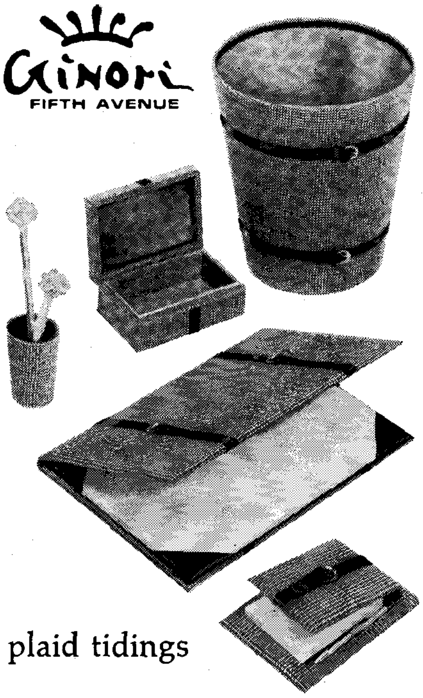

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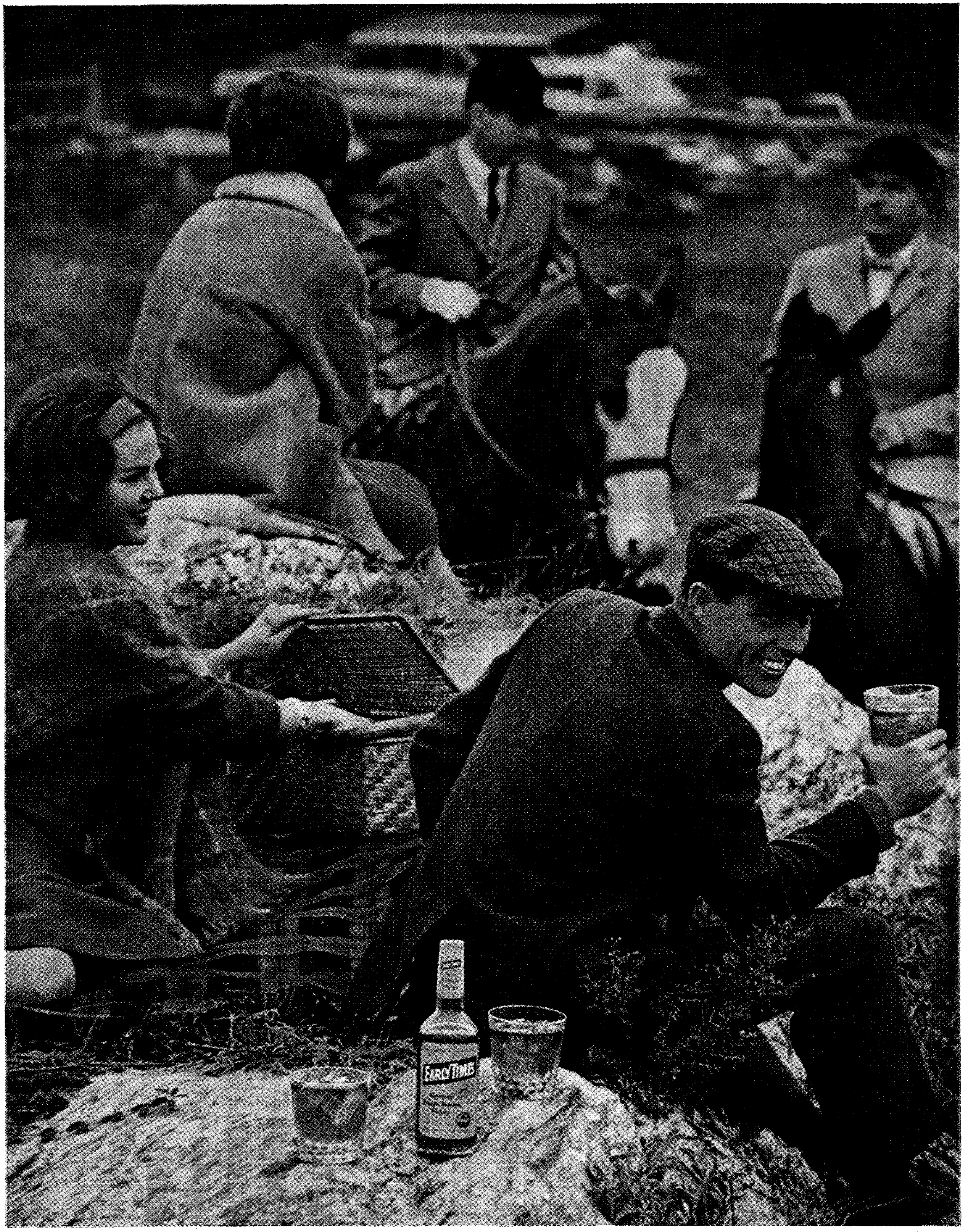

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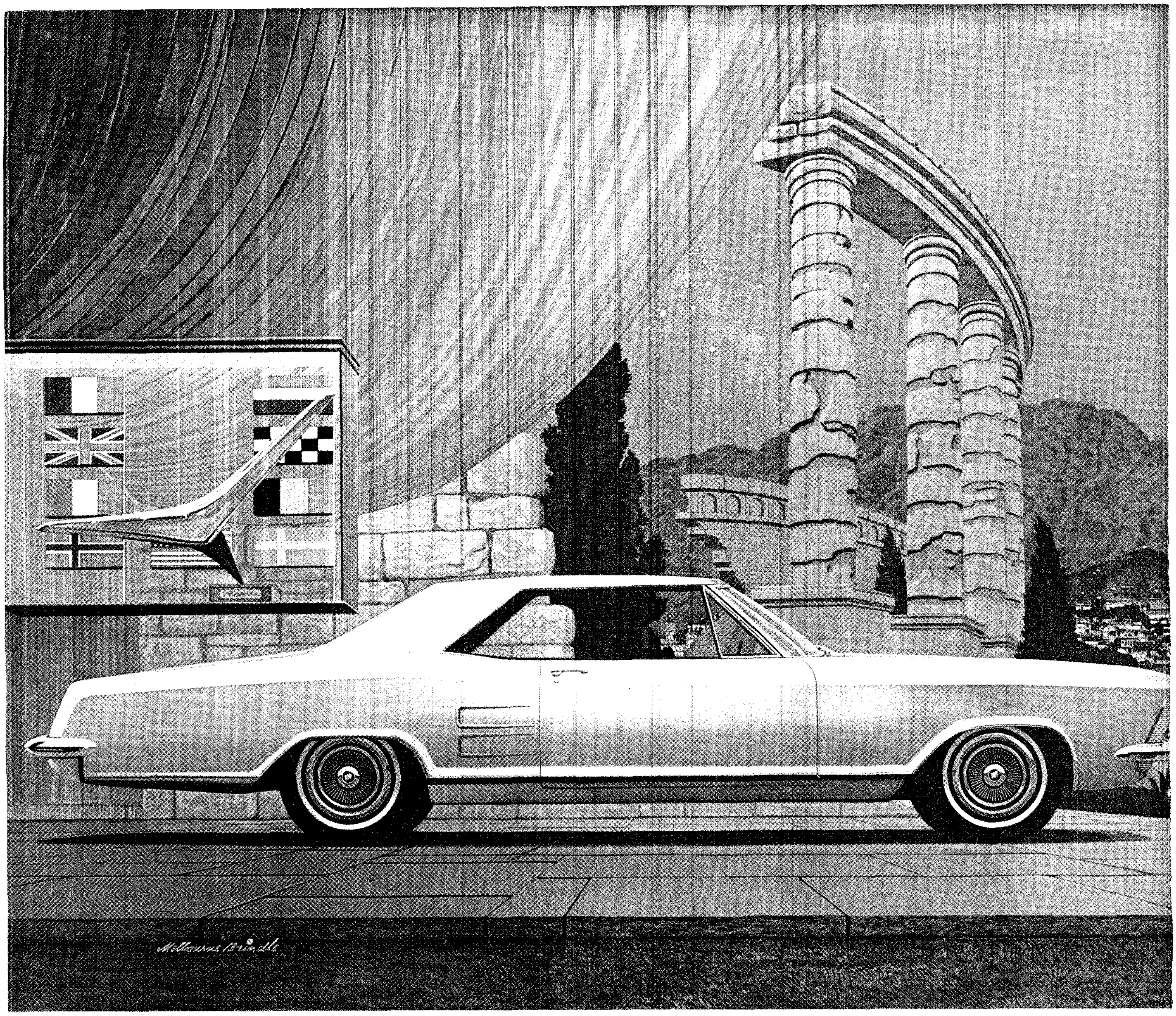

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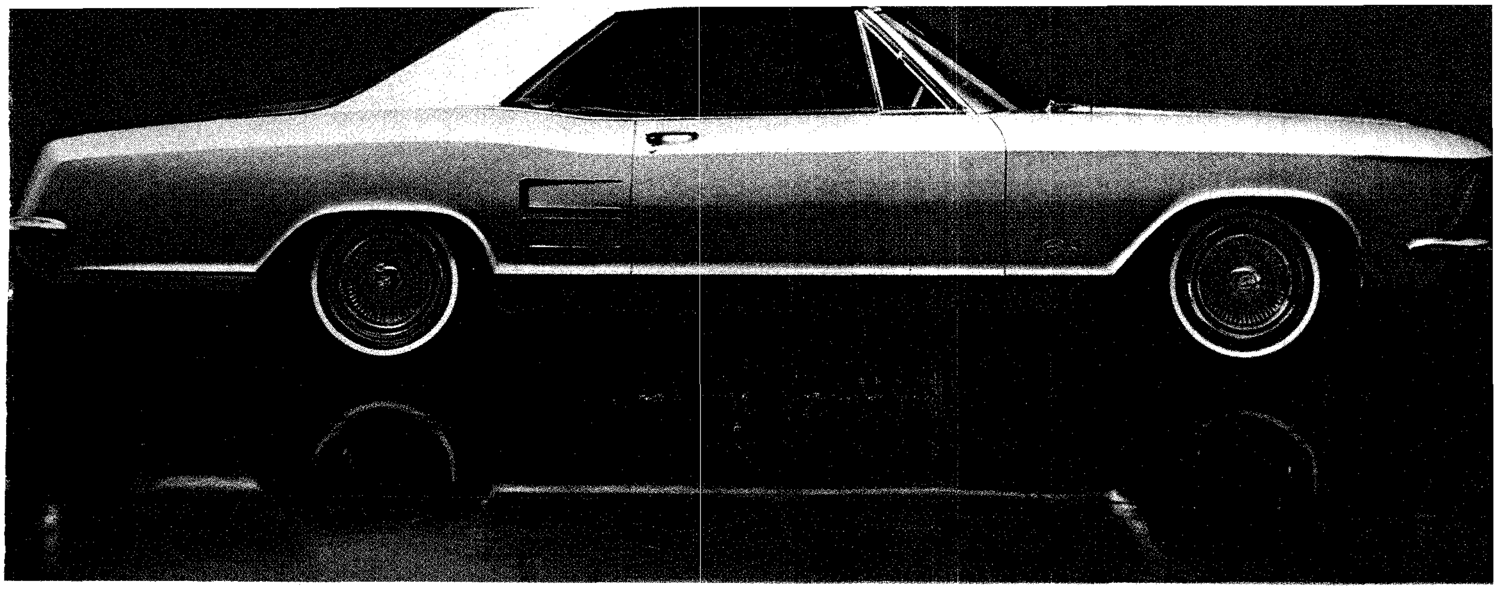

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before eight, an urgent call came from one of the sentries at the second barrier, who asked to be put through immediately to the area commander. "The call went through, and I listened in," Rudi said. "The soldier reported that their guns—his and the other sentry's—had been tampered with and would not fire. The soldiers aren't supposed to clean their guns until after they have come off duty and are back in the barracks, but sometimes, to save time, they do this during the last hour or so before they're relieved. The commander said to ring the alarm bell and seal the border. Here was trouble. Fortunately, no one suspected me. I was the leader of a unit, and had always set a good example." Punctually at eight o'clock, Rudi's companions stopped their car at the door of the border-patrol office. Rudi was there to meet them. "Are you Unteroffizier Hermann? We are from the S.S.D.," the driver confidently announced. Rudi whispered that the plan had fouled. "I told him to turn around and drive to a place about four kilometres down the border and wait for me until about nine o'clock," Rudi recalled. "As soon as I could, I got my gun and ran to my friends. I told them what had happened. We couldn't waste a minute. I said to leave the car and everything, and follow me. I got ten metres ahead of them. I had a machine pistol and a hundred and twenty bullets. Each of the two men had a revolver. We got close to the first fence. The guard was at the end of the road, and couldn't see us. We climbed over, and moved slowly toward the post at the second barrier. I told the others to lie down on the earth, and I went forward. The guard at the post asked the password. I repeated it—'Gotha-Gorki'—and approached. I told him that some border violators had been spotted in the area, and ordered him to go make a check on a railroad bridge about sixty metres away. When he was out of sight, I went back to my friends and told them to come with me in a hurry. At this time, a train passed over the bridge, and we profited from the steam and noise to get to the barbed wire. Then I covered my two friends and the girl as they started to climb the fence. A couple of minutes later, I heard footsteps, and two guards came in sight from the direction opposite the bridge. I called out, 'Stay where you are or I shoot!' I wasn't sure what they'd do, so I fired about thirty shots over their heads, and they had to take cover. By then, the girl had climbed over the fence, and so had one of my friends. The other one had got his leg caught in the wire and couldn't move. I

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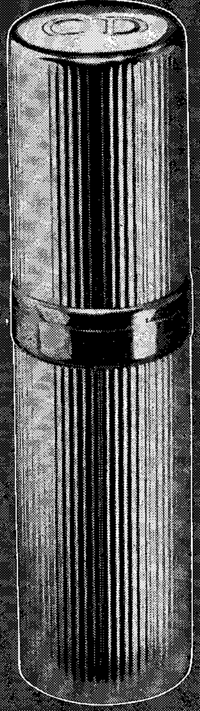

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went over, and we all got to work and tore off one of the legs of my friend's trousers. That set him free. Then we were all safe on West Berlin territory. It hadn't taken twenty minutes from the time we left the car. My friends were so excited they didn't realize we were already in West Berlin. I was backing away from the fence, to make sure the guards didn't get any ideas, and my friends started running. I started running after them. We passed some people, who took one look and screamed. I guess they saw my uniform and gun, and thought I was trying to catch the others and chase them back to East Berlin. I threw away my gun and caught up with the three others. Then we met two policemen, and they called a car, which took us to Marienfelde. That's all there was to it."

I asked Rudi about Monika.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I called her the day I got here. She was very surprised. She said she was engaged and was going to be married, so I haven't seen her."

As for his relatives, Rudi said that he had not heard from them and did not expect to, but that he had learned in letters from friends that his sisters and their husbands had all been called in and questioned by the S.S.D. Three weeks before he escaped, he said, he had written a letter to each of his sisters in which he expressed a loathing of the capitalist countries and their criminal warmongers and everything else about the West. "This is standard practice," he explained. "It is to provide some protection for the relatives. With this, they can say, 'How could I know? This is the last letter I got from him.' The authorities probably don't believe the letter. They know why it was written, but at least it keeps them from proving anything. The letter gives the relatives something in black-and-white. The S.S.D. made my sisters and their husbands sign statements swearing they would never communicate with me again. Of course, my uncle denounced me—said I was a traitor and had been recruited by the C.I.A., and all the other usual things—so he has kept his job. I can do without him. Naturally, I hope to see my sisters again. It's hard to tell when."

EXCEPT for the bloc of defecting Vopos, the East Germans who have escaped since the wall went up are such a varied group that few generalizations about them are valid, though it is safe to say that they are even younger, on the average, than the pre-wall refugees, are much more apt to be artisans

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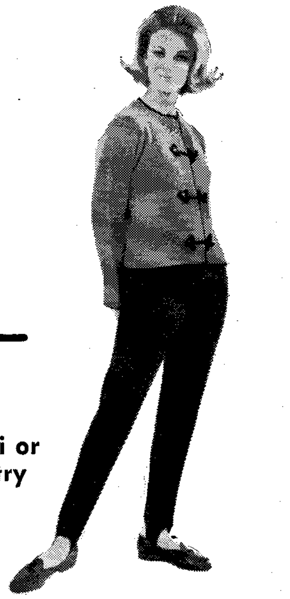

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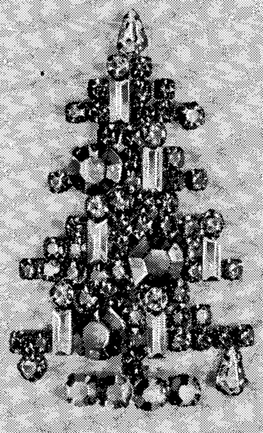

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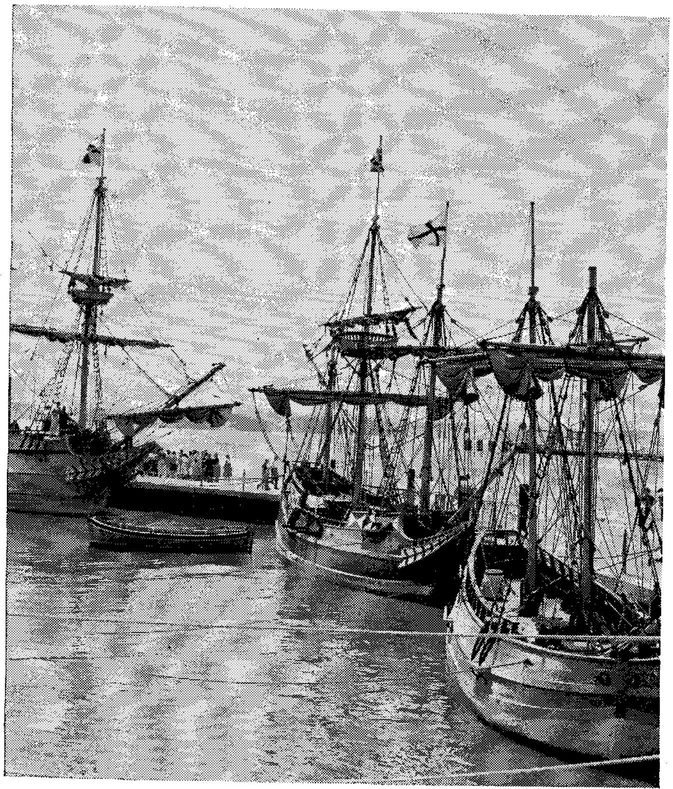

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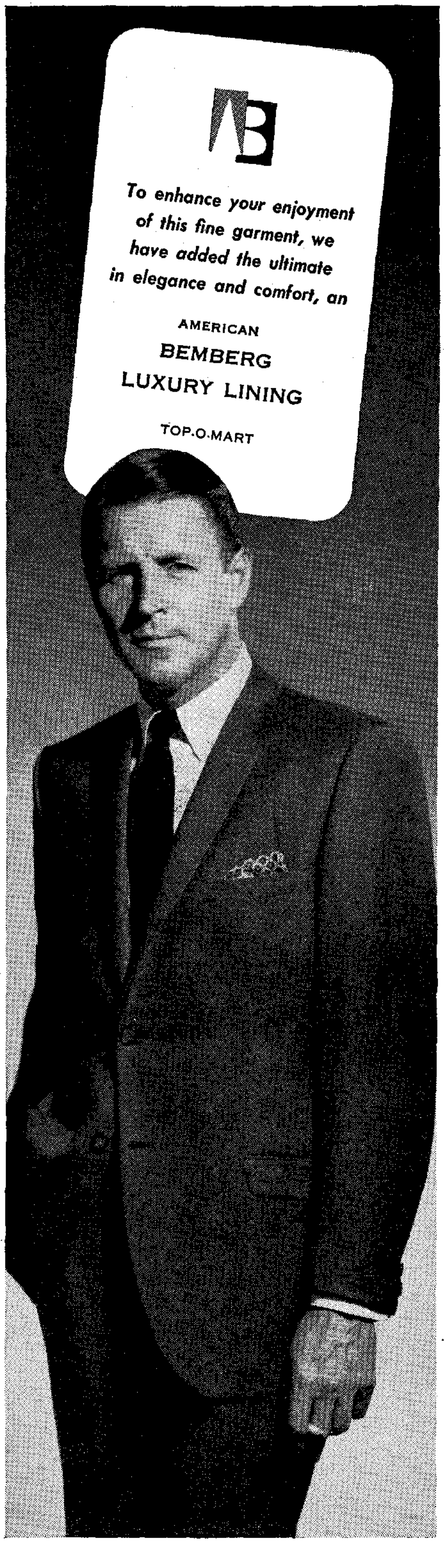
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than intellectuals, and are, temperamentally, out of the same mold. "Before August 13th, it cost a refugee twenty pfennigs to get to West Berlin. Now it may well cost him his life," a member of the West Berlin Senate remarked not long ago, and added, "The recent refugees are the kind of people who never stop looking for the chance, and when they see it, they jump." The necessary post-wall qualifications were exhibited late last January by a twenty-seven-year-old East Berlin chauffeur named Erwin Becker, his two younger brothers, and two friends of the family—an engineer and a mechanic—who collaborated in digging the first successful tunnel under the wall. The shaft started in the basement of Becker's home, a two-story stucco house situated on the border in the East Berlin suburb of Glienicke; ran for eighty-seven feet; and came out in the West Berlin suburb of Frohnau. For most of its length, the tunnel was barely three feet below a street patrolled around the clock by Vopos. Because of the greater danger of being heard at night, Becker and his colleagues took turns reporting sick for work at their places of employment, so that they could dig by day. As a further precaution, Becker's sister maintained a constant lookout from a second-floor window; at the approach of a Vopo patrol, she warned the diggers to stop work by flipping a switch, which turned off a string of electric lights that had been installed in the tunnel. The burrowing, through sandy soil and clay, progressed rapidly; the earth taken from the tunnel was packed into the basement, and filled it practically from floor to ceiling. Becker and his fellow-diggers completed the tunnel in nine days. Shortly after one o'clock on the morning of January 24th, they and a number of other relatives and friends—twenty-eight people in all, ranging in age from eight to seventy-one—began crawling through the narrow shaft. Within three hours, all were safe in West Berlin. They had staged what was up to then the largest group escape since the erection of the wall.

The success of the Becker tunnel, which was discovered and sealed by Vopos the next day, started a trend. In May, an eighty-one-year-old neighbor of the Beckers led eleven relatives and friends, all but two of whom were over fifty, to West Berlin through a tunnel that the elderly gentlemen had dug in sixteen days. Over the three-day Whitsun holiday, in June, fourteen more East Berliners escaped by tunnel. (In general, the number of escapes rises on weekends and holidays,

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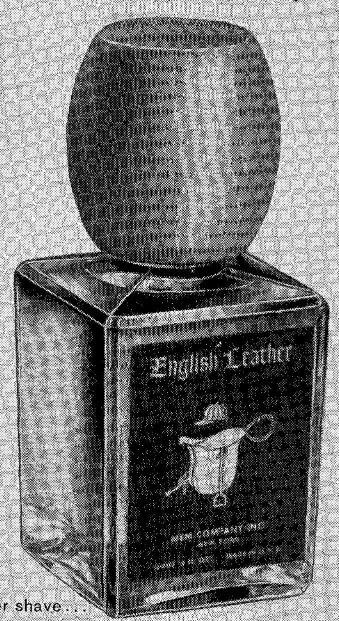

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*This, actually, is Eagle's second competition in as many years. Those of you who partook of the first, that is, what to do with the pocket on a Shirtkerchief, will doubtless be excited to learn that the book containing many of your letters to Miss Afflerbach has now been published by the Macmillan Co. and is now available at your bookseller. We have called it *Dear Miss Afflerbach, or The Postman Hardly Ever Rings 11,328 Times,* and the price is $4.95.

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during good weather, and directly after paydays.) The first tunnel from West Berlin to East Berlin was also dug in June. It was the handiwork of a stonemason named Siegfried Noffke, who received help from two friends. Before the wall went up, Noffke, who was married and had one child, had been a "boundary walker." Caught behind the wall on August 13th, he had succeeded in crossing the border two days later, and had then put in repeated requests for an exit permit for his wife and child. These were perfunctorily turned down by the East German authorities, and, at length, he decided to build a tunnel to rescue his family. Exactly four weeks after starting it, he and his friends broke through into the cellar of an East Berlin photographer's shop. As they emerged, waiting Vopos shot and killed Noffke and wounded his two friends.

It has been said that some tunnels have been built and run for profit. There seems to be no doubt that one was. This enterprise, which came into existence a few months ago, was directed by a twenty-six-year-old West Berlin truck driver, who will here be called Jacob Mueller. With three other risk-takers, who had previously been engaged in various occupations that included some gray-market activity, he dug a shaft from a basement apartment in West Berlin to a basement apartment in East Berlin; the occupant of the former was given a small cut of the tunnel profits, and the occupant of the latter was paid off with free passage for himself and his wife. One of the four tunnel-for-hire operators was a West German and was therefore able to travel legally into East Berlin. He was put in charge of recruiting customers, and he did well. Twelve days after opening for business, the entrepreneurs had sent twenty-seven refugees through the tunnel for a fee equivalent to two hundred and fifty dollars per person. Payment was made in advance to Mueller, who crawled through the shaft on nights when it was to be used, in order to oversee the operation. On the thirteenth night, an East Berlin family of three was scheduled for passage at nine o'clock. After paying Mueller, the father said that two friends of his, a young couple, also wanted to make the trip and had the money for the fare. He had told the couple, he said, to be at the rendezvous point—the spot where Mueller and his recruiting agent met prospective clients—at nine-thirty that evening. The family then departed for West Berlin, and a while later Mueller and his agent left for the rendezvous

63

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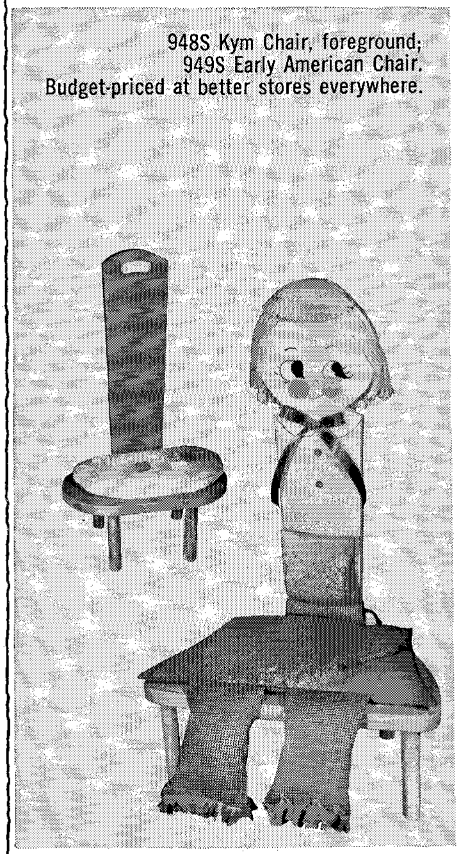

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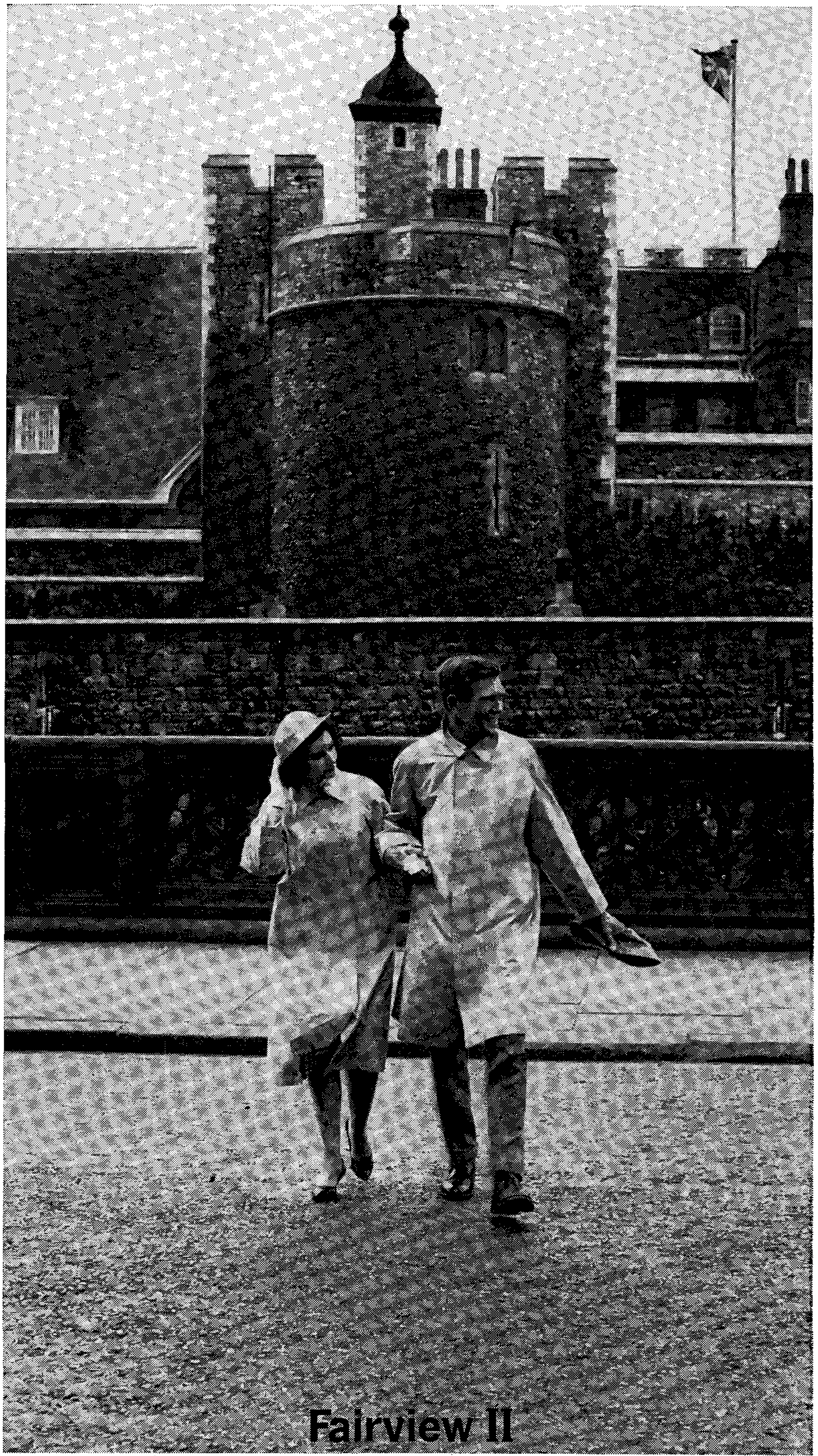
point, which was a rubble-strewn empty lot about three-quarters of a block from the East Berlin basement apartment. When they arrived at the lot, seven or eight pistol shots were fired—apparently by S.S.D. operatives—wounding both Mueller and the agent. They managed to get back to the basement apartment, lock the door and block it with a wheelbarrow load of rocks, and drag themselves to West Berlin. They were taken to a hospital, where Mueller died that night. The agent eventually recovered. The exact nature of Mueller's tunnel activities and the circumstances of his death have not been reported by the German press, though one West Berlin tabloid hailed him as a martyr who gave his life to help his countrymen escape to freedom, and demanded that he be given a state funeral. That honor was not accorded him, however, and his place in the annals of *die Mauer* remains uncertain.

On the basis of information currently available, the position of certain other Berliners is no less ambiguous. What is one to think, for example, of a number of West Berliners who occupy apartments overlooking the wall and ask as much as twenty-five hundred dollars in return for letting the quarters be used as lookout posts by volunteers helping to spirit East Germans over the wall? Or of two East Berlin building workers, both in their twenties and with wives and children, who escaped to West Berlin by crashing a dump truck through the wall, leaving their families on the other side? "As one of the reasons for their escape," the West Berlin newspapers said of the young men, "they cited the catastrophic food situation in the East." One hopes that they had better reasons, and, as the director of a West Berlin publishing firm remarked to me when the subject was referred to one day at lunch, it is quite possible that they did have. "Let us beware of casting the first stone at refugees who left their wives and children behind," he said. "How can we know what situation they found themselves in? Perhaps they were in imminent danger of arrest. Is it better to stay and rot in an East German jail or to escape and be free to try to do something from here for those they had to leave? Until we know the circumstances, it is dangerous to pass judgment."

A West Berlin lawyer advised the same policy in considering the case of a young Vopo who shot and killed his partner on sentry duty and then escaped across the border. The West Berlin au-



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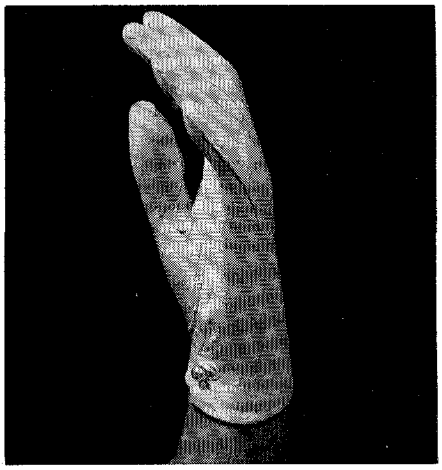
thorities decided to arrest the defecting Vopo and put him on trial—either for manslaughter, which carries a penalty ranging up to fifteen years in prison, or for murder, for which the maximum penalty in West Germany is life imprisonment. His defense, the lawyer told me, will probably be that he was forced into service with the Volkspolizei, that such service was not consistent with his political beliefs, and that since border guards are under orders to shoot any person who tries to flee, he was forced to kill his comrade in self-defense.

I said that this struck me as tortuous reasoning. "The world induced by the wall is a tortuous world," the lawyer said.

ONE set of inhabitants of that world upon whom it is quite unnecessary to defer judgment are a large group of university students. On the night the wall came into being, a half-dozen students at West Berlin's Free University got together to form an organization to rescue fellow-students who had been trapped behind the wall. (Before August 13th, the two universities and four academies in West Berlin had a total enrollment of approximately twenty-four thousand students, and of these some thirty-five hundred had their permanent residence in East Berlin. Only about half that number, however, were caught there when the barrier went up.) Word of the planned underground railroad got around quickly, and some fifty other students—Americans, Dutch, British, and Scandinavians among them—joined up. They called their operation Das Reisebüro (the travel bureau), and referred to one another, in the underground tradition, by fictitious names. Though most of the Bureau's undertakings have been kept secret, a few of its agents, including one known as Der Lange Heinrich (Big Henry), who is a husky, six-foot-two engineering student from Munich, told me something about their methods. In the beginning, the operation was conducted mainly with the use of borrowed passports. A West German student would make a trip into East Berlin, get in touch with one of the trapped students, and return with his photograph. The Bureau would then hunt around for a West German student bearing a passable resemblance to the one in the photograph. If such a look-alike was found, he was asked to assist in the enterprise. Requests for such assistance were seldom refused. The double's task consisted of making one trip into East Berlin, to secure an entry permit; this



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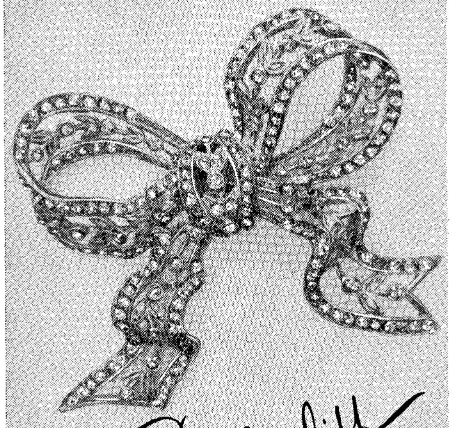

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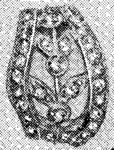

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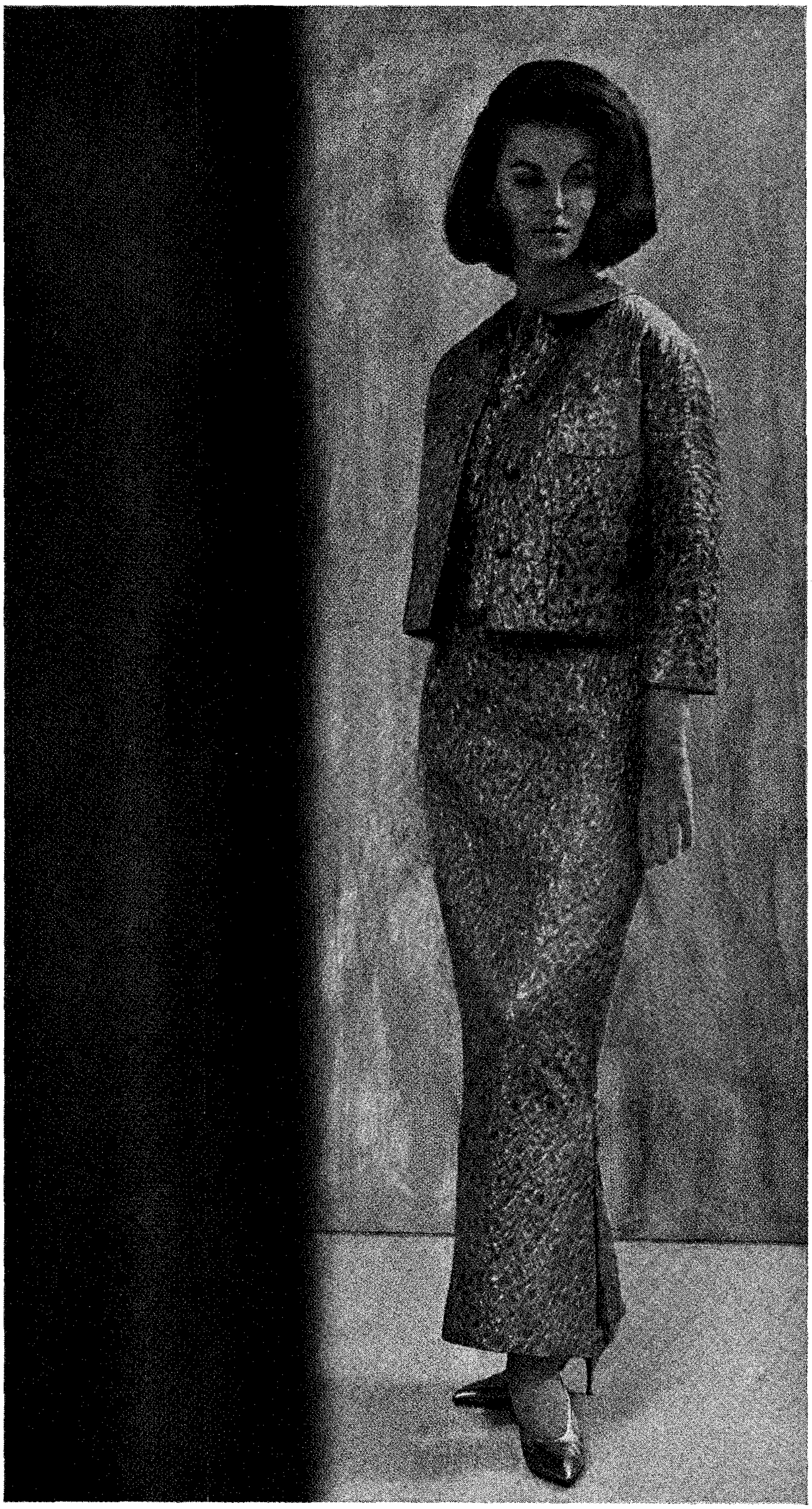

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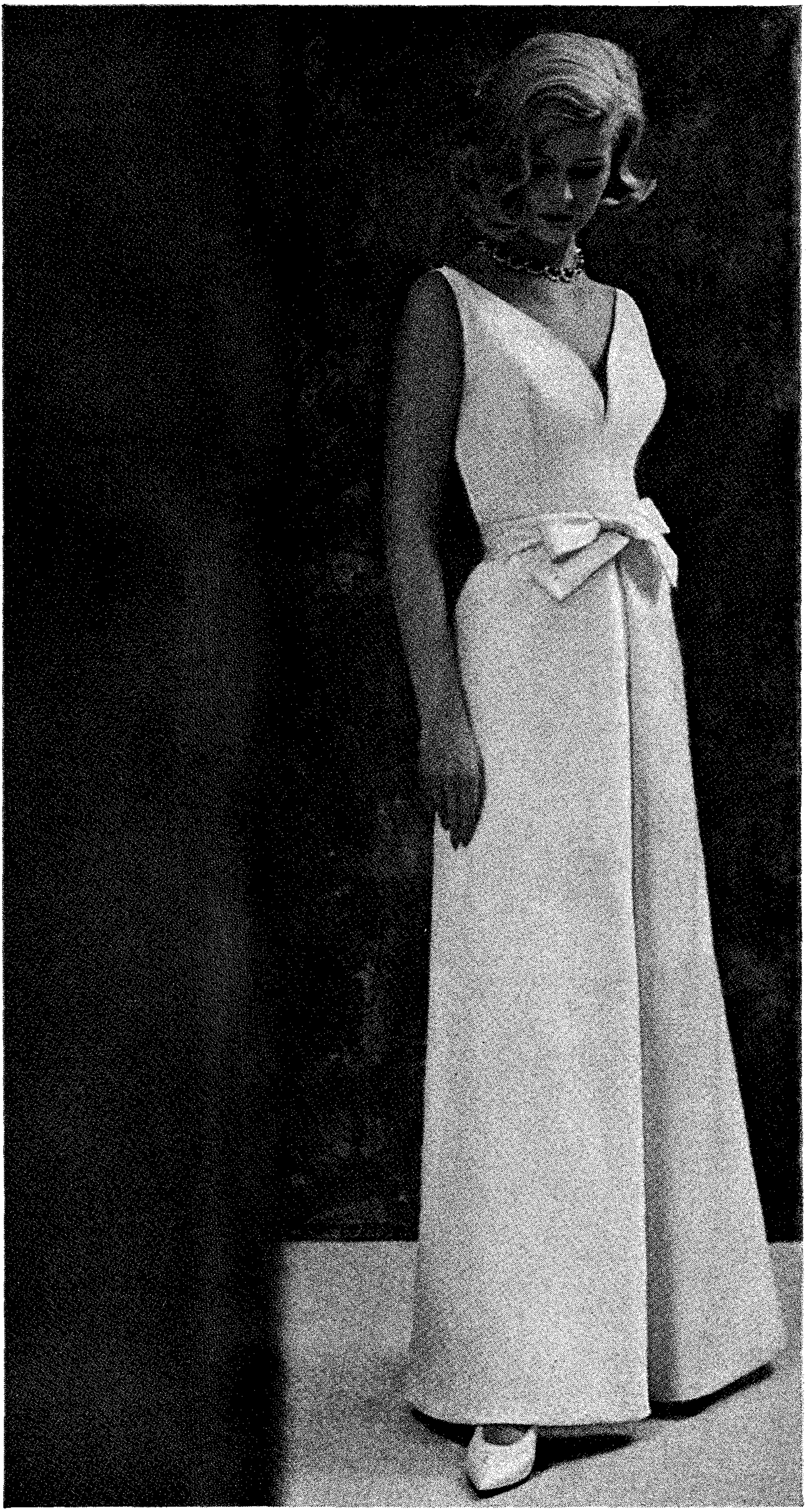

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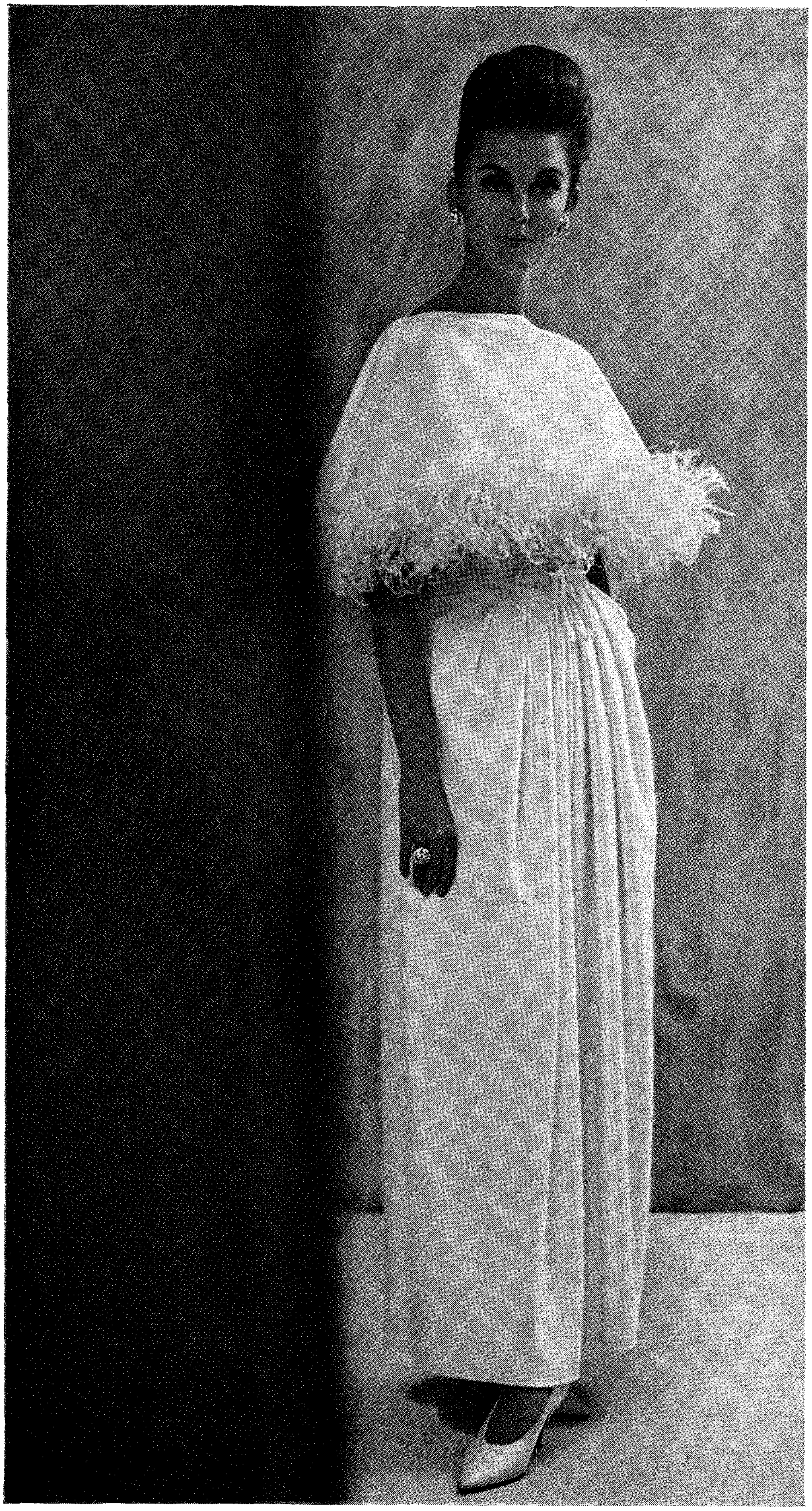
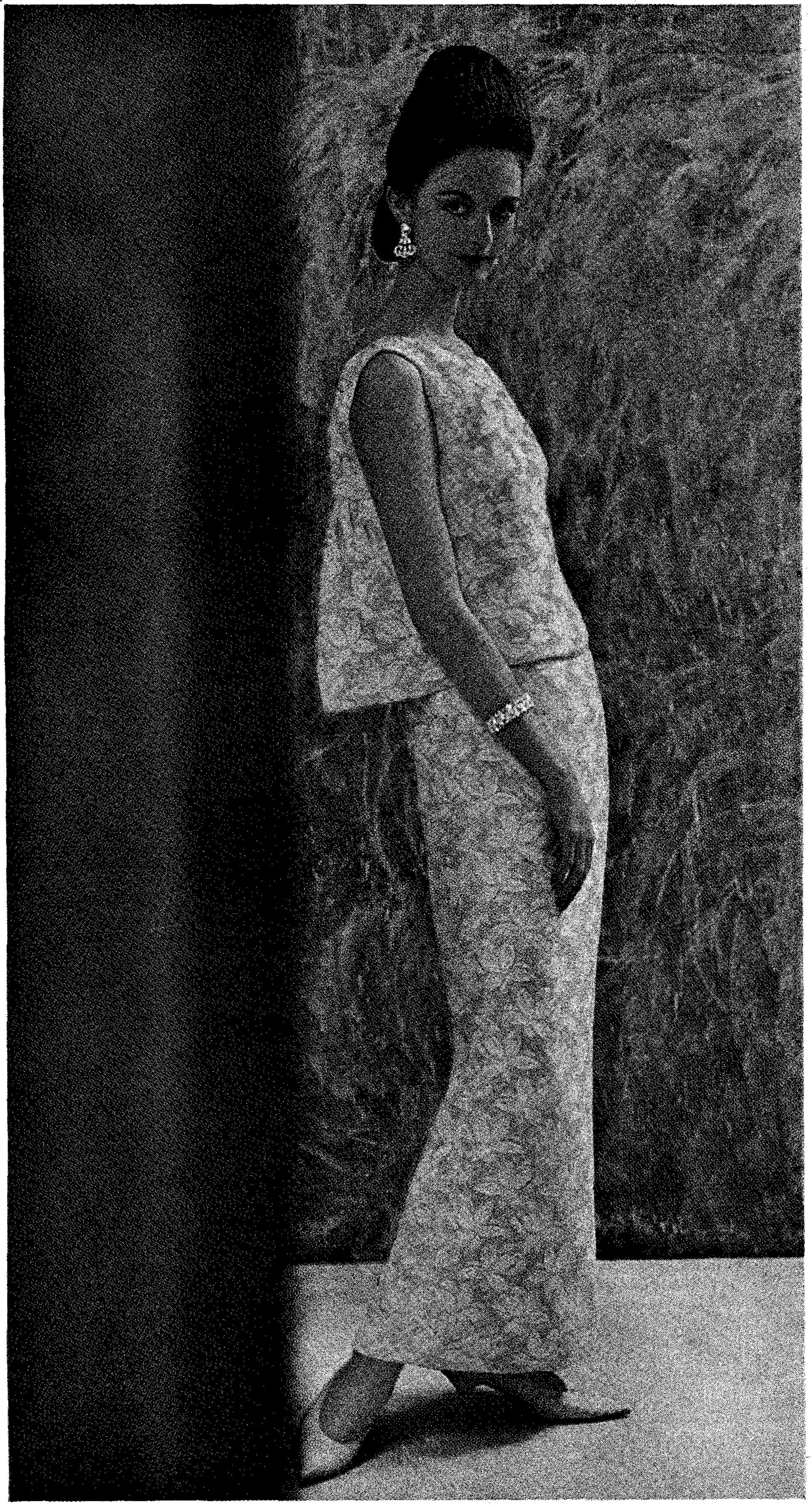
Zacari Ltd. costume designed by Greta Plattry in Lisbeth's knit crepe of Celanese Arnel triacetate and silk, in white. 8-16. Dress with deep-V decolletage, string straps, and poncho with ostrich feather trim, about $65. At B. Altman & Co., New York and branches; Bullock's San Fernando, Sherwood Oaks, California; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; The Hecht Co., Baltimore; Sakowitz, Houston.



MADE WITH Celanese CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Herbert Sondheim dinner dress designed by Sara Ripault. Dukay's matelassé of Celanese acetate and rayon, in yellow or blue with white. 8-18. In long skirt version, about $135. In short skirt, about $115. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Montaldo's, all stores; Doop's, East Orange & Short Hills Mall, N.J.; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Houston.



THE MOST SUMPTUOUS FABRICS FOR EVENING ARE MADE WITH Celanese CONTEMPORARY FIBERS was issued at a border checkpoint and was good only on the day of its issuance and only with the passport presented. Having secured the permit, the look-alike would make a quick round trip, and, back in West Berlin, would turn his passport and the entry permit over to the Bureau. Another of its operatives, also able to cross the border legally, would then deliver these documents to the waiting East Berlin student, who would use the borrowed passport and permit to cross the border. When a satisfactory look-alike could not be found, the Bureau took a West German student's passport, removed the photograph, and substituted a passport photograph, taken in East Berlin, of the student to be brought out. The necessary stamps on the passport were forged by an art student (code name: Herr Rembrandt), who used only sharpened wooden kitchen matches and marking ink to ply his special trade. This system worked well for nearly four weeks, and scores of East Berlin students arrived in West Berlin, courtesy of Das Reisebüro.

In the second week of September, the East Germans changed the procedure at the border. West Germans who had gone into East Berlin were now required to turn in their entry permits at the checkpoint on leaving. To counter this difficulty, Herr Rembrandt quickly turned out a supply of forged permits. But within a week the border authorities created a further difficulty by changing the color, numbering, and stamping of the permits every day. The Bureau then turned to the use of foreign passports, since persons with such passports, unlike those with West German passports, were not obliged to secure entry permits. Foreign passports were in sufficient supply, too, since the Free University alone had some seven hundred foreign students. However, the problems encountered in disguising East Berlin students in alien dress, language, and habits convincingly enough to fool the border guards turned out to be excessive. Though a few successful crossings were made with foreign passports, there were many more failures and consequent arrests. The whole scheme was abandoned when, some weeks later, the East Germans began requiring any person travelling on a foreign passport to apply for a permit to enter East Berlin.

The Bureau, however, keeping a little ahead of the times, had meanwhile been exploring a new escape route—through Berlin's sewer system. After studying street maps and charts of the intricate network of sewer pipes criss-crossing the city, the Bureau's opera-

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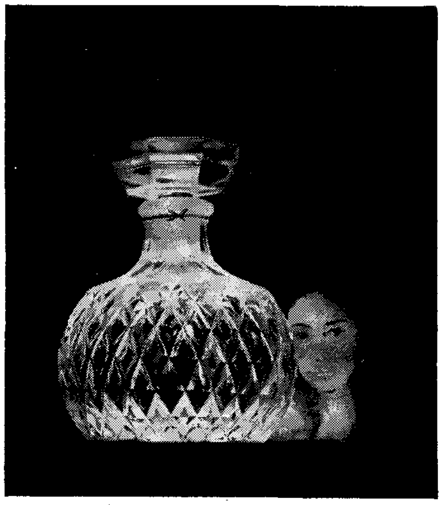

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tives laid out possible routes under the wall, and then, at night, went below to test them. The initial aim of the Bureau's sewer experts was to find the shortest possible route—that is, a route whose East Berlin entrance was situated as near as possible to the wall. Later, they worked out longer routes. Some of the channels were so small that it was necessary to crawl through them; others were as much as five feet high. Some were used for the disposal of rain water, others for waste. (The latter, known as mixed-water channels, were referred to by agents of the Bureau as Glockengasse 4711, after a popular German eau de cologne.) At intervals, all the sewers contained wheel-shaped metal barriers, whose spokes generally extended around the entire circumference of the channel and blocked passage through it. In some rain-water channels, there was a space eighteen or twenty inches high at the bottom of the barrier, which allowed persons of average size to crawl under. Ordinarily, however, the students sawed off one or more of the spokes to allow the Bureau's clients a more comfortable passage.

The first successful underground route opened by Das Reisebüro ran through a mixed-water channel. The entrance was less than two thousand feet from the eastern side of the wall, and the trip could be made in about half an hour. When the Bureau was arranging an escape, it alerted one of its East Berlin contacts, who notified a certain number of students on the waiting list that they should be in the vicinity of a specified corner at a set time, usually around midnight. They were told to proceed separately to the rendezvous point, and, after arriving, to keep out of sight as much as possible by staying in shadows or by taking cover in the vestibules of buildings. At the appointed time, a Bureau agent appeared and lifted the manhole cover, and, one by one, the students emerged from their hiding places and disappeared into the sewer. They were guided either by one of their own number, who had been briefed on the route and had committed the briefing to memory ("Proceed thirty-two metres straight ahead, take left channel at junction, proceed forty metres to barrier, remove spoke nearest left side of wall, replace spoke . . ."), or, more often, by a Bureau expert who had come from the other side to shepherd the party. After the last student had disappeared, the manhole cover was replaced by a student known as the closer. His task, Heinrich said, was one of the most dangerous parts of the operation. The cover, which

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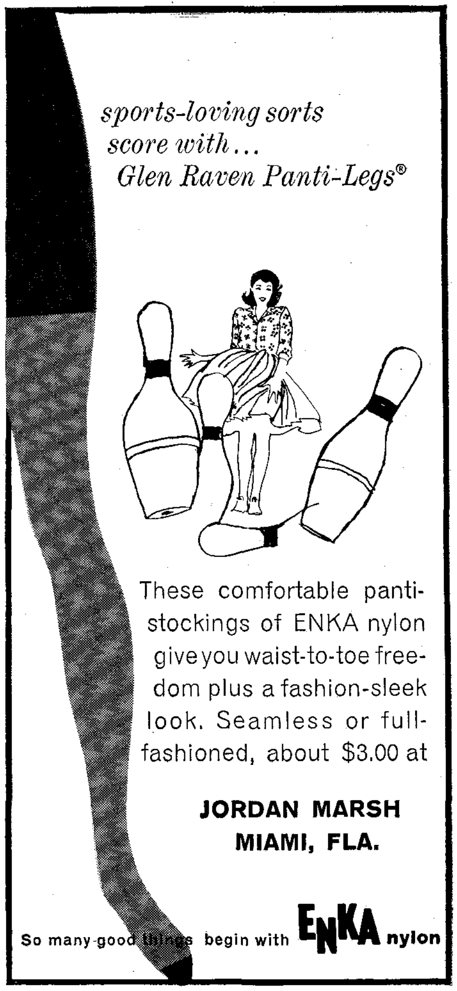

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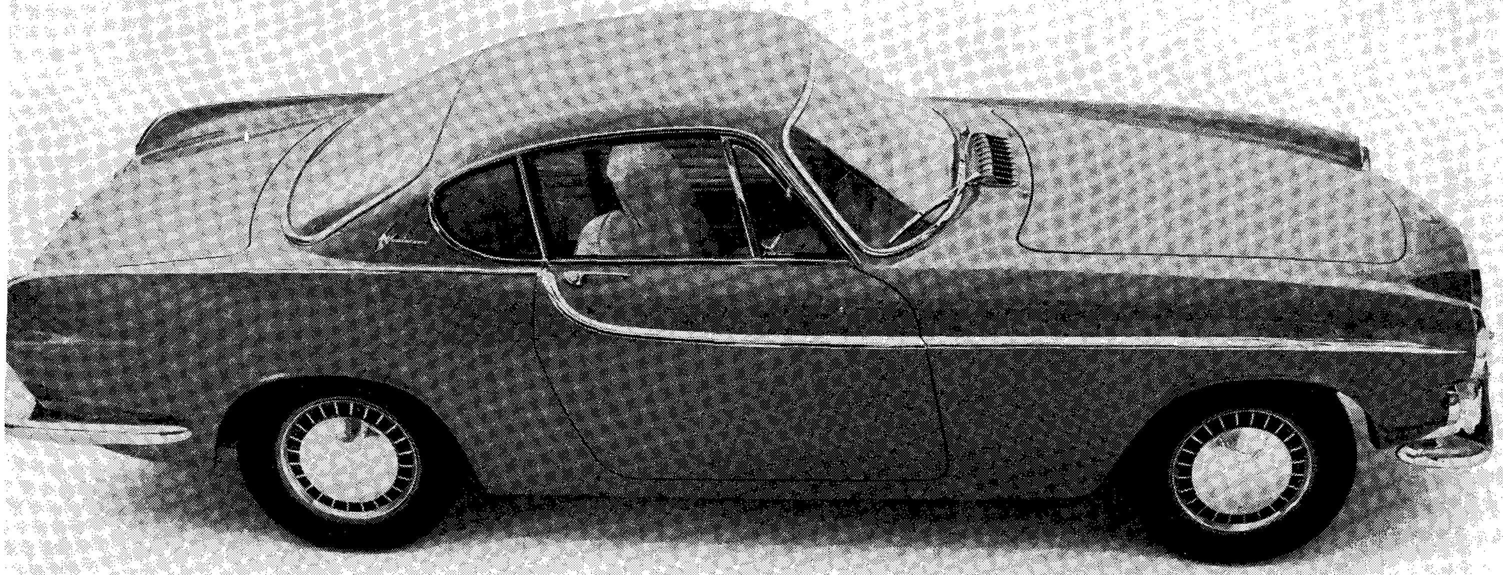

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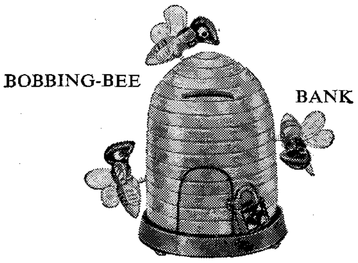

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weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds, had to be put back quickly and quietly and without leaving marks. To handle the cover, the closer was given an iron hook, and this implement became a kind of symbolic passport to West Berlin; the rule was that the student who closed the sewer one night was the first to leave the next. When the underground travellers finished their journey, several Bureau agents, including Heinrich, were on hand to greet them. Celebrating, Heinrich told me, was considered "superfluous," and, for security reasons, was not encouraged. It was strictly forbidden after the Bureau's original sewer route was discovered because a couple of refugees in one group had not been able to resist letting out a few high-spirited noises upon reaching a point just inside West Berlin. The sounds were heard on the street on the eastern side of the wall by Vopos, who pulled up manhole covers and threw tear-gas bombs into the sewer. That group got through safely, but the route had to be abandoned.

A few days later, the Bureau opened a second route, which was nearly twice as long as the first. It was discovered within a week. The Vopos were now installing new metal barriers, with spokes that would not yield to saws. Though the sewers were becoming increasingly hazardous, the Bureau was able to devise still another route, this one through a rain-water channel in the northern section of the city. It was longer and more circuitous than the others, taking about two hours to traverse, but it was the most successful; on one night three groups totalling thirty-five persons came through it. One young married couple, who were students at the Free University, came through carrying their year-old son in a shopping bag; they had given him a sleeping pill to insure his silence en route. One night, Heinrich said, he was waiting at the exit of the third route when he heard noises below. He was sure they could not be coming from any of his group, since, according to the schedule, they had not yet begun their descent, but he removed the manhole cover anyway. Presently, a young man pushed his head out and said, "Is this West Berlin?" It turned out that he had been wandering through the sewer system for hours by himself and had found the Bureau's exit by chance. Students and others who tried to negotiate the sewers on their own were called "wild ones." They caused the Bureau concern, because they were apt to give things away. The Bureau's worries increased when East Germans who were

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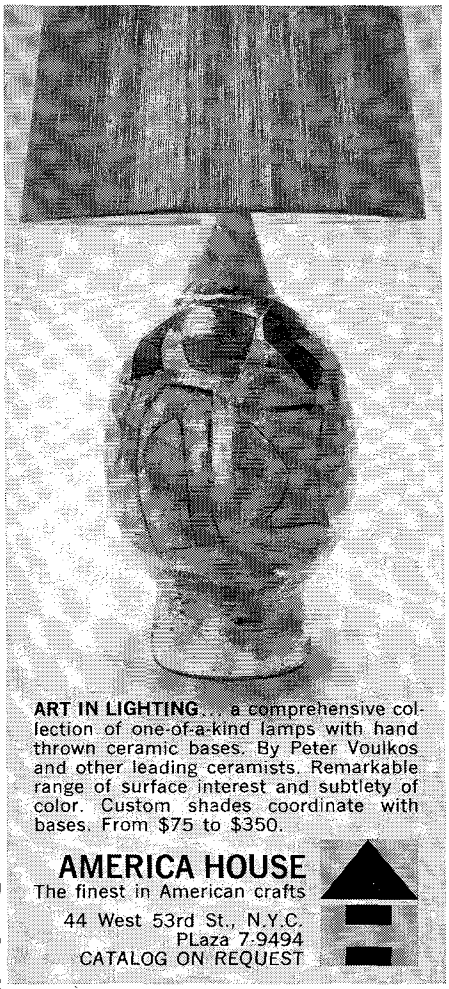

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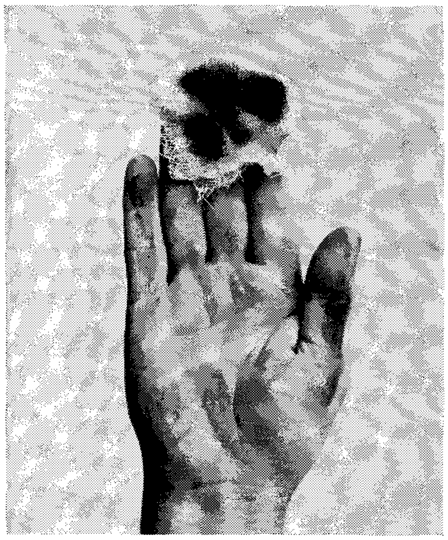

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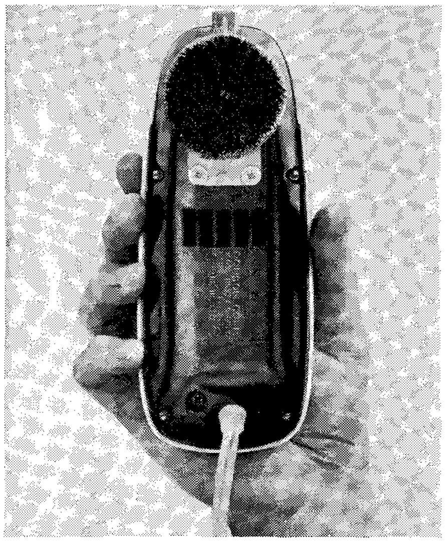

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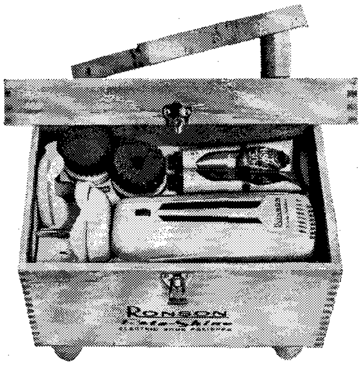

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not among the Bureau's clients began appearing at the East Berlin entrance to the sewer route as an authorized group was scheduled to depart. Finally, agents of the Bureau were posted in a third-floor East Berlin apartment to keep a twenty-four-hour watch on the entrance to the sewer, clock the tours of duty of the Vopos assigned to the area, and take eight-millimetre movies of any suspicious persons or activities in the vicinity. Despite all efforts to maintain secrecy, the third route was discovered around the middle of October, after it had been in operation exactly two weeks.

Since then, West Berlin students have carried out other Scarlet Pimpernel activities—ventures that have come to light only, as a rule, after being discovered by East German security officials. Early last January, a few days before Erwin Becker had built his private tunnel, the S.S.D. uncovered an attempt by students to dig a tunnel under a subway station on the border. "Willy Brandt's moles," as the East German newspapers called the students, had failed to shore up the sides and roof of the passage with timbers heavy enough to withstand the vibrations of the trains rolling overhead, and the shaft caved in about twenty feet from the entrance. This caused the platform on the East Berlin side of the station to sag about four feet, which, in turn, led the perplexed maintenance employees to discover the students' ill-fated attempt to build what would have been the first tunnel under the wall. However, the discovery was not made until after the diggers had removed their shovels, picks, wheelbarrows, and other equipment, which they put to use elsewhere with better, though not complete, success.

Around the middle of May, a group of students went to work on another tunnel, which started within a temporarily abandoned construction site, enclosed by a six-foot-high wooden fence, at a street intersection some three hundred yards from Checkpoint Charlie. Working only at night, they devoted a month to digging a shaft more than thirty yards long, which surfaced in a nondescript four-story house at 62 Zimmerstrasse, about fifty feet behind the eastern side of the wall. They thereupon made plans to bring a group of nine East Germans—four women, three men, and two children—through the tunnel at five o'clock on the afternoon of June 18th. An hour or so before that, the leader of the tunnelling organization, who will be known here as Walter, and two other students crawled through the tunnel to manage the escape. While

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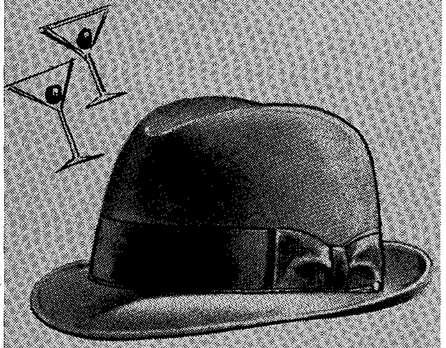

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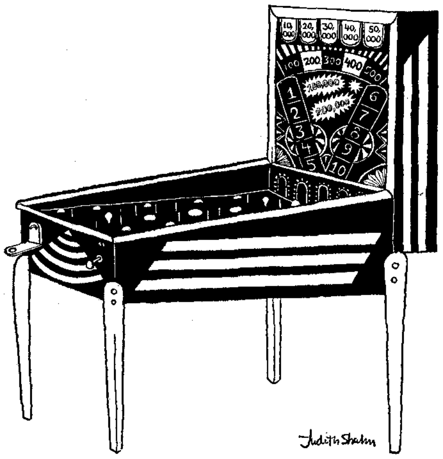
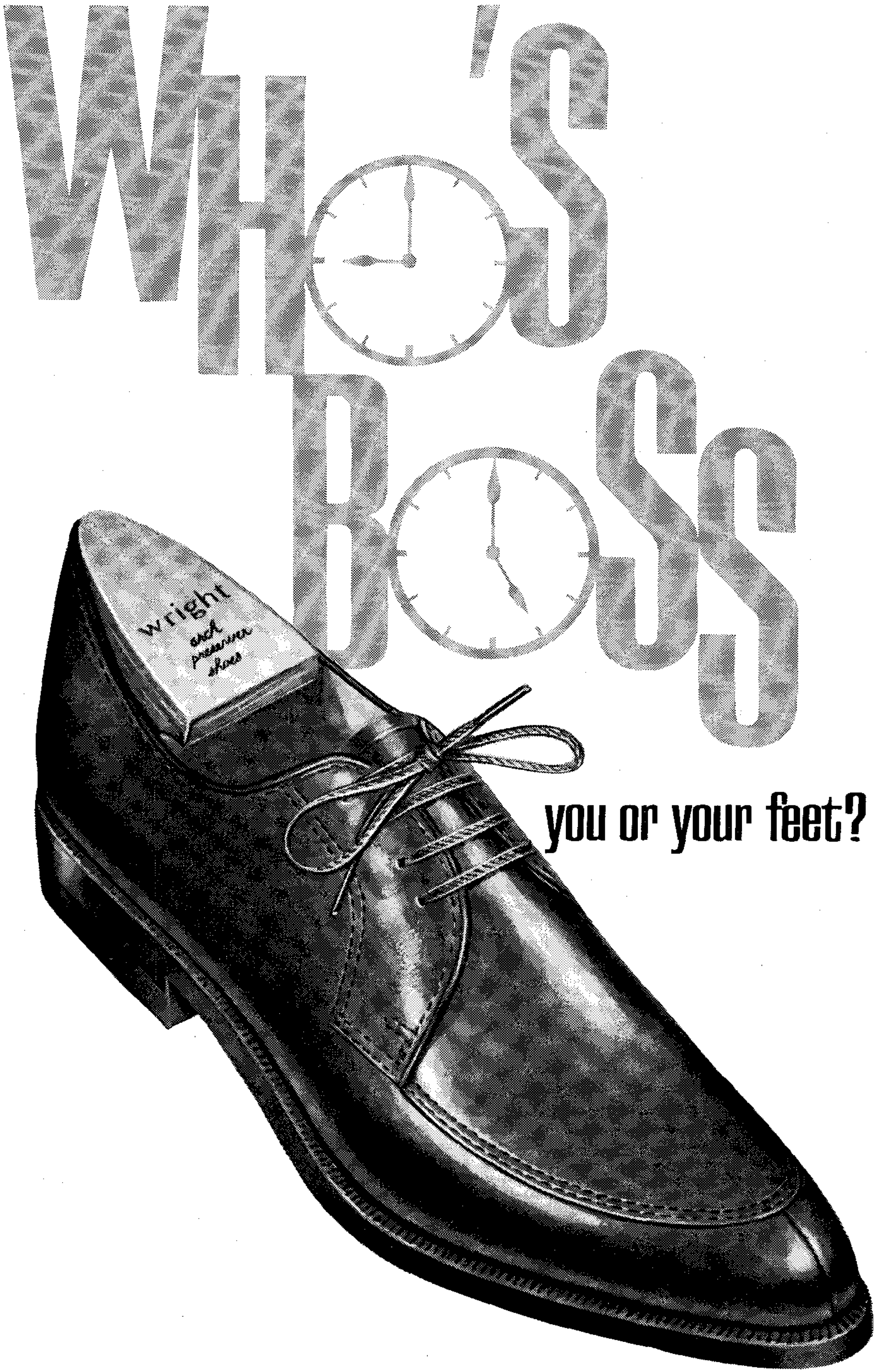
Walter's two companions remained in the house, he went to meet the nine intended refugees a block and a half away. According to the plan, they were to follow him down Zimmerstrasse in two groups, the first consisting of the two children and two of the women, the second of the two other women and the three men. The first group was instructed to stay about twenty feet behind Walter, and the second about half a block behind the first. Walter was within ten feet of the entrance to No. 62 when he was stopped by a Vopo, who asked to see his identity card. Walter took out his wallet and fumbled through its contents, stalling for time. The two women and the children kept walking, and entered the house. Then one of the women in the second group apparently became panicky and started to run. The others started to run after her. This aroused the suspicion of guards in a pillbox nearby, and they opened fire. "The Vopo who had challenged me was hit and fell to the sidewalk," Walter said later. "The firing stopped the second group. They took cover behind a parked truck. I ran for my life with bullets whizzing after me. I was not hit." He raced into the house, locked and blockaded the door, and shouted to the two other students to get into the tunnel. The two women and two children had already been started on their way. They and the three students reached the exit safely, but the five members of the second escape group were arrested. The Vopo who was accidentally shot by his comrades died of his injuries. Other Vopos promptly closed the tunnel entrance with a charge of dynamite.

Undiscouraged, a group of students, including several engineering majors, immediately set to work on the most ambitious tunnelling project under the wall known to have been undertaken so far. (This time, it appears, some American television producers helped finance the project in the hope of making a program





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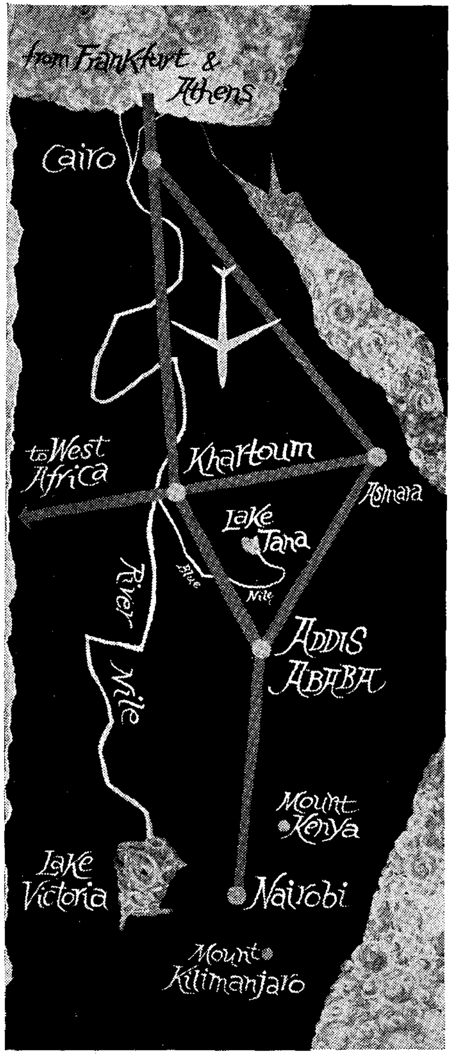

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showing the whole operation.) Starting in the basement of an apartment house on the western side of Bernauerstrasse, they burrowed under the street, under an apartment house opposite, under the death strip behind that building, and into the basement of an apartment house beyond the strip—a distance of approximately four hundred feet. The shaft, dug at a depth of about fifteen feet, was stoutly supported and was equipped with electric lights, alarms, and a ventilating system that made considerable use of parts from discarded vacuum cleaners. The construction was plagued by breaks in water pipes under the street, but the tunnel was completed on September 15th, at about eleven o'clock at night. Half an hour later, the East Germans who had been alerted to take part in the first escape attempt through this tunnel began entering it. Soon afterward, a water pipe broke, turning one section of the passage into mud. As the refugees, who included six children, continued to enter the shaft, another water pipe broke, and then another, but the procession continued until the early hours of the morning, when flooding finally filled the tunnel and made it impassable. By then, twenty-nine refugees had reached West Berlin—the largest group escape since the wall was erected, and, as far as is known, the students' most successful single operation.

Up to now, it is estimated, the university students of West Berlin have made possible the escape of at least a thousand East Germans. Part of the known cost of this achievement has been the arrest by the East Germans of more than a hundred students, including at least three and possibly four Americans. Most of those arrested have been sentenced to prison terms ranging up to three years. (Two of the Americans were released after serving four months; the third, arrested last January, was sentenced in July to a twenty-one-month prison term; the fourth disappeared in East Berlin shortly after August 13, 1961, and is apparently still being detained there.) In July, Heinrich Albertz, a member of West Berlin's Senate, delivered the principal address in a ceremony paying tribute to the victims of the abortive anti-Hitler plot of July 20, 1944, and took occasion to compare "the resistance fighters against the Nazi regime to those courageous young people who, since the erection of the wall, have sacrificed their lives to save others from oppression and dictatorship, which does not differ from Hitler's." "Since August 13th," he added, "things have

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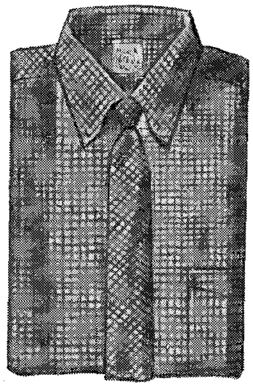

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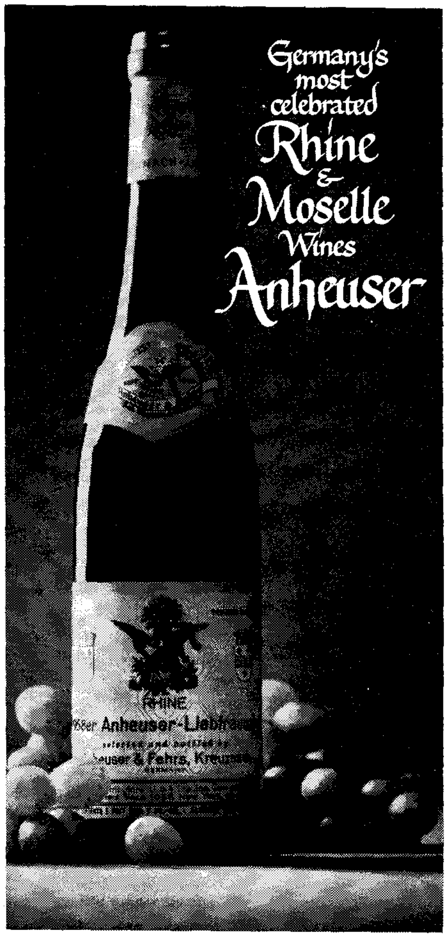
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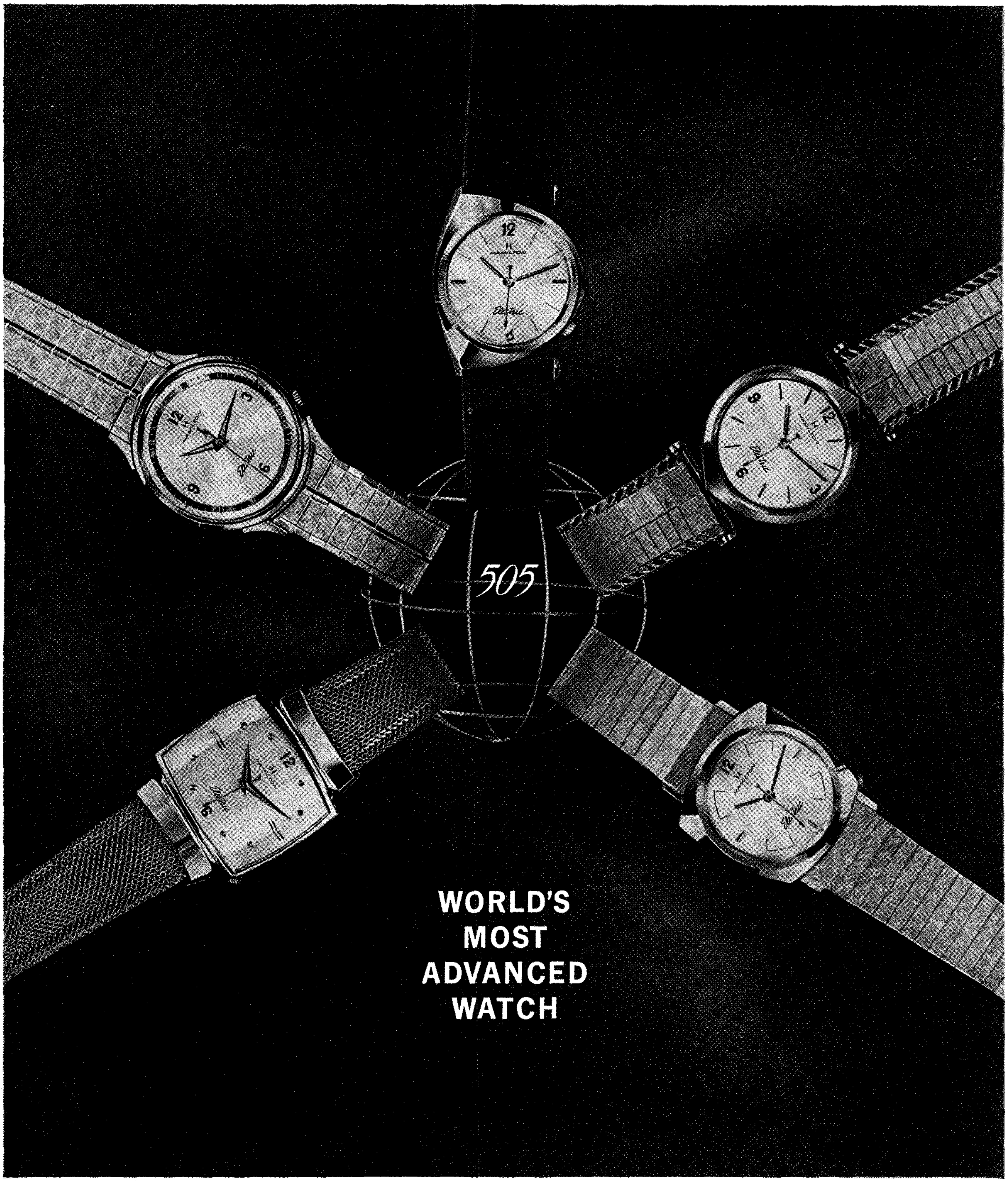

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happened in Berlin of which we will be able to speak frankly only many years from now."

From what we do know of events since August 13th, it is evident that while Ulbricht has succeeded in turning East Germany into what West Berliners call a concentration camp (*Konzentrationslager*, their abbreviation of which—KZ—they have painted on the wall in letters two feet high), he can never make it escape-proof. As soon as one escape route is discovered and closed, another is found. When the Vopos were keeping an increasingly vigilant lookout for tunnels, fourteen East Germans commandeered a five-hundred-ton excursion boat, after having got the captain and engineer drunk, and raced it across the Spree. When more careful watch was placed on excursion boats, twenty-six East Germans who had managed to embark on a government cruise ship that provided Mediterranean vacations for so-called "deserving workers" and "reliable" intellectuals disembarked at Casablanca, wandered off into the city, and never returned. When, soon afterward, the East German authorities directed that such holiday ships confine their cruises to the Baltic Sea, the Black Sea, and Cuba, many East Germans began escaping across the Baltic to Denmark and Sweden in sailboats, folding boats, and rowboats with outboard motors. When, in June, East Germany sealed its hundred-and-ninety-mile Baltic coastline with an immense "control strip," forty-one young East Germans got themselves appointed to their country's delegation to the World Youth Festival, held in Finland, and from there departed for the West.

ON my last day in Berlin, I paid a visit to the Marienfelde reception center, accompanied by a friend named Max, who is the Berlin correspondent of a West German newspaper. Max had offered to drive me to this now historic way station because I was curious to see it; neither of us expected to run into much activity there. Marienfelde, I found, is a complex of three-story apartment houses, in the southern part of Berlin, which before August 13th sometimes accommodated as many as thirty-three hundred refugees. Now it has hardly any, and more than half of its capacity has been converted into permanent residential quarters. It was mid-afternoon when Max and I arrived, and Marienfelde looked deserted. The only person I saw on the grounds was an elderly man working on the lawn. Inside

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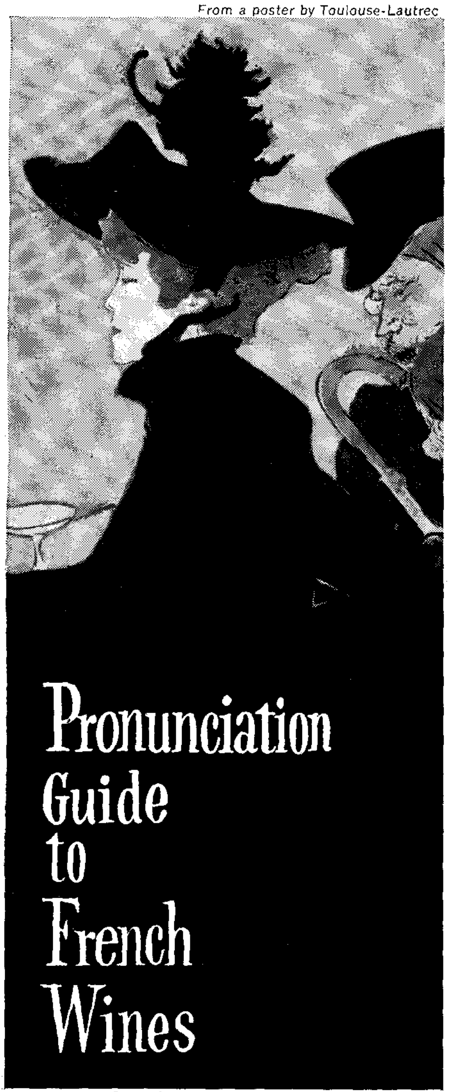

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Montrachet	*Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent	*Prance Dar John*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge	*Prance Rouge*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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on the labels—for the *seller*
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the Administration Building, we were met by a staff member, who wore shiny black leather gloves over artificial hands (in government offices in Berlin one so frequently encounters employees with artificial limbs that in time one tends not to notice), and he directed us to the room where refugees are—to use the disagreeable but proper term—processed. To get there, we walked down a hall, which, Max said, had usually been packed tight with refugees in the years before the wall. Now the hall was empty. At the far end, we entered a long, low-ceilinged room, dominated by a large green-topped table, where three officials were sitting. One of them, a slight, elderly man, was glancing through some dossiers. Two refugees, he said, were scheduled to receive their final processing that afternoon, and perhaps two more as well, if they could be found. He explained that the second pair were an old couple; the husband was partly blind and the wife totally blind. They were probably somewhere around the grounds, he added, but apparently they had got lost. I remarked to Max that the official's concern for the old couple didn't seem profound. "I know," Max said. "It is unfortunate. It is not that we have no heart. It is just that we get to the point where we begin to think of a human being as an animal who gets used to everything." The lost couple, he added, had no doubt been allowed to leave East Germany legally. Since the wall went up, the Red Cross has succeeded in securing official permission for six hundred and twenty East Germans to cross the border. Nearly all have been aged or infirm parents, who wished to be reunited with their children in West Germany. Close to ten thousand other applications for exit permits have been filed with the East German authorities and have been turned down.

The first refugee to be examined, the elderly official said, would be an eighteen-year-old East Berliner who had arrived in West Berlin two days earlier. Presently, he came into the room and sat in a chair at the far end of the table. A well-built youth with a round face, pink cheeks, long, carefully combed blond hair, and long sideburns, he was wearing blue jeans, a striped sports shirt, and black loafers with pointed toes. In response to questions put by the elderly official, he gave his vital statistics, and said that he had no relatives in West Berlin. He said that his parents were still living in East Berlin, that neither of them was a member of the Communist Party, and that he had be-

G+S

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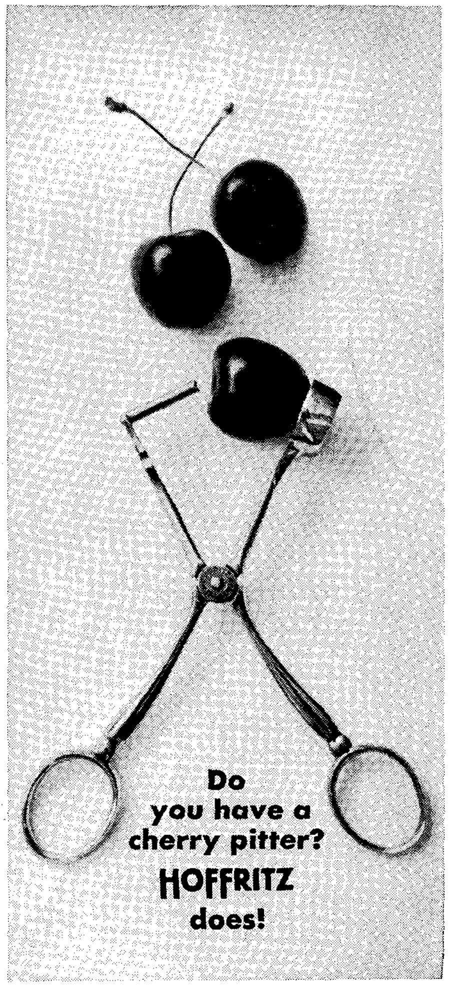

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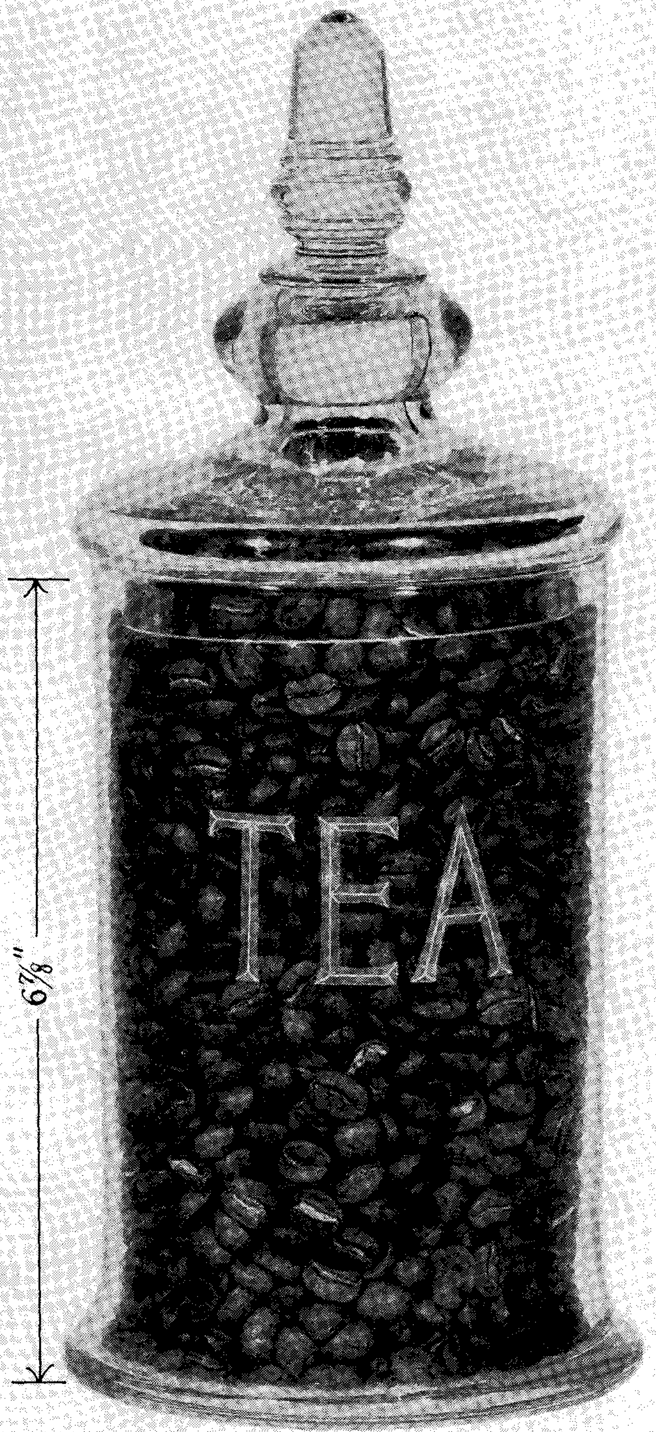

A Progress Report on the Salada Tea Company's
Seventieth Anniversary Coffee Bean Guessing Bee

YES IT IS RATHER ODD FOR A TEA COMPANY TO MENTION THE WORD COFFEE IN AN AD

Many of the people who have written to enter Salada's Coffee Bean Guessing Bee have allowed as how it was a bit eccentric for us to go around saying coffee in broad daylight. As a matter of fact it is, but who are we kidding by hushing it up? Let's lay our leaves on the table. There are other things to drink besides tea, and if you don't know it, we'd rather you found it out from us. We go on the theory that if you bring a subject like coffee right out into the open, people will be less curious about it and eventually lose interest in it. That's why you will never catch us vaguely referring to the other side as "Brand X" or possibly: "the expensive brew." It's called coffee. That's its name. Having dispensed with that let us get down to more important matters. This being Salada's Seventieth Year in the tea game, we are currently sponsoring a contest to guess how many coffee beans are contained in the glass tea canister pictured at left and the entries are pouring in. If you haven't

(CONTINUED IN LOWER LEFT HAND BOX)

(CONTINUED FROM UPPER RIGHT HAND BOX)

done so yet, you may still participate in the bee by clipping the coupon. Remember the closest guess wins the beautiful sterling tea service, a year's supply of Salada Tea, the tea canister and the coffee beans. If you've watched television lately you know what fun they're having with coffee beans. Running their fingers through them and all that. Five years ago it was hula hoops...this year it's coffee beans. After playing with the beans, fill your canister with Salada and prepare yourself for the most terrific cup of tea you'll ever taste. After 70 years we've sort of got it down to a fine point. At any rate don't lose any sleep on our account worrying about the use of the word coffee in our ads. All it can do is get Salada Tea in a lot of hot water. We certainly hope so.

The Salada Tea Co., Woburn, Mass.

Sirs: I'm sorry I haven't gotten around to entering your coffee bean guessing bee yet, but I've been out of town. I'd say there are __________ beans in the tea canister. If I win, send along my sterling silver tea service, my year's supply of Salada Tea, my tea canister and my coffee beans. I prefer bags ( ), bulk ( ). I understand the beans have been counted and are being held by BRINKS INC., and that the winner will be announced in a forthcoming ad. You sound like a game tea company.

My name is ____________________

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Ladybugs are spotted. Easily spotted. Nobody ever mistook a Ladybug for something else . . . a dragonfly, for instance, or a bee. A Ladybug has ease and dash, swagger and sense, brilliance and subtlety and distinction. See the Ladybug in the picture? It's at the nicer stores. About $30.

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longed to none of the Communist youth organizations. After finishing the eighth grade, he was sent to a trade school but soon left to go to work in a steel mill. On his day off, he used to come to West Berlin to earn extra money by working in the wholesale fruit-and-vegetable market. He said that he had tried to keep this activity secret, because it was frowned upon by the East German authorities, who called it *Schwarzarbeit* (black work). One night a week or two after the wall went up, he was returning home late after celebrating a friend's birthday. He had drunk too much and was being noisy on the street. Two Vopos stopped him and asked for his identity card, which he gave them. They then searched him and found ten marks in his wallet. They returned the identity card but kept the ten marks. The youth said that this made him angry, and he quarrelled with the Vopos. They arrested him, and the police subsequently found out about his record of "black work." He said that this was a bad mark against him, and that he was sentenced to a youth prison for an indefinite term. The official asked on what charge he had been tried. "I don't remember the paragraph of the law," he replied, "but it was something about acting against the state." He was released last May, and soon afterward began working out a plan to flee to West Berlin with three friends. They began their escape shortly before ten o'clock on a starless summer night, he said, and planned to cross the border in the vicinity of Teltow. He was not asked to be more explicit. By one o'clock, he said, he and one of his comrades were in West Berlin. The official asked, "What became of the other two?" The youth replied, "I don't know. I guess they were caught." The official looked through the youth's dossier, and then told him that he would be registered the following day as a citizen of West Berlin. The youth rose, thanked the official, and left.

Max shook his head. "I don't know about him," he said. "He could be capable of anything."

The second refugee was an elderly, thin-faced woman who wore a long pale-blue coat and a white scarf and carried a straw purse nearly as large as a shopping bag. Her ears had been pierced, and she was wearing small gold earrings. As she sat, with her hands folded in her lap, her tiny bright-blue eyes darted about the room, and she looked like a frightened bird. She was the widow of a carpenter who had been killed as a soldier during the war. Until 1960, she had lived with her son, an

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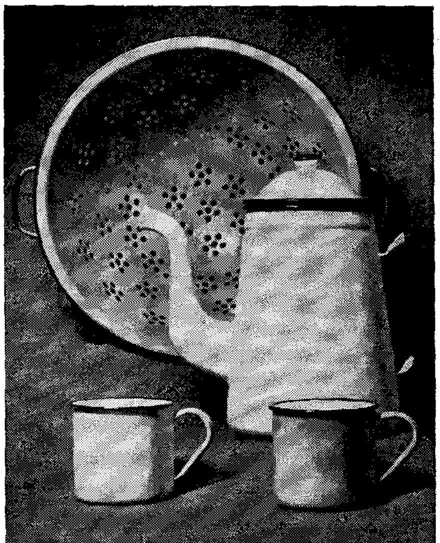

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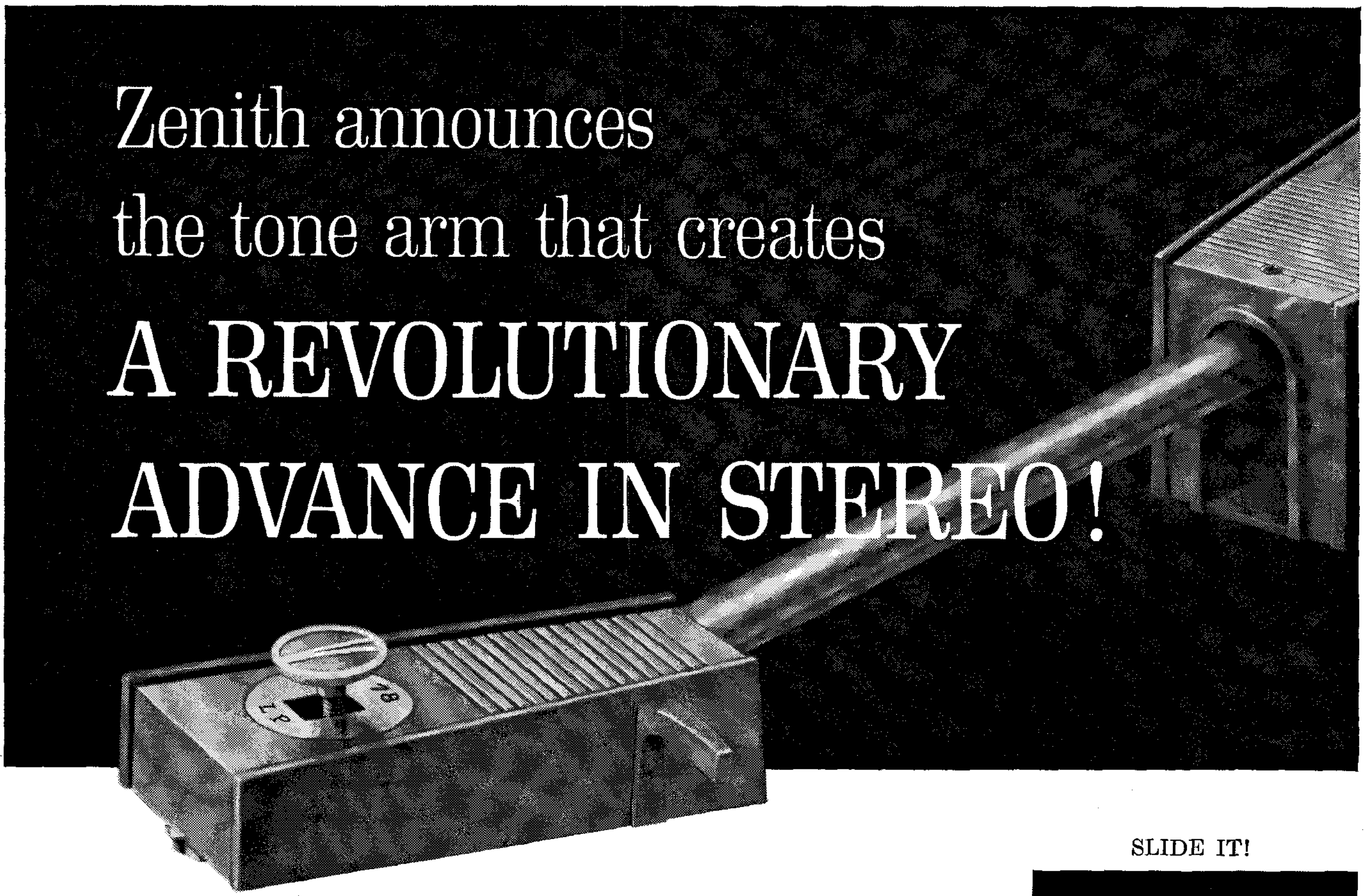


Only 2 grams (1/14 oz.) the lightest needle pressure of any home console changer!

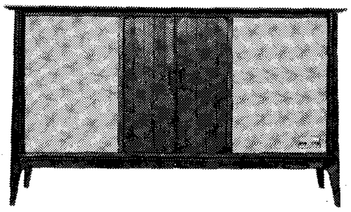
The Zenith Micro-Touch 2G Tone Arm gives you the greatest stereo separation—the finest sound reproduction ever achieved in a home console! Plays your records a lifetime with virtually no record wear! It is exclusive in Zenith stereo instruments!

Now you can capture every note on your stereo records with unparalleled fidelity! You get up to twice the stereo sound separation! Breathtaking realism!

For now Zenith brings you the Micro-Touch 2G Tone Arm, featuring a revolutionary new "free-floating" cartridge with the lightest needle pressure ever achieved in a home console changer. The Micro-Touch needle literally "floats" in the groove—allowing you to play your favorite records a lifetime *with virtually no wear!*

Even if you should drop, bounce or slide the needle—it's *impossible* to accidentally ruin your valuable stereo records! There's even an automatic brush that cleans the needle twice—before and after each play!

Discover the exciting difference this new Zenith tone arm makes in stereo sound reproduction. Hear it at your Zenith dealer's soon.



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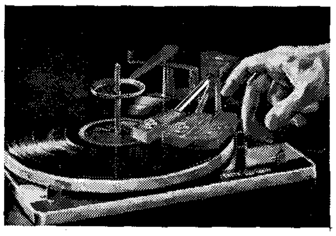
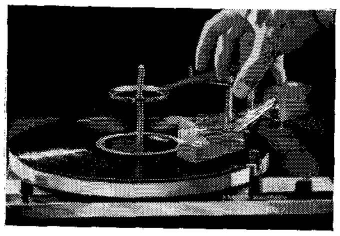
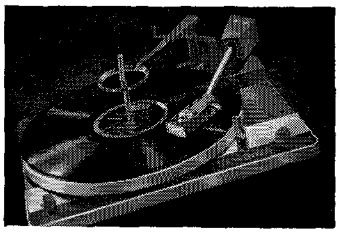


DROP IT!



TILT IT!



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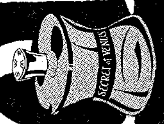

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official in the East Berlin government. Then he had fled to West Berlin. The official asked why. "He had a responsible position, but they asked too much of him," the widow replied. "In his heart, he was different." After he had left, she went on, she changed her apartment, but the Party functionaries located her and called her in for questioning. "I had to answer all kinds of questions," she said. "They shouted, 'Tell the truth!' But I didn't say much. They let me go but said I would have to come back again and answer more questions. Then I was afraid. I knew I must have the courage to leave, but I couldn't make myself do it, and then they built the wall." The widow wet her lips and pushed up the hair at one side of her head. The official asked when she had arrived in West Berlin. "I was fetched at eleven o'clock at night," she said. "I was put in a box, and it was nailed up and put on a truck. At the crossing point, I was scared. My God, I thought, what will become of me? At two o'clock, the box was opened, and I was in West Berlin. I am so glad to be here. I will be seventy years old in three weeks." She said she was living with her son, who had found a job as a clerk. She sat and watched intently while the examiner thumbed through her dossier. "Tomorrow," he said, "you will be registered as a citizen of West Berlin." The widow smiled, looked around the room, and nodded to each of us. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you, everybody." Picking up her straw bag, she darted out of the room. The officials began collecting their papers. That day's processing was finished.

DRIVING back from Marienfelde, Max stopped at a traffic light next to a pair of blue Volkswagen station wagons, each with six loudspeaker horns on its roof and each bearing on its side, above a drawing of a length of barbed wire, the words "Studio am Stacheldraht" ("Studio at the Barbed Wire"). Max said that the station wagons were part of a mobile fleet that RIAS—Radio in the American Sector—had set up after August 13th to broadcast into East Berlin from right beside the wall. He added that the sessions were sometimes rather lively affairs, and asked if I would like us to follow the unit ahead. I said yes, and as we started off, Max explained that while it is not actually against the law in East Germany to tune in on Western television or radio broadcasts, a tremendous campaign is constantly being waged to discourage

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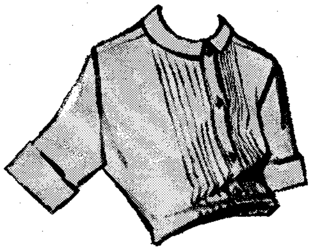

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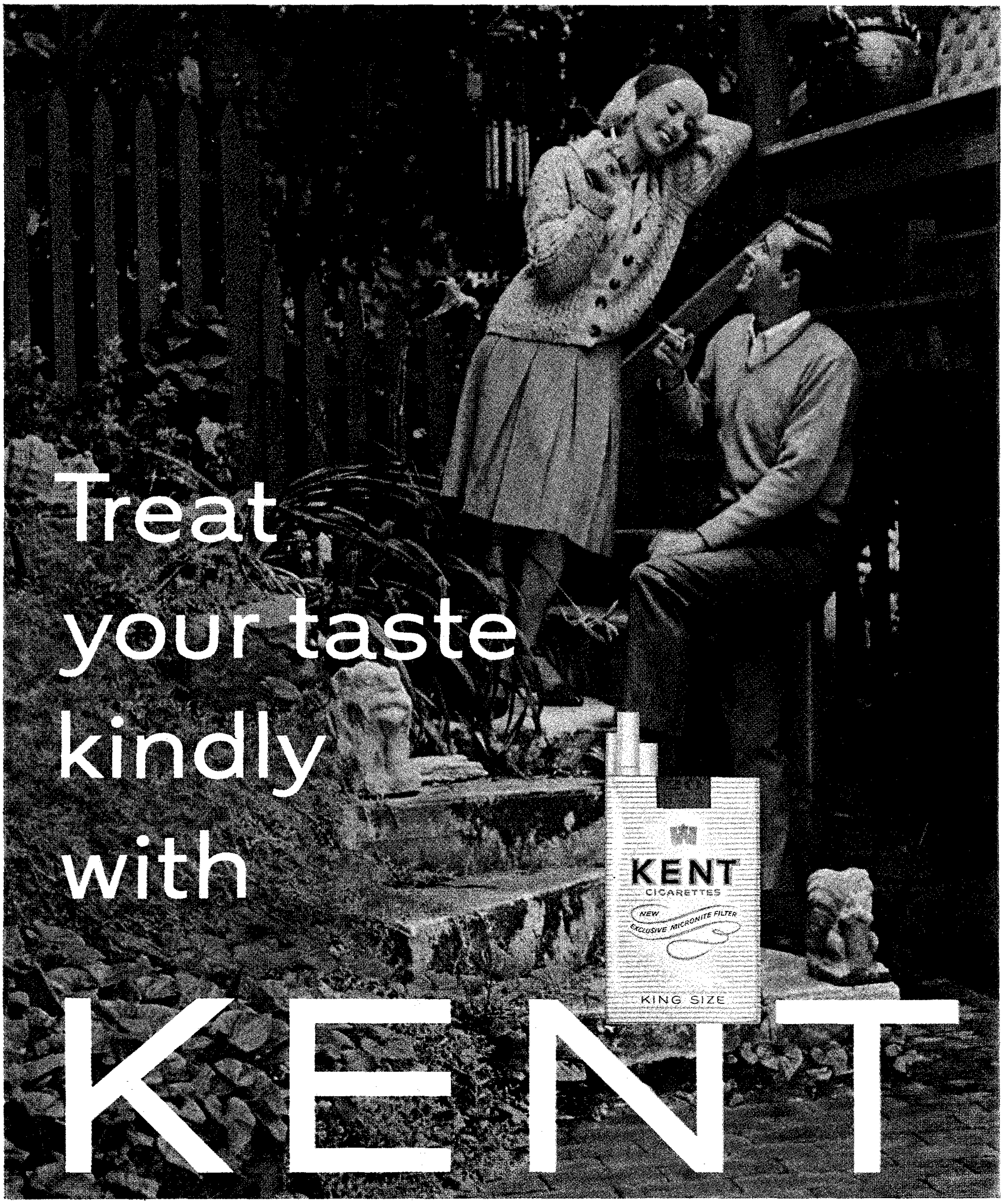
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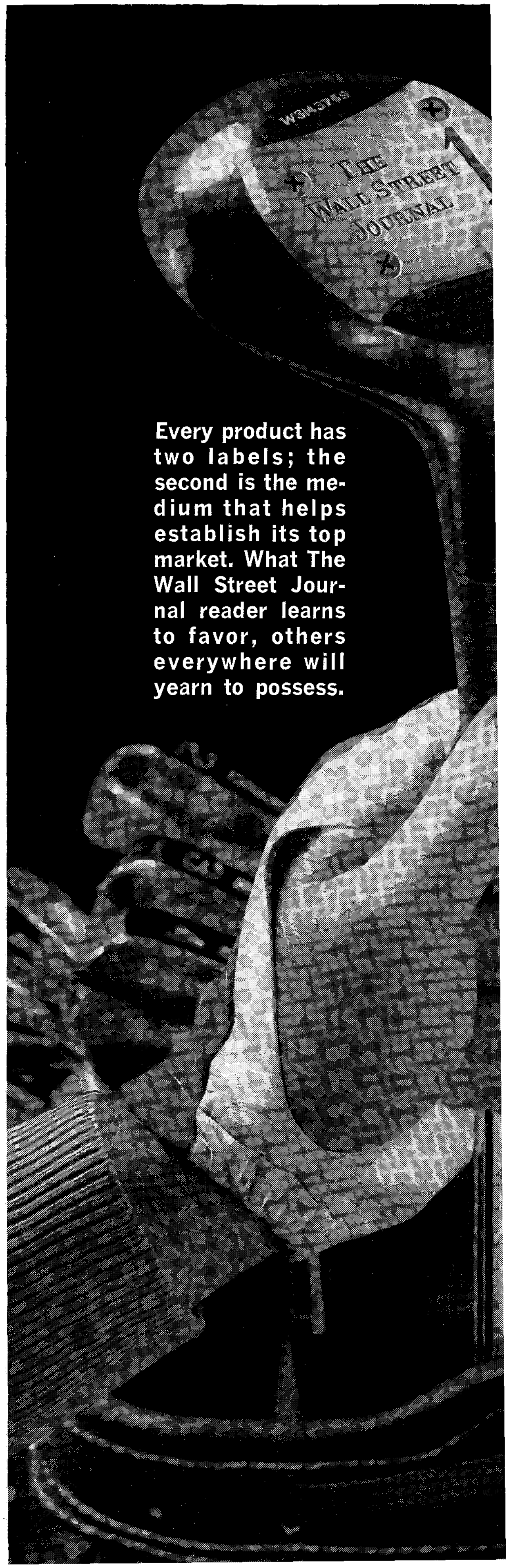
the practice on a "voluntary" basis. "The press raves that only spies and traitors listen to RIAS," Max said. "Schoolchildren sign pledges that they won't watch or listen to Western broadcasts. Teachers ask innocent-sounding questions to trick the youngsters into informing on their parents. The regime lets groups of the Jugend roam the roofs of East Berlin apartment houses and tear down every television antenna that looks as if it might be set to receive Western stations." Soon after SAS got started, Max added, the East Germans retaliated on a large scale, ringing the city with hundreds of loudspeakers attached to utility poles along both the wall and the zonal border, and putting mobile transmitting units of their own into action. As a result, the two sides are now engaged in what Berliners call the Loudspeaker War. As we got within half a mile or so of the wall, it became clear that that day's battle was already under way, for march music from East Berlin began to fill the air, becoming louder and louder as we followed the SAS station wagons to their destination, which turned out to be near a section of the wall just around the corner from Wilhelmstrasse, and Max parked behind them. We walked over to Wilhelmstrasse, a broad thoroughfare that comes to an abrupt dead end at the wall. The street was full of people—perhaps two hundred and fifty on foot and at least a hundred in small cars and on motorcycles, scooters, and bicycles. In a few minutes, the march music stopped, and a few seconds later an equally jarring voice came on. "Citizens of West Berlin," it began, and as it went on, I was struck by the constant repetition of the words "Vest Bear-leen." Almost at once, the cars that had swarmed into the street and the surrounding area began sounding their horns. The racket was remarkable, and, in the immediate vicinity, drowned out the voice of the commentator. On one side of Wilhelmstrasse is a vacant lot covered with rubble that rises considerably higher than the wall. Standing on this rubble mountain, dozens of West Berliners added to the din by whistling through their fingers, hooting, and catcalling. The demonstration had an impromptu air. People on their way home from work—it was now about a quarter after five—stopped and joined in. "You see," Max shouted in my ear, "we don't need any jamming devices!" We climbed up on the rubble mountain to have a look at the other side. Three sound trucks the size of moving vans were parked alongside one another



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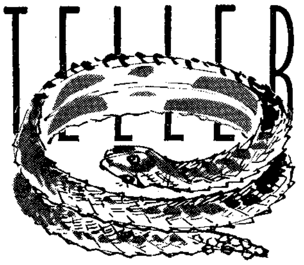
in the middle of the street, about half a block beyond the wall. "They've brought up their biggest guns tonight!" Max shouted. "Our transmitters can't compete with that stuff." Standing at one side of the trucks were half a dozen Vopo officers, two of them using binoculars. Beside a vacant lot a few feet away, three steel-helmeted Vopos were lying on the ground, their submachine guns pointed toward the wall. Elsewhere in the vacant lot I eventually made out three other Vopos, similarly equipped and positioned, who were partly concealed by weeds and rubble. Directly across the wall from where I stood is the East German House of Ministries, a great gray pile that formerly housed Hermann Göring's Air Ministry. Here, at several open windows facing the wall, Vopos stood with submachine guns over their shoulders and binoculars at their eyes. There were no civilians in sight.

Up on the rubble mountain, I could hear some of the commentator's words over the continuing din below. "In West Berlin," he was saying, "they deny who the real enemy is. The real enemy is the West German militarists. We ask: Do you want to wait until your last bit of security has been played out? The people of West Berlin must realize that the way to peaceful coexistence lies in peaceful negotiation with the German Democratic Republic." At length, he stopped. The West Berliners immediately broke into a chant. "*Mauer muss weg!* [Wall must go!]," they shouted in a chorus that developed into a roar. I looked around at the participants. Most of them were men in their early twenties. There were a few young women, a number of older people, and a handful of children, including a couple of boys, standing nearby, who appeared to be around twelve. Each of the boys held a pair of old aluminum saucepan covers, which they used like cymbals. I asked one of them why he was making so much noise. "To get even," he replied. He explained that the other boy was his brother, and that they lived, with their mother, in an apartment a block away. "Every night, we have crazy words and music," he said. "It is so loud we cannot practice our piano lessons. We cannot hear the notes. Sometimes they keep up the noise until nine o'clock. Sometimes all night, playing those crazy marches so loud nobody can sleep." He and his brother took up their task again as the commentator resumed.

Down on the street, a West Berlin television crew had arrived. After recording the scene below, the cameramen climbed up the rubble mountain



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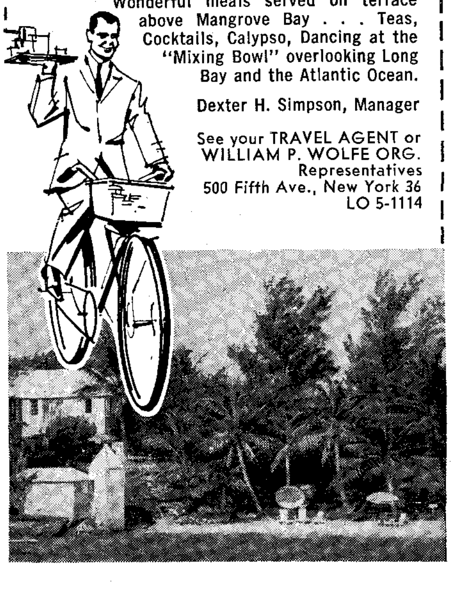

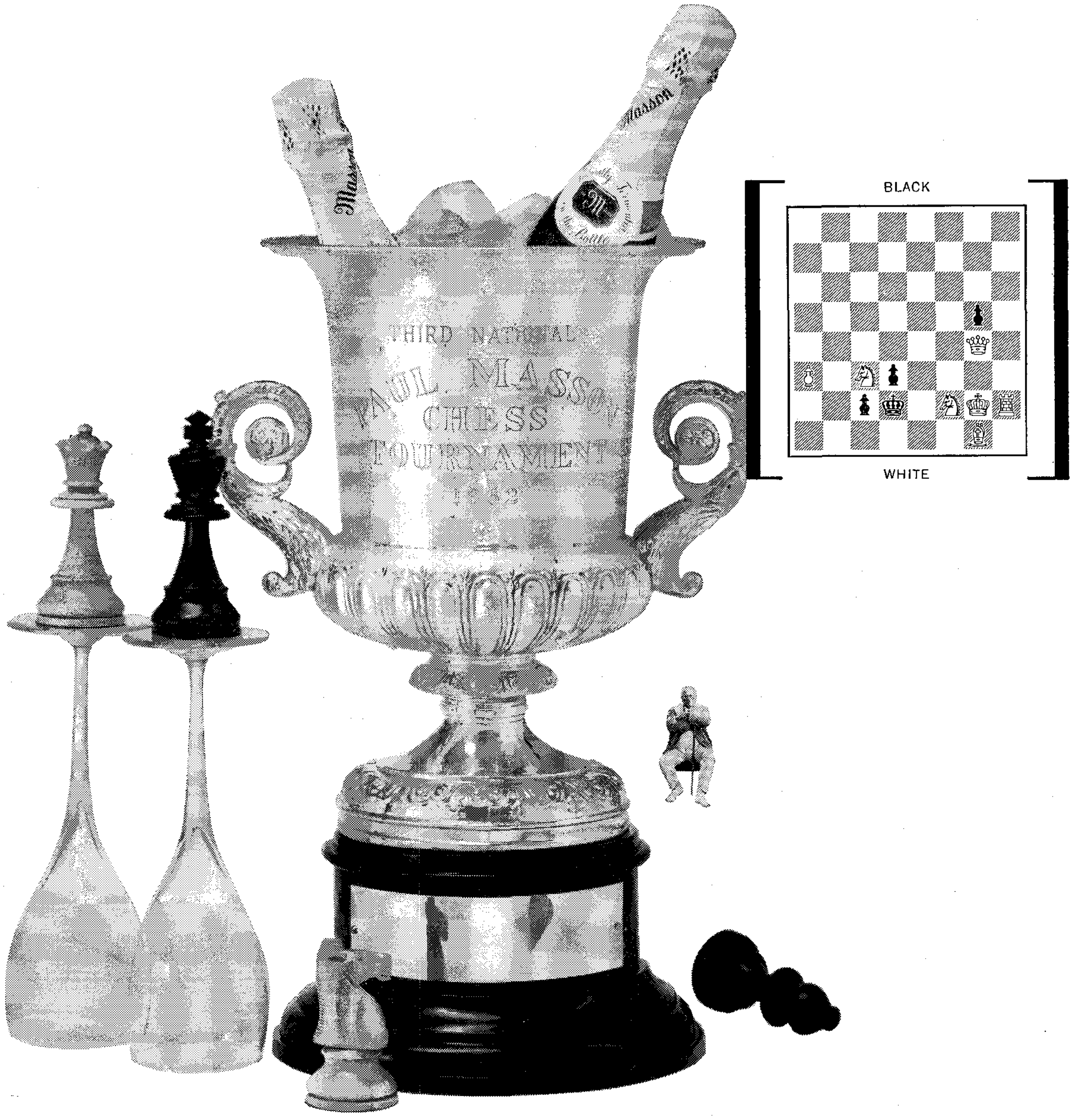

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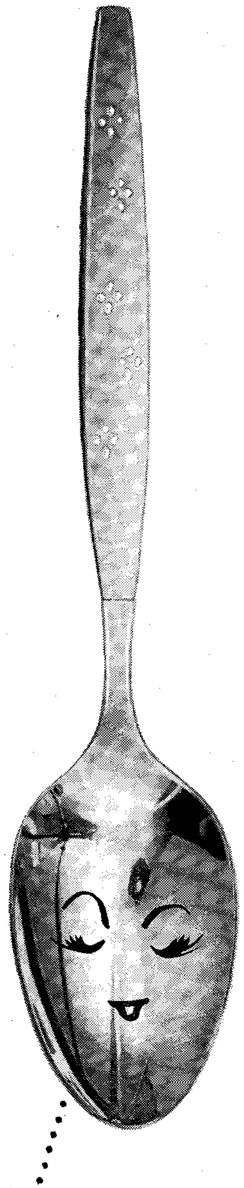

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and began photographing over the wall. This created consternation among the Vopo officers. First, they all raised their binoculars. Then they began talking among themselves. Presently, two Vopos lobbed three tear-gas grenades over the wall into the crowd on the street. The instant the grenades landed, two young men, one of whom had been idly standing with his arm around a girl, ran over, picked them up, and threw them back over the wall, where they exploded. This brought a tremendous roar of applause from the crowd, and further disconcerted the Vopos, who sent for reinforcements. Before long, two personnel carriers roared up beside the sound trucks, and soon the vacant lot and the street itself were alive with Vopos in battle gear, lying on their bellies with guns at the ready. The hooting and jeering of the West Berliners grew even louder. The troops were still deployed half an hour later, when, with the dinner hour approaching, the crowd began to drift away and Max and I also left. We were going in different directions, so I looked for a taxi, but didn't find one until I had walked several blocks. Away from Wilhelmstrasse, I discovered, the voice of the commentator was loud and clear as he warned the citizens of West Berlin: "You live under the rule of capitalism in the middle of a sea of Socialist people. How do you expect to survive in the storm that is coming? We can find a way to help you." On some street corners, small clusters of people were gathered, apparently listening to the harangue. On the sill of a second-floor window somebody had placed a radio, facing Wilhelmstrasse and playing jazz at full volume. Over the music produced by this gesture of defiance came the voice of the commentator, clear as a bell: "Citizens of West Berlin, your time is running out. You must realize there is only one solution for your trouble. You can achieve an honorable agreement with the workers and farmers of the German Democratic Republic and the fruitful rewards of peaceful coexistence. Citizens of West Berlin . . ."

That night, at dinner with the political editor of one of West Berlin's newspapers, I mentioned the events of the afternoon on Wilhelmstrasse. "As you saw, West Berlin is at a disadvantage in the loudspeaker war," he said. "We do not have equipment to compare with the East's. One day this summer, when the atmospheric conditions were favorable for transmitting, their loudspeakers could be heard over half the city. Furthermore, a loudspeaker offensive is

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harder on West Berliners, because so many of them live right up against the wall. East Berliners, of course, have been evacuated for a considerable distance behind it. You heard their loudspeaker message once today. Well, then, you've heard it a thousand times. It's always the same, and so is the purpose. They are just playing on our nerves. I don't think they expect any immediate results from their propaganda. They believe they will get what they want if they wait. The loudspeaker offensive is to make us feel helpless. That is the object—to make us feel that nothing can be done, that we must just sit here and listen, and not be able to turn them off or do anything else about it." I said that the West Berliners that I saw had seemed to respond to the offensive calmly enough, and remarked on the orderliness of the crowd on Wilhelmstrasse and the contrast between its behavior and the actions on the other side of the wall. We talked for a while about the way the West Berliners have reacted to the provocation of the wall, and the fact that, aside from the demonstrations following Peter Fechter's death and the setting off of a few explosive charges at the wall, which caused inconsequential damage, they have created no incidents. "They are following the policy of the city government," the editor said. "The West Berliners are told that they should be aware of the wall, they should not be content with it, but they should never attack it. This puts an unusual stress on the police, because they feel the same way everybody else does. They, too, have relatives and friends on the other side. But they have the responsibility of stopping any kind of activity against the wall, and they have done their job well." The West Berliners' obedience, I remarked, is praised by some people as a demonstration of exemplary discipline under stress, but is regarded by others simply as a manifestation of lack of will to resist. "We are not unfamiliar with the charge," the editor said. "A few weeks ago, there was a newspaper publisher visiting here from Arkansas. He said, 'I'm going home and tell my readers that the United States shouldn't lift a finger to do anything about the wall until the West Berliners do something about it themselves.' Of course, we reject out of hand any idea of appeasement at the wall. At the same time, we cannot ignore the fact that any serious exchange of fire at the wall could set off a chain reaction that might well end in disaster. If something happened at the wall, it could give the Communists the chance to do what they've always want-

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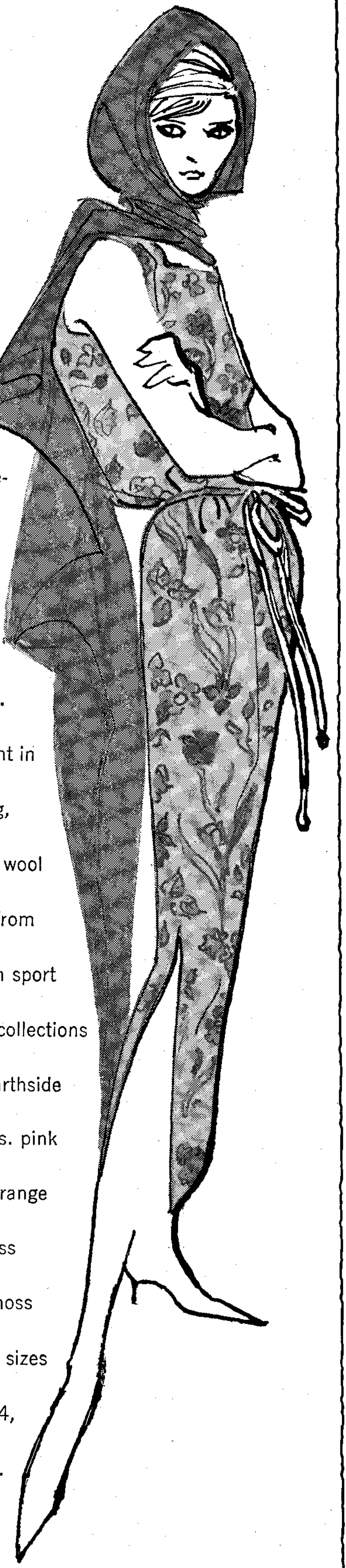

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ed to do—take over West Berlin on the pretext of intervening to 'restore order.' Also, the Allied forces are still in charge of this city. It is still occupied. All the authority that the Berlin government, officials, and police have is what is delegated to them by the Allies. As for a solution, we know that it can be reached only through an agreement between Washington and Moscow. Anything that jeopardizes the possibility of effecting that agreement is against the best interests of Berlin and of Germany. Meanwhile, we must be patient. The philosophy of the people in West Berlin is that one must maintain one's existence, knowing there will be no calm."

LATER that night, I decided to have a last look at the wall, and just before eleven o'clock, I stopped by Potsdamer Platz, which before August 13th was one of the busiest spots in Berlin, crisscrossed by streetcars, buses, and all manner of other traffic almost as if no border existed. Since the wall was erected across the square, it has been rendered lifeless, and the area around it is languishing. Most of its grocery stores, small restaurants, and shops, which used to do a substantial part of their trade with East Berliners, have either gone out of business or been turned into souvenir stands. The windows display collections of both black-and-white and color pictures of the wall, and some display color slides as well. Since the wall has become Berlin's premier sightseeing attraction, a great many tourists visit Potsdamer Platz in the course of each day, but scarcely anybody goes there after dark, and when I arrived all the stores but one were closed. The single light came from what was once a small shop and is now being used as a headquarters for the police on border duty in the area. Inside, a policeman was eating a sandwich and reading a newspaper. Another policeman was standing out on the street, and a third was sitting in a small wooden observation tower, from which he could survey the square. No other people were in sight on the West Berlin side of the wall, nor, I discovered when I had climbed a few rickety steps to a stand looking into East Berlin, were any in sight on the other side. Beyond the wall, one sees the customary barbed-wire barrier, then a high metal fence topped with barbed wire, then a row of tank traps, and then another barbed-wire barrier. At the far side of the square, one street was illuminated. The other streets converging on the square, and the square itself, were

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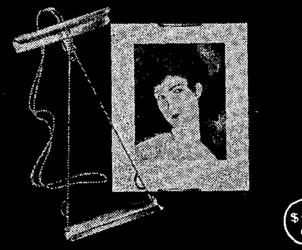

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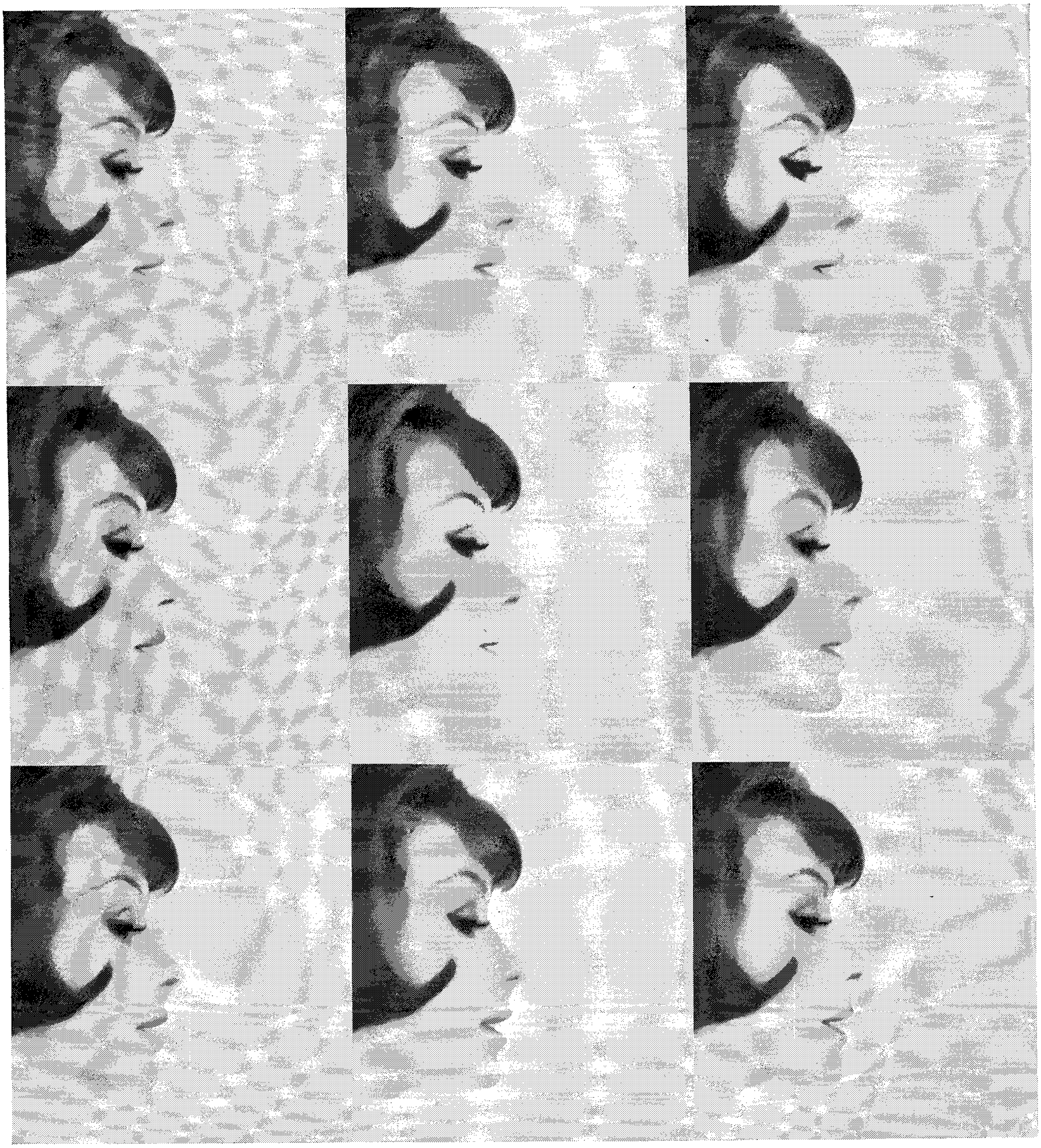

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dark. There were no sounds, no movement. I recalled that the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, a woman who has lived in Berlin all her life, had told me the day before that she had recently seen a rabbit run across the eastern part of Potsdamer Platz—a sight that would once have been about as likely as seeing a rabbit run across Times Square. It didn't seem hard to imagine now. A military truck came down the one lighted street and turned off into one of the dark side streets. Apparently, it was time to change the guards, for two Vopos materialized out of the darkness on the right side of the square and then two more on the left side. A fifth and sixth came out of the shadows almost directly ahead. They walked across the square and turned the corner where the truck had stopped. Presently, what I took to be the new shift came around the corner, walked into the center of the square, and then individually disappeared into the shadows at its edges. The Army truck backed out of the side street and drove off in the direction from which it had come. Again Potsdamer Platz was deathly still and completely deserted except for the six hidden Vopos. As I stood peering into their eerie domain, a streetcar came down the illuminated street and stopped at the far side of the square. It was the end of the line. Nobody got off, and nobody got on. The streetcar soon started back again, and disappeared in the distance. —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

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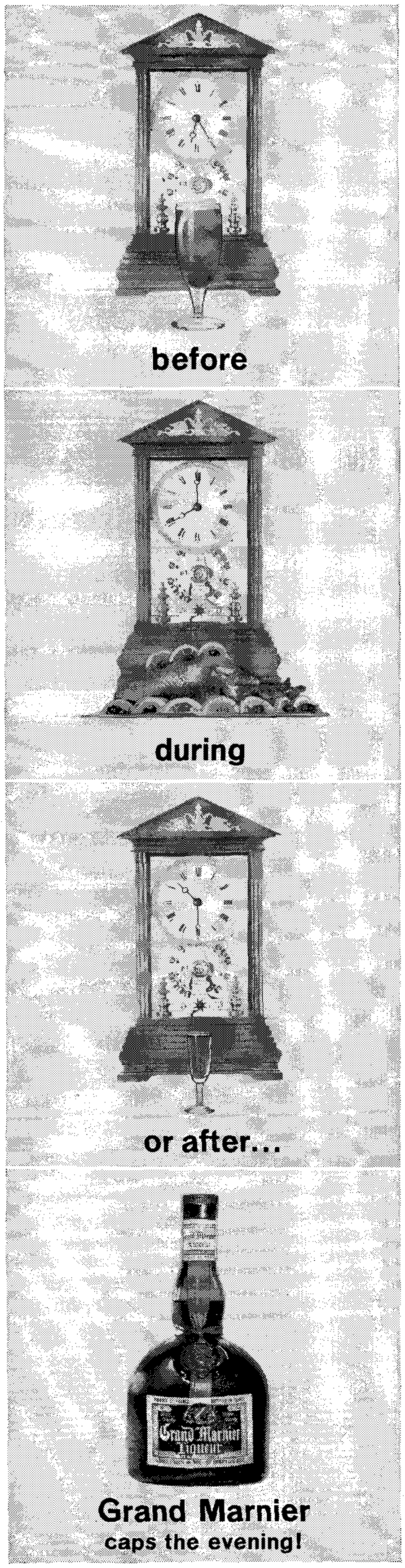

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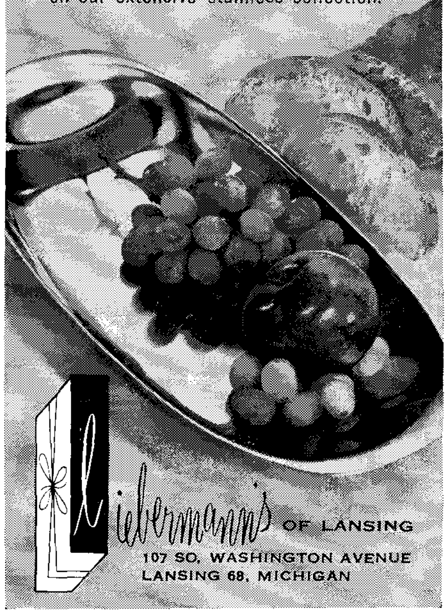

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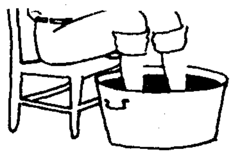

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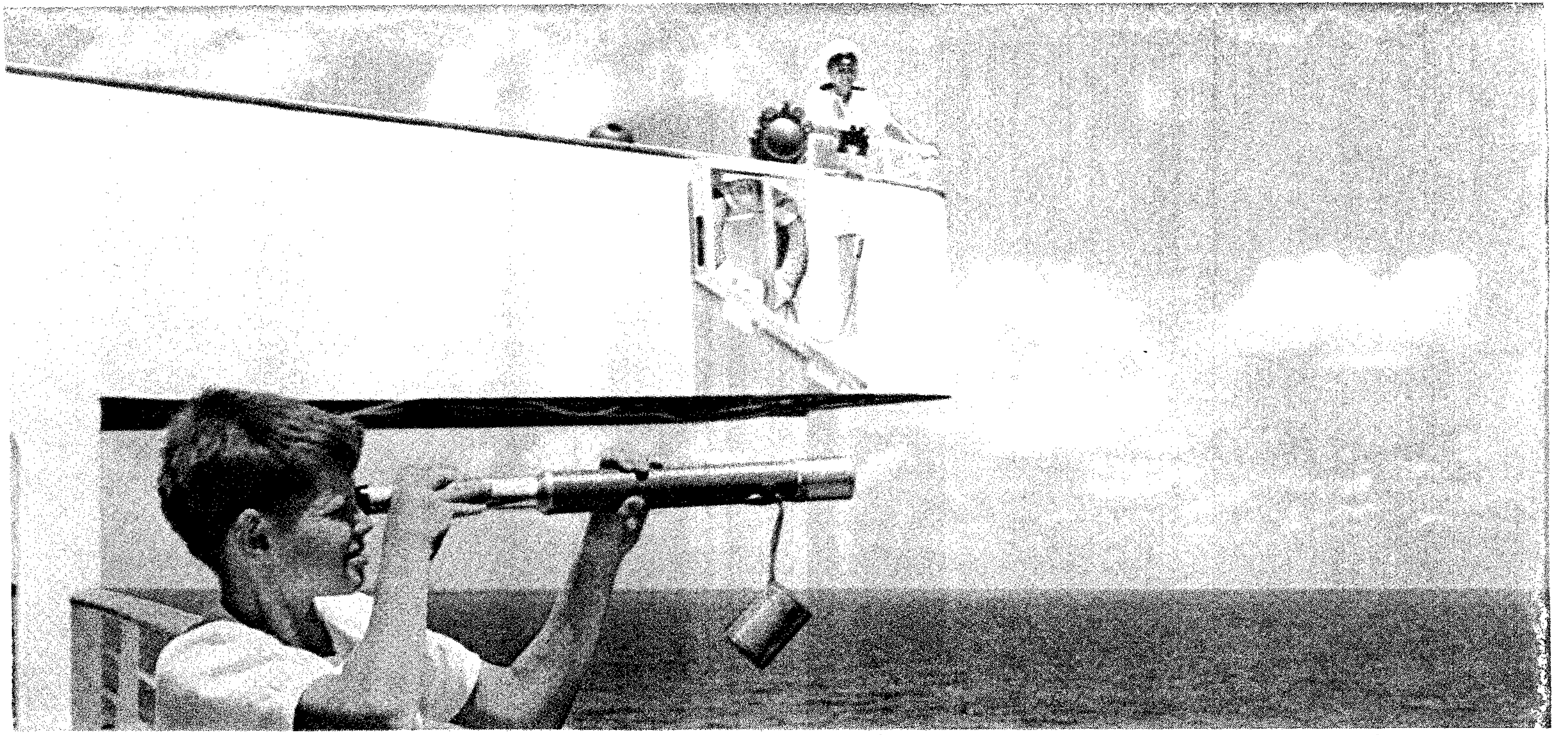

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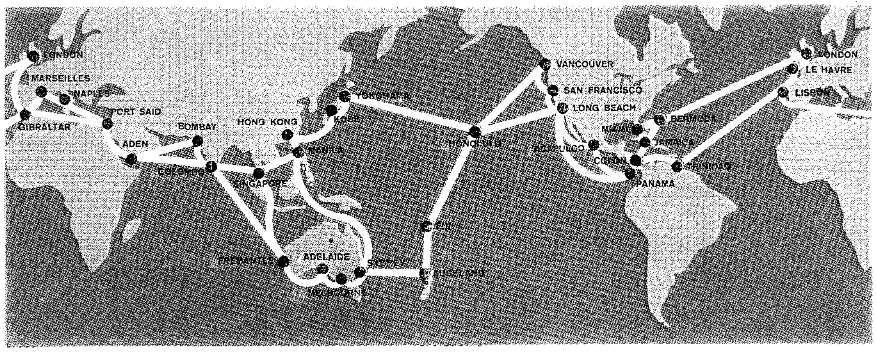
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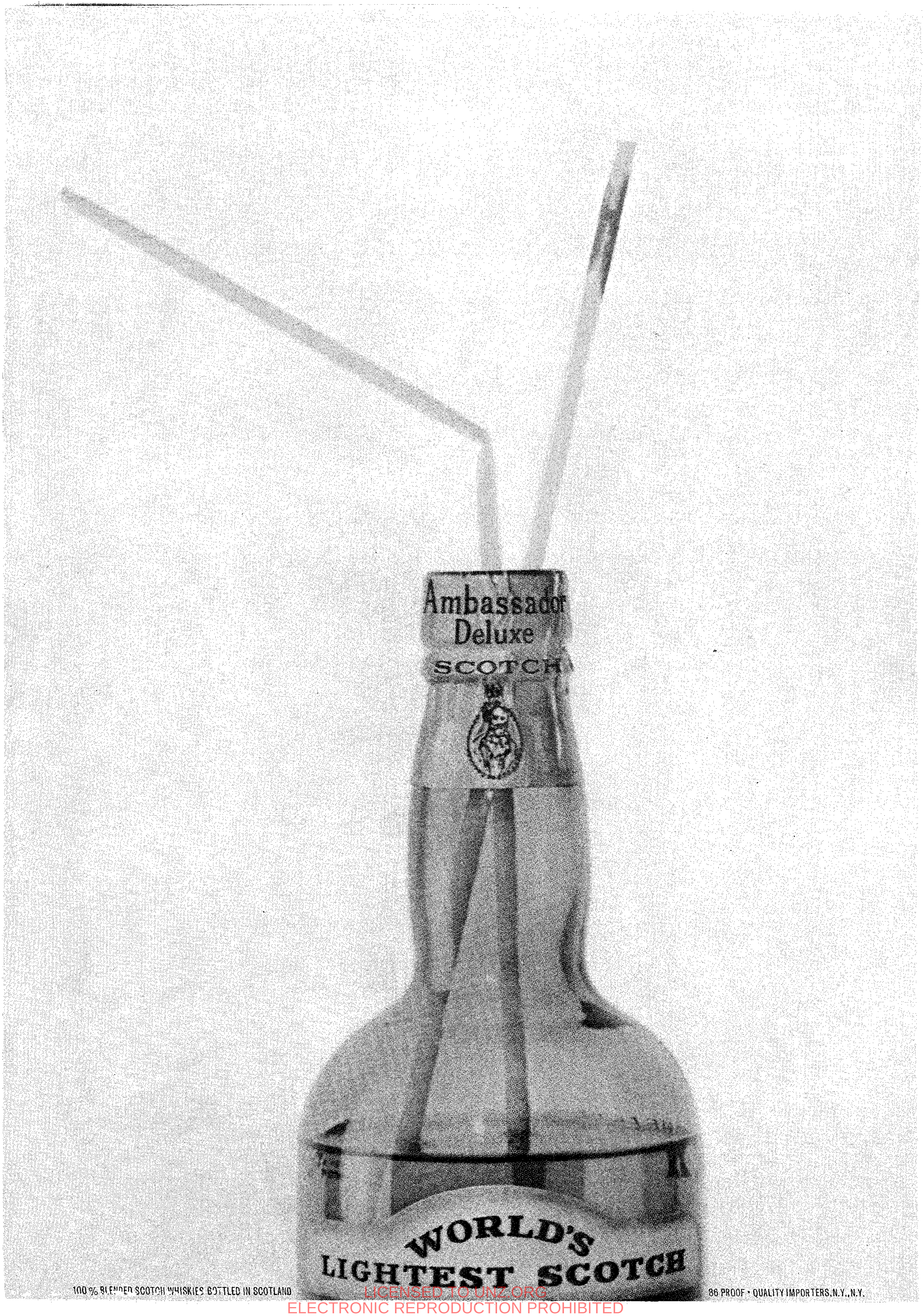
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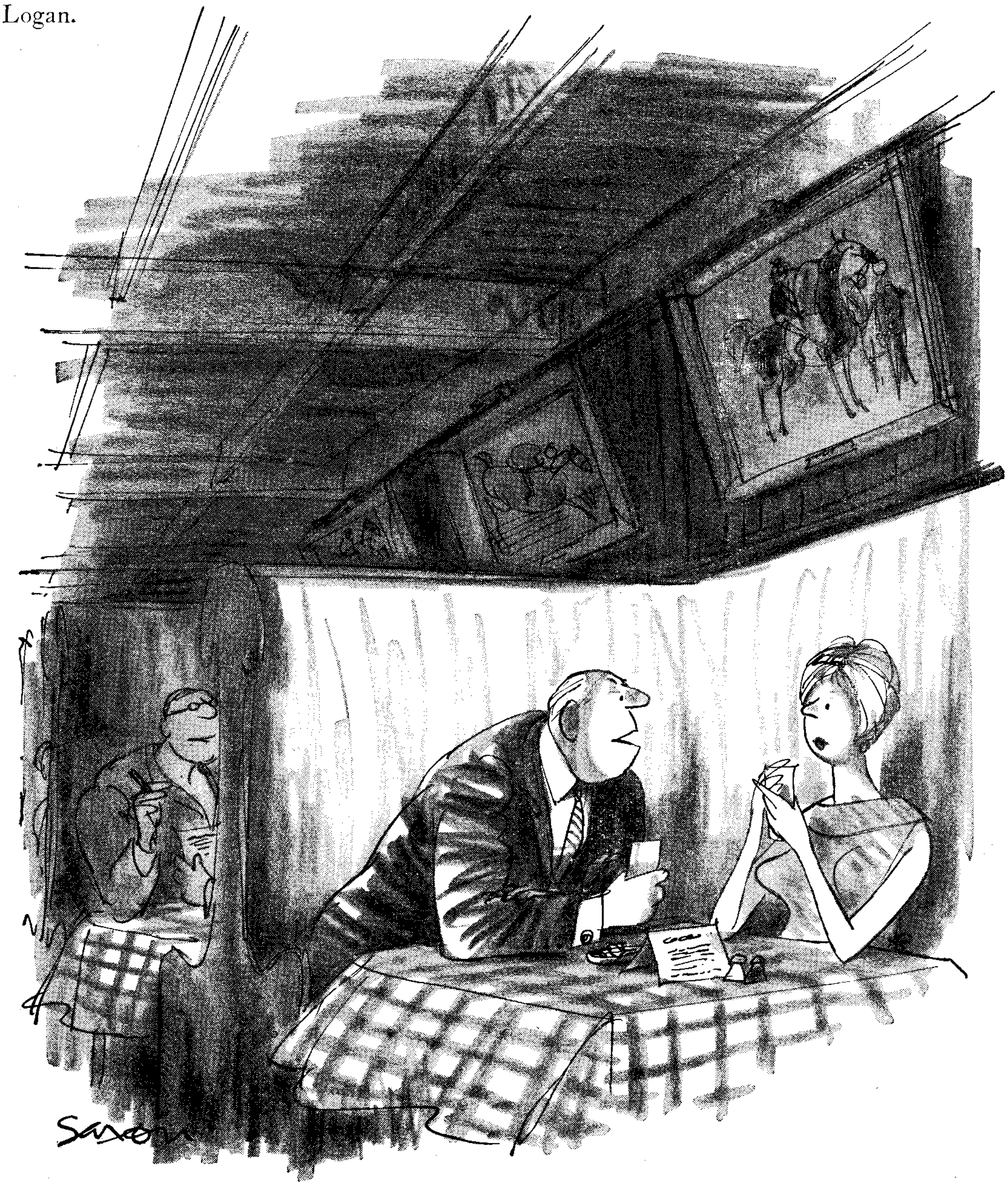
THE THEATRE

THE CAPITAL CAPER

"MR. PRESIDENT," at the St. James, offers us some inside stuff about the administration of a Chief Executive of the United States who is as handsome as Kennedy, as homespun as Coolidge, as musical as Truman, and as sportive as Eisenhower. The music has been provided by Irving Berlin, and although it doesn't compare with the Master's major efforts, it has a restful beat, and so, for that matter, does the entire show, which has a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and was directed by Joshua Logan. "Mr. President" is a long, long way from being a new-day "Of Thee I Sing," and Mr. Berlin, who winds up the proceedings with a loud and loving hymn called "This Is a Great Country," is obviously too patriotic a composer to bite Uncle Sammy's hand (which, incidentally, I wish he'd get out of my pocket). I'm afraid that in dealing with the doings in the capital one must be either serious or satirical. Gentle, old-fashioned spoofing, which is about the size of "Mr. President," is not enough to sustain the interest of an audience for any length of time, and when our man leaves office, at the end of Act I, there really isn't much to do with him unless one could prove that he's another Van Cliburn, or possibly a winner at St. Andrews. All kinds of ingenious sets have been invented for "Mr. President" by Jo Mielziner, and the cast, led by Nanette Fabray, Robert Ryan, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell, is engaging. Along the line, the authors introduce a county fair, which includes a sextet of cooch dancers who wriggle, writhe, grind, and bump in wonderfully sinuous style to a tune called "The Only Dance I Know," and on another occasion Miss Gillette, playing the President's daughter, does well by a number called "The Secret Service." Throughout the evening, Miss Fabray is as stimulating a First Lady as Mrs. Kennedy is, and even when the second act begins to deflate like a shot-down blimp, she keeps moving about with infectious bounce. I guess the main trouble with "Mr. President" lies in the fact that our hero, as he is played by Mr. Ryan, doesn't seem to be a man of any more consequence than those middle-aged fathers who plague us on television. Nevertheless, the show might be just the thing for you if you want to relax utterly some evening and leave your mind untaxed.

IN "Seidman and Son," at the Belasco, Sam Levene portrays a dress manufacturer who is so lovable that you want to sling him over your shoulder and burp him. He has trouble with his son, an evanescent character who is slightly radical and can't get the hang of the garment business; he has a fatherly regard for a beautiful designer in his shop; and he loves his wife, though she fears that his interest in the designer isn't as paternal as he makes it out to be. "Seidman and Son," which was adapted by Elick Moll from one of his own novels, is a harmless exercise, but it suffers from one sore lack—conflict. Nancy Wickwire, in the role of the designer, is lovely to behold, however,



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and Mr. Levene is, as always, a man you like to do business with.

"STEP ON A CRACK," by Bernard Evslin, departed from the Ethel Barrymore last week after one performance. It was an odd mélange, having to do with a promiscuous doctor, his soused wife, and an incestuous son who in moments of emotion is given to lining out lunatic soliloquies. Gary Merrill was the doctor, Pauline Flanagan the wife, and Donald Madden the son. They, and the others in the cast, deserved a better chance to exhibit their skills.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

INFATUATION WITH THE SOUND OF OWN IMAGERY DEPARTMENT

[*Jimmy Cannon in the Journal-American*]

It was more an act of vandalism than a sports proposition because it was as though Liston had smashed a glass figurine with a ball bat.

... his face crinkled with drowsiness, as if he had just heard an alarm clock but was still possessed by sleep.

The seconds were coming to get Patterson when he glanced at Liston as if he were gazing dreamily at the statue of some cherished hero of boyhood.

... weaving like a man attempting to avoid a fusilade of rocks thrown by a mob, Patterson began the fight stooped over as if he were looking for a dropped coin. ... He approached Patterson behind his extended left, as if he were leading a parade carrying a flagless staff.

... awkward and confused, like a whale trying to swim in sand. Then Patterson got inside as if he were hurrying through a door that was slamming in his face.

... caused him to shift his bent position as if he had abruptly been cured of cramps. ... But Patterson dove at Liston, as if he expected his opponent to catch him in some acrobat's trick. ... made soggy sounds on Patterson's ribs, as if he were hitting him with the bladders old burlesque comedians used.

He seemed like a bull trying to yank his feet out of quicksand. ... It was as if he were on the waxen floor of a ballroom and Liston was wading through a marsh ... it was as if he were poking at Liston with a splinter made of rubber.

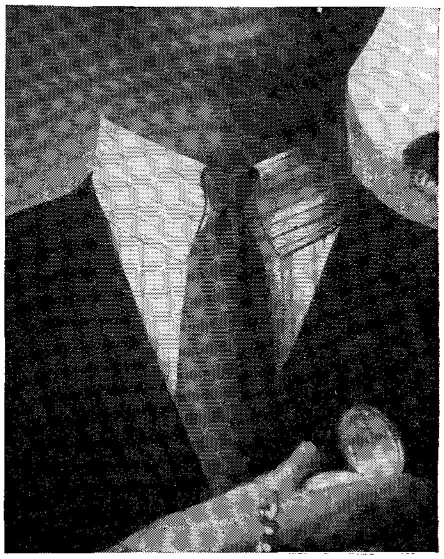
... Patterson seemed paralyzed, as if, suddenly stricken deaf, he was listening for a bar of sound that was important to him.

... appeared interested in the referee's counting, like a distraught lover straining to hear the lyrics of a cherished torch song that agitates him.

The people regained their voices like a throng of mutes who abruptly find they can talk again.

He turned to her as if she were entering his bedroom long ago in Brooklyn during a time of sickness. ...

It was as though he were playing a bass drum with a sponge. ... Patterson's glove seemed to bounce off it like a golf ball striking concrete.



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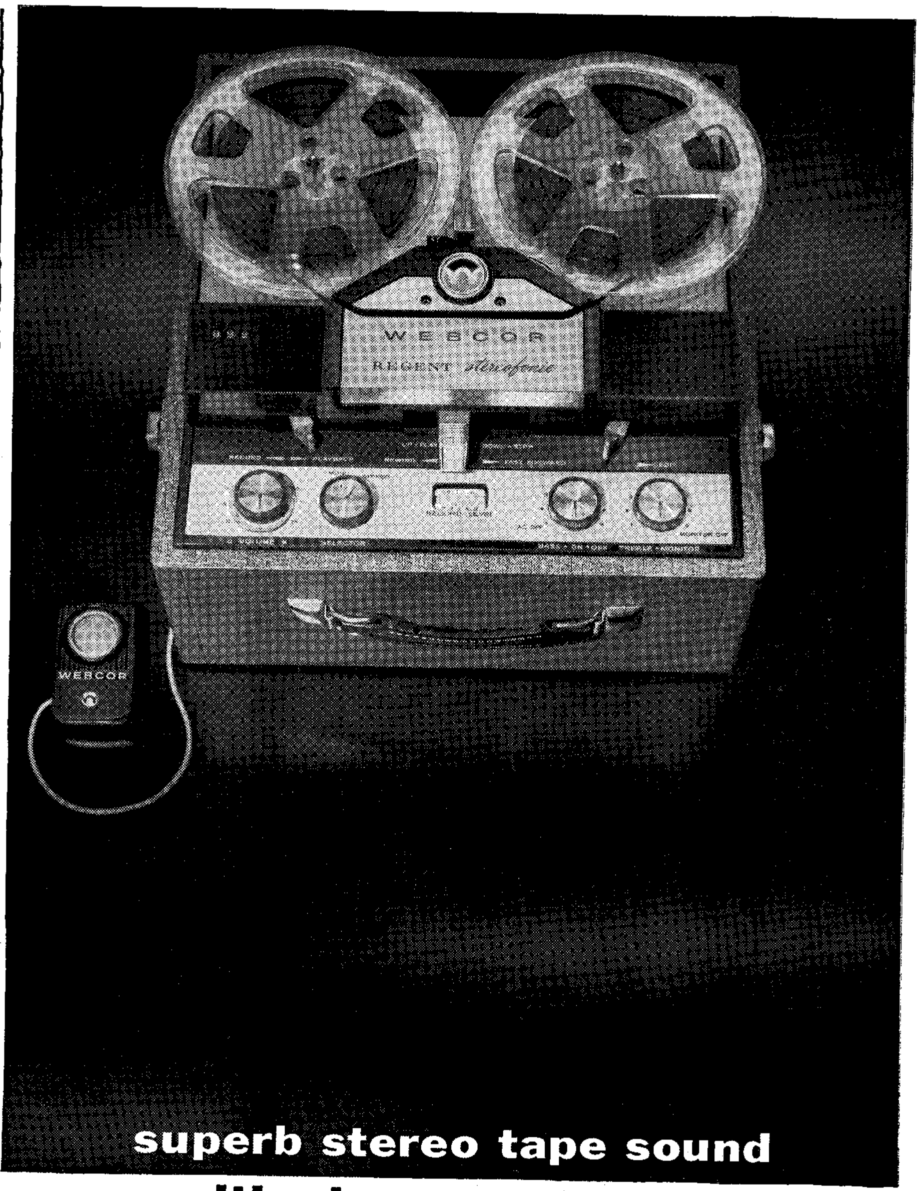
THE RACE TRACK

Cupbearer

AS had been expected, Kelso won the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park last Saturday, galloping in ten lengths ahead of Guadalcanal, leaving Nickel Boy, Tutankhamen, Military Plume, and Troubadour III down the course, and incidentally setting a track mark for the two miles. That's how a 1–4 shot *should* win. Still, I can't say that Kelso's performance was a great one. It lacked the brilliance of his race in the Woodward at the Big A last month. Besides, he had already beaten all his opponents except Military Plume at one time or another this season. However, Kelso caught my eye in the paddock as looking particularly well, and he was away alertly, following the early pace set by Tutankhamen. They were joined on the turn into the backstretch by Troubadour III, and the three of them went together past the mile mark, after which Kelso began to draw away. On the turn for home, it was all over but the ticket-cashing. I suppose we're in for a lot of Horse-of-the-Year hullabaloo during the next few weeks. It's that time of year. Kelso's aficionados want him crowned again (as you know, he was it last year and the year before), and they won't be denied. Kelso is something of a specialist as a cup collector; he has picked off three of the Jockey Club's trophies seriatim. Even so, he's still a long way behind my hero, Exterminator, who, back in the twenties, won both the Saratoga Cup and the Pimlico Cup three times in succession. I have a notion that Kelso won't go in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont this weekend. He likes a longer interval between his races, and besides, he's not at his best on a turf course.

Even if Kelso passes up the Man o' War, it should be one of the events of the autumn season. Carry Back, none the worse for his adventures in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris several weeks ago, is a likely starter. (Jack Price, who trains him, returned to Belmont more tired than his horse, or so he said.) Other probable starters include Wise Ship, who won the fixture last year; The Axe II, who took the Knickerbocker Handicap in record time the other afternoon; Mongo, who finished



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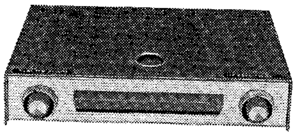

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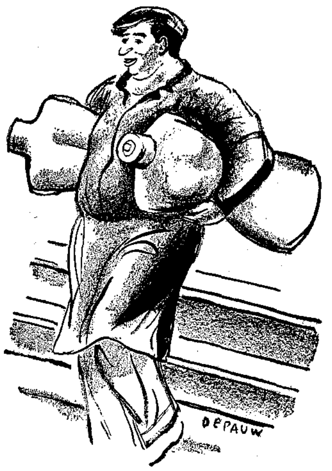
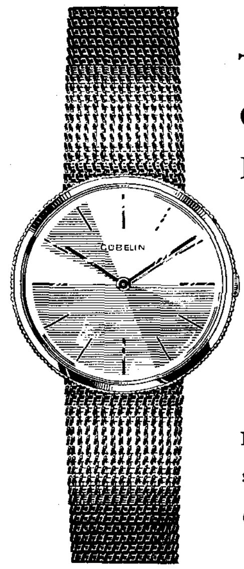
close behind him; and T. V. Lark, who, it is hoped, will run better than he did in the Knickerbocker. There may be a couple of French horses, too—Monade, who was second in the Arc de Triomphe, and Val de Loir, who was third. However, that will depend on how well they ship from abroad. Earlier in the week, there will be two days of United Hunts racing, winding up with the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, for which Pete Bostwick's Barnabys Bluff, winner of our Grand National Handicap last week and the Brook Steeplechase earlier in the meeting, will head the list. Last chance, boys! There will be no jumping races at Aqueduct, which opens on Monday.

ALTHOUGH one becomes inured to upsets and surprises on a race track, I could hardly believe the report over the radio last Saturday that Cicada had finished out of the money in the Vineland Handicap at Garden State Park. But that was what she did. It seems that she stumbled at the start, and also that a leg bandage became loose and impeded her badly, and the upshot was that she finished fourth. It was the second time she'd been out of the money in thirty-six starts. The Vineland went to Tamarona, who beat Shirley Jones by a head and paid an $87.60 mutuel. Lincoln Center was third. So it goes. Out at Keeneland, in Kentucky, Primonetta, another of my favorite fillies, won the Spinster Stakes on Thursday. It was her second try. This time she had no bad racing luck and, slipping through on the rail at the stretch turn, finished a length ahead of Royal Patrice, with Firm Policy third. In my book, Primonetta is the best of her age and sex this season—but I have only one vote. And Beau Purple won the Hawthorne Gold Cup—in the mud, if you please—at Hawthorne Park in Chicago on Saturday.





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The last time he ran in the mud was in the Woodward Stakes, and he finished thirteen lengths behind Kelso. In the Hawthorne, he won comfortably from Bass Clef, Sensitivo, and six others. Now, perhaps, he'll be kept in training.

SOMETIMES it doesn't pay to be sharp-eyed in the paddock. As the ten runners paraded before the seven-furlong John Hunter Purse at Belmont last Saturday, it seemed to me that Dead Ahead didn't step out as smoothly and effortlessly as he should. Just for that, he ran the most spectacular race I saw all week, coming from ninth in the last three furlongs to win by a couple of lengths and set a new American record of 1:21⅗ for a turf course. They can fool you.

—AUDAX MINOR

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THE SOFTENING UP OF JAMES BEARD

Bread and the art of bread-making are as old as time. But an opinion to which I have never been able to subscribe is that home-baked bread is the be-all and end-all of perfection. Though women have written rapturously of the thrill of getting their hands into the dough and the joy of smelling the bread baking in the oven, I have yet to taste any home-made bread that can equal that good crusty French or Italian bread made by the village baker or sold in a city side street.—*"The Fireside Cookbook," by James Beard, published by Simon & Schuster, 1949.*

Within the memory of old timers (including me), bread-making was routine in every household, and no proper wife thought of serving bakery-made products. Baking day came once or twice a week, depending on the size of the family, and on this occasion you were irresistibly tempted to haunt the kitchen. What wonderful yeasty smells of warm bread! What delicious aromas of cinnamon and other spices from sweet rolls and coffee cakes! How beautiful the brown, crusty loaves looked as they came out of the oven! I can think of no taste sensation to equal the joy of that first crunchy bite through the crust of the miniature loaf my mother always made just for my benefit.

The local baker and the grocery store bread counter can never re-create the atmosphere of the kitchen on baking day. And though you can sometimes find fine bakery products, they never compare to the best of the homemade.—*"The James Beard Cookbook," published by Dell, 1959.*

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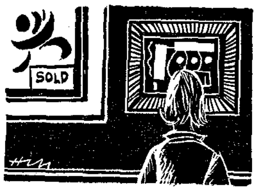
THE ART GALLERIES

A Risk for the Intelligence

Consciousness of art history is the outstanding phenomenon in the painting and sculpture of our time and the key to what takes place in the galleries of New York, San Francisco, Paris, Rome, Warsaw. It affects not only the objective status of new works, and the conditions under which they are valued and acquired, but the impulses that enter into their creation, their aesthetic meaning—in fact, their very existence as works of art. In all periods, the sense of tradition has governed the responses of artists and their audiences. History-consciousness is something different. Tradition looks to the past as a single complex of forms extending through the present into the future. The modern sense of history recognizes that the past is made up of diverse cultures which by action in our time are being resolved into a future unity, the "one world" of democracy, of science, or of the International Style. As tradition was an inescapable ingredient of the art of earlier centuries, proposing both what to paint and how to paint it, the consciousness of history in a modern painting or sculpture is as palpable as its form or motif; often, as in "over-all" abstractions, it is the only content. Much of the difficulty with contemporary art comes from ignoring this element. To appreciate new pictures, it is not enough for the observer to know what trees or women bathing look like. He must have some inkling of what paintings have been saying among themselves (this is the case even when there are trees or bathing girls in the picture). The old pleasure of seeing "life" inside the frame must be augmented, if not replaced, by the stimulation of recognizing an inspired reference to, say, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." Art history decides what art is. In turn, art decides what shall move us as beauty.



The density of meaning in a modern painting is an effect of the artist's engagement with the history of art, including ideas about it. A work with a thin background of visual and intellectual experience of the art of other times will not outlast a prevailing fashion. A historically ignorant painting has no better claim to attention than the ideas of an economist who never heard of the stock-market crash.

These judgments, too, are subject to being overruled by time. The public survival, for no matter what reason, of a work or style affects its actual aesthetic worth for an indeterminable period. Objects are visually changed by the years, usually for the better, thus coming to justify the opinion, perhaps originally inacceptable, that caused them to survive. The glamour of temporal distance, itself an aesthetic quality, or the mental equivalent of one, spreads an aura upon styles, whether in wall decoration, furniture, or hairdos, that have won a place in the common memory. By their mere presence in the history of art, even in a state of being overgrown by later forms, works act upon taste to inflect it in their own direction. Art becomes valuable through creating the values by which it is valued. By means of longevity alone a painting may acquire a power apart from its creator or erstwhile sponsors. A style once admired continues to occupy a level of the educated imagination from which it may be summoned to the surface by psychological or cultural circumstances. Thus all preserved works are candidates for revival. Periods of reaction against yesterday's enthusiasms are growing constantly shorter, if we may take as indications the present fuss about Monet and German Expressionism.

TODAY it is felt that a new art mode is long overdue, if for no other reason than that the present avant-garde has been with us for fifteen years. By all the presumed laws of vanguardism, no innovating style can survive that long without losing its radical verve and turning into an Academy. This is especially the case with a revolution that has succeeded; the high prices and international publicity of Gorky, Pollock, de Kooning, Kline, Hofmann, Rothko, Gottlieb, Guston, Motherwell, and a half a dozen related figures are additional proof that whatever adventure they may have had in common now belongs to the past. Thus, with the closing of the galleries each spring, Abstract Expressionism is, like Adonis,

> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
> The Syrian damsels to lament his Fate,

prepared for burial. In this instance the attendant damsels have been the art critics of the *Tribune* and the *Times*,

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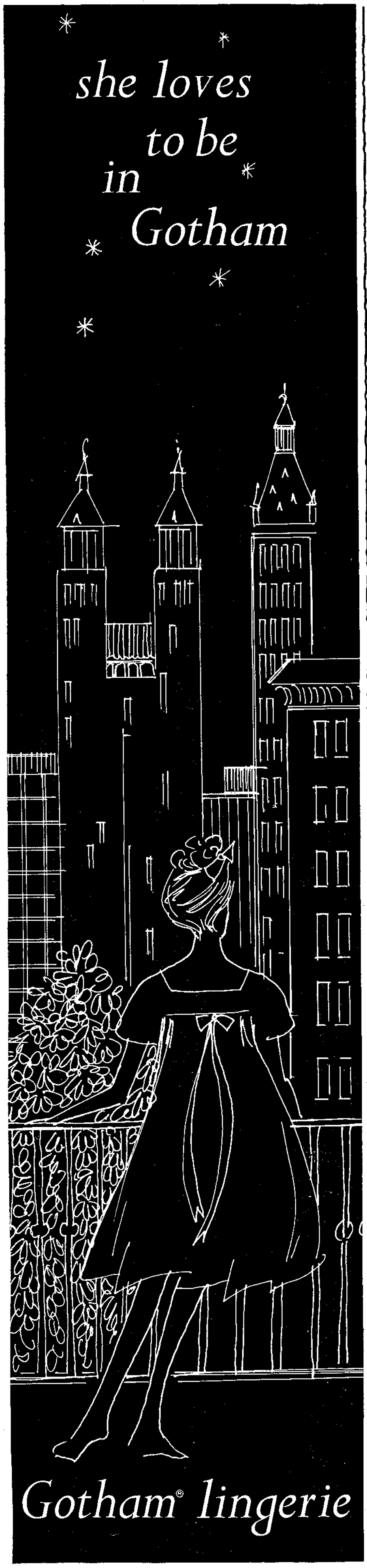

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the anonymous commentators and caption writers of *Time* and *Life*, literary "humanists" devoted to various theories of subject matter versus abstract art, and dealers and spokesmen for younger or "out" artist groups contending for the inheritance. Before last summer, the outcries of farewell to the old new art reached their shrillest pitch. Sculpture was being assembled from kitchens and second-hand stores and "the figure" had made its way back into painting.

Apparently, however, dissatisfaction with the rate of innovation is not enough to force the pace of art history. With the opening of this fall's season, Abstract Expressionism, in its multiple variations, still dominates American painting and sculpture. The most imposing exhibitions of the next few months are of work in this mode: the retrospective of Mark Tobey currently at the Museum of Modern Art, the retrospective of Arshile Gorky in December, and the exhibition of Franz Kline that will inaugurate the new museum of modern art in Washington. This official prominence argues that Abstract Expressionism *is* the Establishment, and the retrospectives make it plain that its present advantage is not going to last forever; of the three artists, Tobey is over seventy and Gorky and Kline are dead. Yet Abstract Expressionism still rules in quality, interest, and capacity to bring out new work, and the question "What next?" still remains open.

During the past half-dozen years, numerous candidates for the succession have been watched with the fascination engendered by tightrope acts. "Beyond" Action Painting have been the Neo-Dada incorporations of random objects, from fenders of wrecked automobiles to stuffed creatures; high-relief paintings built up with mortar or plastics; motorized sculpture; one-color canvases; paintings produced by rolling nude ladies in pigment; adaptations of the art of children, lunatics, policemen, and embroiderers of doilies; "happenings" improvising visual effects within life situations; and, most recently, mimics of mass media, consisting of comic-strip blowups and mock advertising displays. Alongside these all-out shock probes came various "back to sanity" manifestations aimed at the restoration of significant motifs or familiar aesthetic concepts: West Coast Neo-Impressionist landscape painting; Samuel Beckett-doom-type Existentialist "images of man," featuring the Chicago school of mutilation; extensions of "pure" painting in hard-edged divisions of the canvas, with flat, clean surfaces and analytically related colors in the Mondrian-Albers-Glarner

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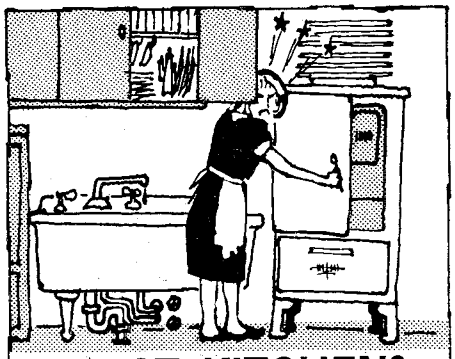

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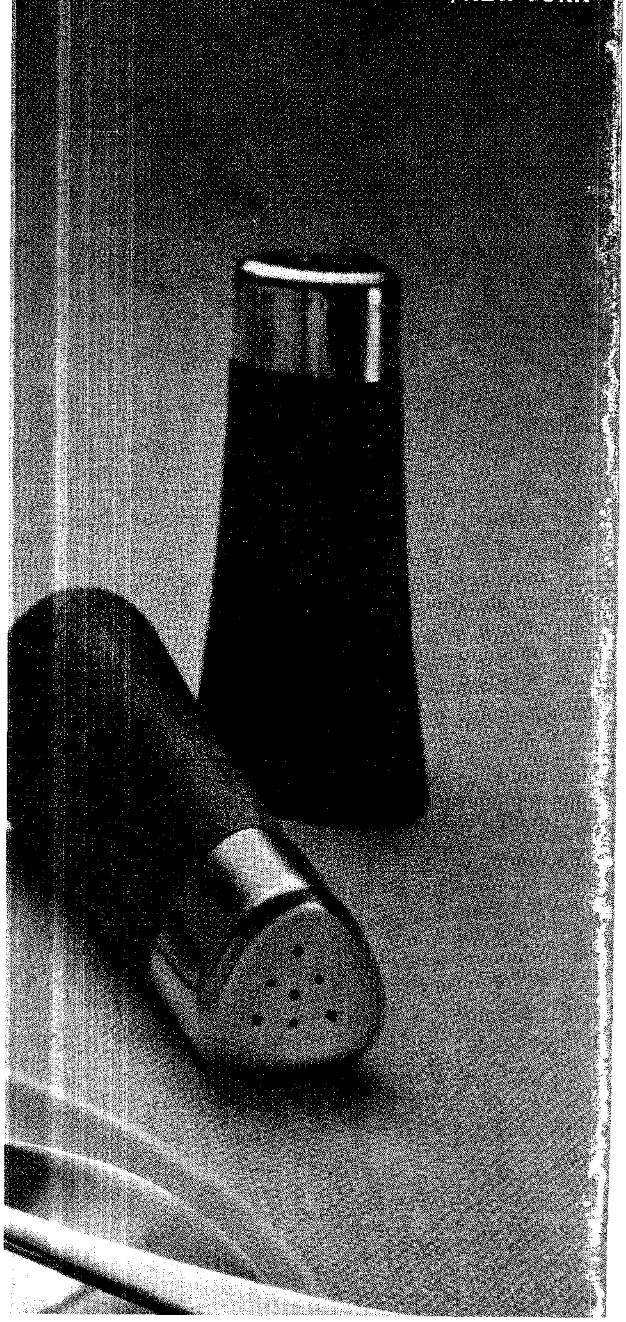

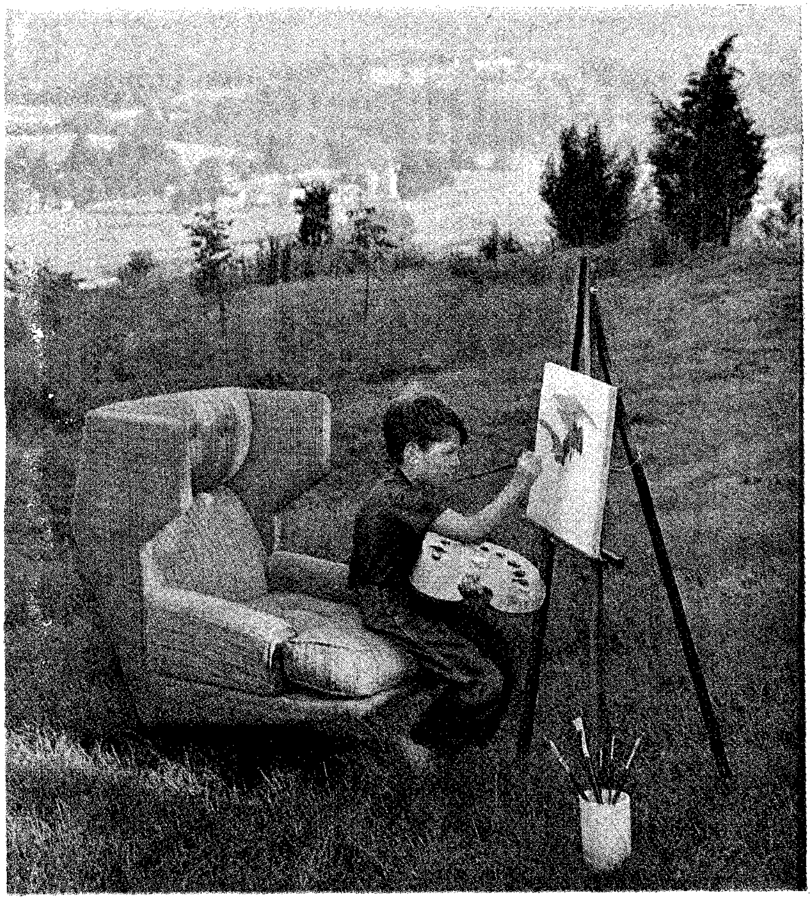

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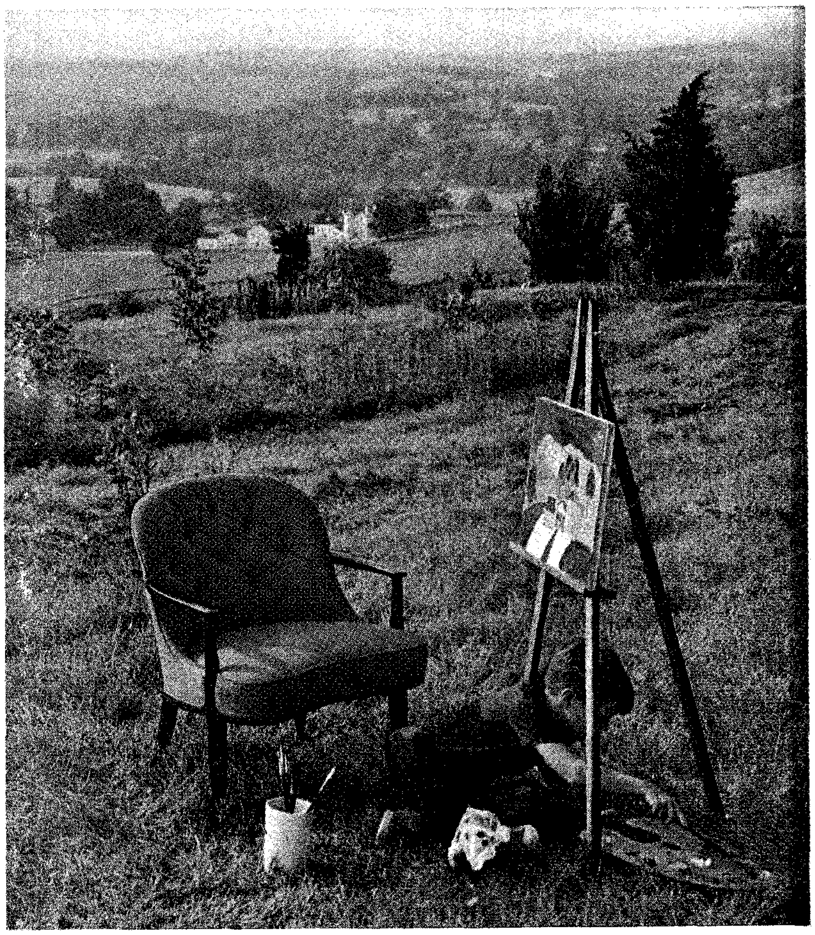

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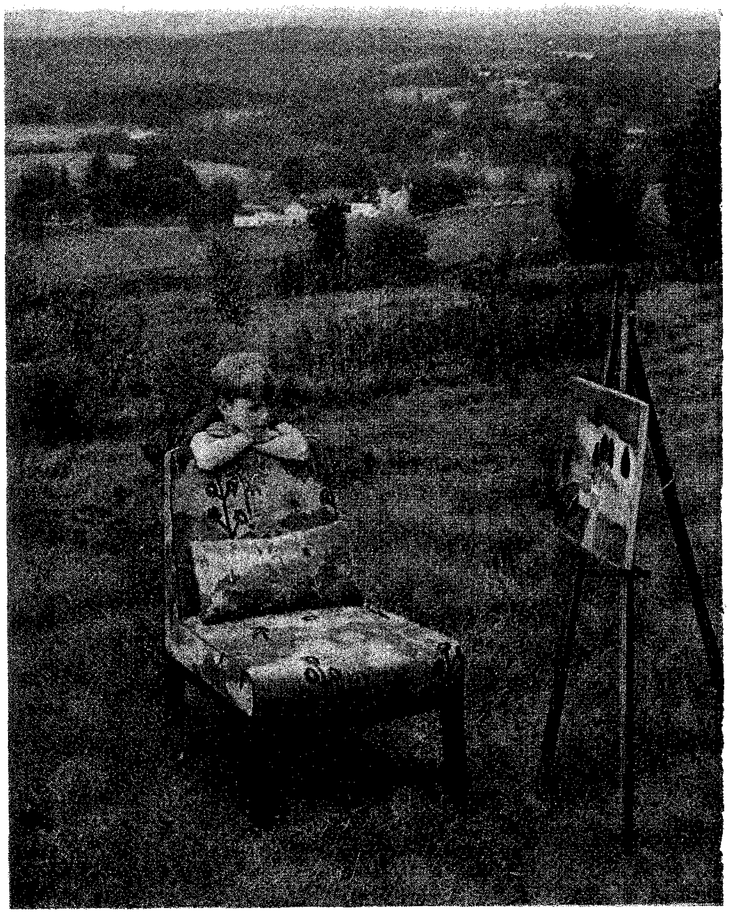

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These performances, both the extremist and the conservative, were duplicated throughout the free world and in some of the Soviet satellites. At exhibitions abroad as well as in the United States, works aimed at scandalizing taste educed no shock and those directed at restoring it evoked no meaningful resolution. One thing had been learned from the notorious mistakes of the past hundred years, and the lesson was thoroughly confusing. It was that no new work, no matter how apparently senseless, repulsive, or visually vacant, could be rejected without running the risk that it would turn out to be a masterpiece of the era. The story of the Ridicule of the Radicals—the Impressionists, van Gogh, Matisse, Modigliani, Duchamp—had sunk into the folklore of painting. Today, no one is more conscious of it than the professionals. Some try to make up for the old errors by coming out strongly for each new move. To others, the bad record has brought about an epidemic of critical permissiveness that is even worse than being wrong, and this is presumably curable if we insist on the outworn "values" that caused it. Neither of these views can help much when people refuse either to rise to shock or to value their values.

New art is an unlimited risk for the intelligence. It calls upon intuitions past the guidelines of concepts; this is, indeed, one of its chief attractions. Nor is the risk any the less with artists whose novelty consists in reverting, like Balthus or Giacometti, to earlier aims, or semblances of places, things, or people. Denouncing them for not being "abstract" can be as silly as denouncing Barnett Newman for being "empty." History is not safe even for the anti-square. This final judge stands on the side of all artists as a continuing threat to all pronouncers of judgment. It stands also on the side of all charlatans and salesmen as a continuing insult to informed opinion. Modern consciousness of art history throws all standards on the roulette of success, not in money but in survival.

The dependent and shifting nature of art values, not only on the market but intrinsically, is uppermost in the mind of today's art collector, whether he buys for himself or as the representative of others. Acquiring a work is acquiring a piece of art history, or it is acquiring nothing (beyond, that is, an object of personal enjoyment in the class of a cat or a souvenir). In signing his check, the collector asserts his belief in the future presence of the work as a point of at-

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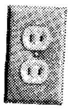

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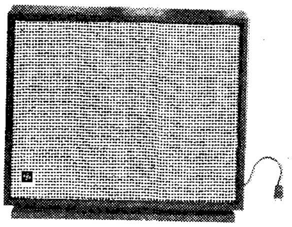

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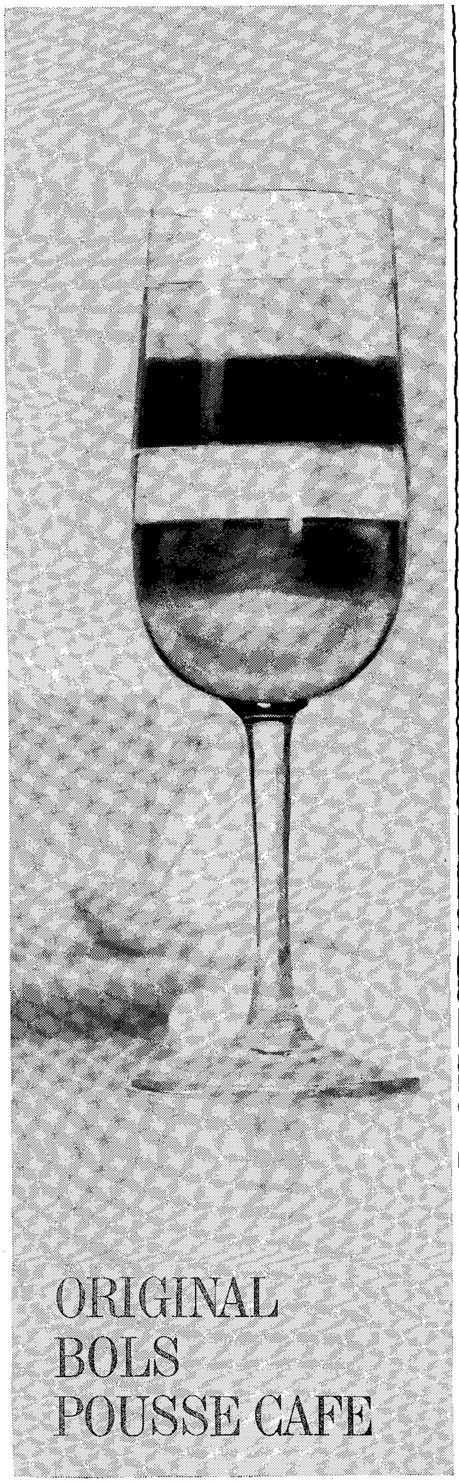

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tainment for art. History, however, is open to anything. The qualities of the chosen painting or sculpture have at best only the authentication of a present-day consensus. Yet this consensus is all but certain to be supplanted, as others have been in the past. In the last analysis, committing himself to a painting is the collector's own act. Through it he courageously (recklessly?) affirms not only his aesthetic judgment, from whatever source it be derived, but the conviction that he can predict where art is going. Pride in this foresight, rather than the charm of a given painting, is often the motive of the new collector, as is indicated by the practice of buying works at a glance or even over the telephone.

A collector who has acted early within a trend that continues to hold has earned the same respect as an investor who bought I.B.M. at 30. But he has gained much more. By his act he has identified himself with the work in its adventure through time, and together with it he will enter into the history of art. In America, the growing popularity of the study of contemporary art history since the war has brought us the novel spectacle of the collector as hero. One who landed early on the shores of Abstract Expressionism is invited to lecture on his deed, like a Marine colonel in the first wave at Iwo Jima.

While there are still old-style collectors who simply buy paintings they admire, collecting art has become, through the pervasive sensitivity to time and survival, a career with metaphysical overtones, a means to immortality, or at least to indefinitely protracted presence in the public record. With this stake in the reputations of "their" artists, collectors are often more passionately positive about art values than artists or critics. To preserve their heroic moment from dilution, some pronounce the ultimate evaluation—that after the works collected by them art entered a lasting decline. "Today," Peggy Guggenheim concluded in her revised autobiography two years ago, "is the age of collecting, not of creation." Miss Guggenheim's position is self-defeating, since if there were nothing for new Balboas of the studios to discover, the age of collecting would be finished, too. To maintain the present impetus of art acquisition, there must be a continual flow of new creations on each of which one or more discoverers may triumphantly ride the stream of time.

Prophets are notorious manipulators. To anticipate events is to attempt to control them. The attempt to *make* art

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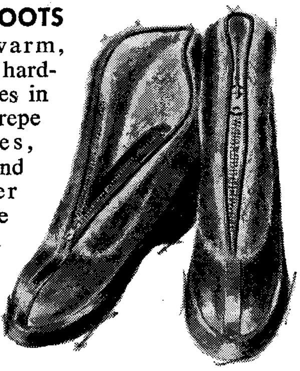

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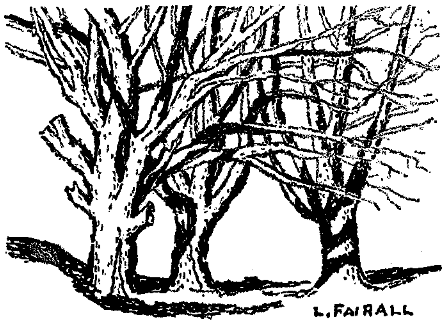
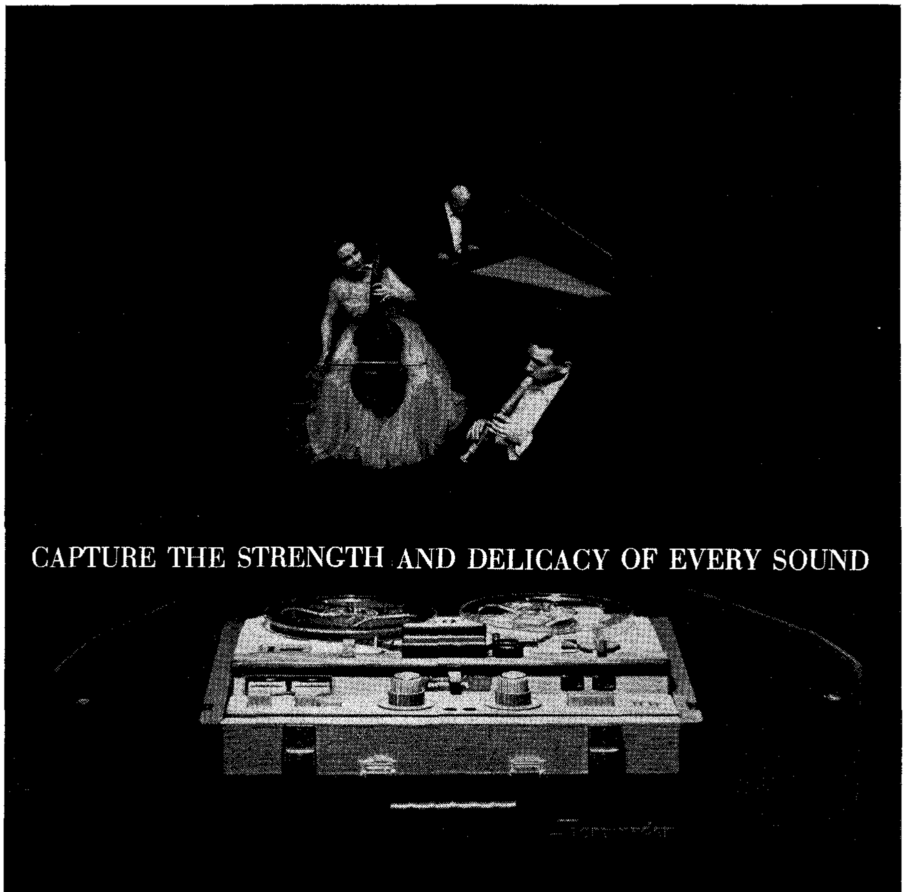
history is implicit in the work of every contemporary school of art and in all serious criticism, including that which takes the form of buying art works, exhibiting them, and awarding foundation grants. In our time, those who are content merely to paint pictures or to contemplate them are out of touch, either through choice or through ignorance, with the dynamics of creation in the arts; their norm is to be found in the canvases and picture gazers at the outdoor shows in Washington Square. Art, including its appreciation, has become an area of conflicting powers.

Can the "art world" be rigged? Since the first appearance of the experimental modes in painting, the charge of manufactured support has been advanced innumerable times. After a century of reiteration, it is still repeated with undiminished passion. Someone must be *behind* this art that obviously has no appeal to the eye or message for the intellect. To insist on the aesthetic value of a head with vertical lips, or of a canvas splattered with thrown paint or with nothing on it but a few ribbons of color, one must be either a principal of the conspiracy or one of its dupes. In the nineteenth century, proof of the hoax was presented by the Impressionist sunset that a mule painted with its tail, last week by the Action Paintings of chimpanzees. (I am not sure I can explain the switch from the mule to the chimpanzee, unless it signifies that the plot of modern art against humanity has become more ominous, in that what was behind the mule was only its tail, while behind the chimp is the menacing figure of the trainer as Big Brother.) The idea of the hidden aesthetic string-pullers inspired the Nazi doctrine of the corruption of the German folk community by "degenerate art." In the United States, the continued creation and exhibition of Abstract Expressionist works has been laid to stimulation by a clique of critics, dealers, art editors, museum officials, and college art departments. Two years ago, the chief art critic of the *Times* attributed to Alfred Barr of the Museum of Modern Art the power to turn





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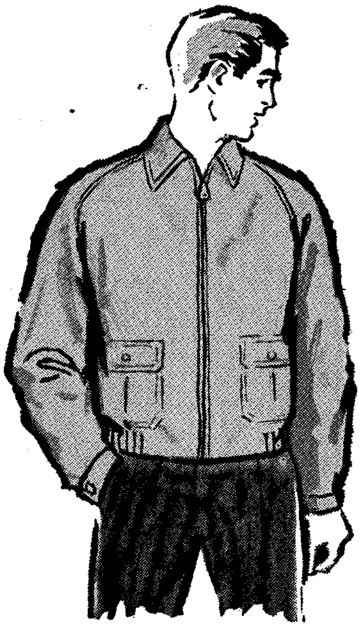
movements in art on and off at will. Mr. Barr hastily repudiated this apotheosis as the Goddess of Art History.

Since everyone who has to do with art in any capacity is engaged in propelling it somewhere, the question of undue influence is a problem less of morality than of power. It is in regard to the power to define the essence of art within the relativity of values introduced by the historical consciousness that modern art impinges directly on politics. Totalitarian societies destroy the provisional nature of contemporary art and regulate by edict what art is and shall be. In a democracy, influence exists, but there can be no exclusive influence; even the force of a great idea is limited by the democratic right to opinionatedness and ignorance. Art comes to be the result of a balance among the things it is asserted to be by the self-elected individuals who create it and devote themselves to it.

The constant shuffle of powers gives new importance to the art critic and art functionary, particularly those who undertake to predict. It has been claimed that, having abandoned nature, art now takes off from critical concepts. It is undeniable that an unprecedented interplay exists today between art and ideas. Yet the importance of the conceptual element can easily be exaggerated. Occasionally, a critic overexcited by the spotlight will lend his weight to some "law" that must prevail in the art to come. Detecting the hint of a torso or a table in an "abstract" painting, one critic happily applauds the inevitable self-reassertion of nature in painting and warns the stubborn against holding out. Another logician of inevitability, having noted a tendency since early Matisse toward increasing economy of means in painting, declares that from now on good painting will be identifiable by simple shapes, thin pigments, and untouched areas of canvas. In the bewildering outpouring of styles and assumptions, any theory offers a footing, and in the carry-over from the past both critics will be right: the visible world will reappear, and so will paintings reduced to finger exercises with the medium. By the same token, however, their formulas will be picked up by artists without talent or intellectual vitality, so the risk of being misguided about the worth of works is as great as ever.

FOR the artist, the replacement of tradition by historical consciousness compels a continual choosing among possibilities. The decision to follow one aesthetic hypothesis rather than another



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is a matter of professional life or death. The release of art from a one-way push of the past is inseparable from a permanent uneasiness that is related to the anguish of possibility from which all free men suffer. This uneasiness both artists and their audiences will have to learn to endure.

Of the major exhibitions starting the 1962-63 season, three—the Tobey retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, the Arthur B. Davies centennial at the Whitney Museum, and the Picassos at the Kootz Gallery—were of paintings dramatically illustrating the historical sensibility and its problems. Of the three, Picasso alone locates himself entirely inside of history, while the two Americans, though they recognize the power of time over art, have sought outside points of resistance to it in ideology and mysticism.

In his reanimation of existing art, the model of which is history's constant metamorphosis of the old into the new, Picasso seems hardly to distinguish between his own earlier works and those of other artists. The eight 1959-60 paintings shown by Kootz continue to the point of caricature ("Nude on Divan") the Master's frontal-plus-profile masks, which reach back to the birth of the century. In a concurrent show in Paris he returns beyond his own beginnings to undertake a reinvention of Manet. Like events, like language, all art is for Picasso collective property from which each artist is entitled to draw as much as he can use. The point of the appropriation is for the living artist to bring successive layers of time forward into presentness, upon which the contemporary mind can imprint itself, as Cubism reduced space to the two dimensions of the canvas on which the painter acts. With Picasso, the painful historical consciousness of the twentieth century attains to profundities not exceeded by philosophies of other epochs.

If Picasso is the darling of historical thinking in art, Davies was its victim. As director of the famous Armory Show in 1913, he shared responsibility for introducing into the United States the profusion of modern art and its tribulations. For himself, he interposed between his painter's eye and the American countryside, which it had interpreted with unusual sensitivity, the wheel of new styles and theories. With so many strategies for aesthetic dreaming to choose from, Davies' dreams became increasingly conceptual. The silent landscapes in which he posed his familiar penumbral nymphs are, like

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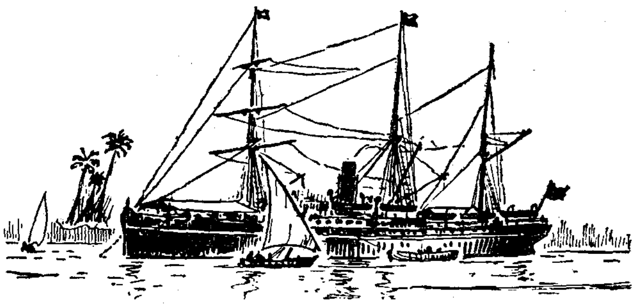

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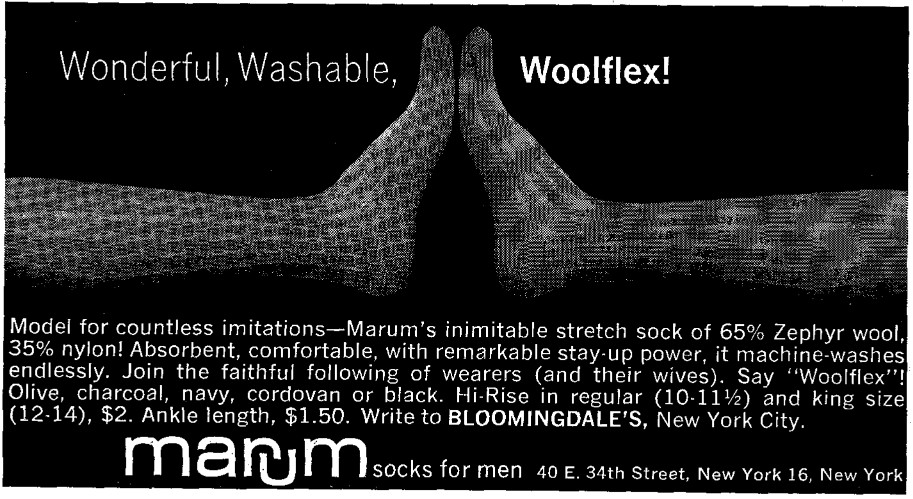

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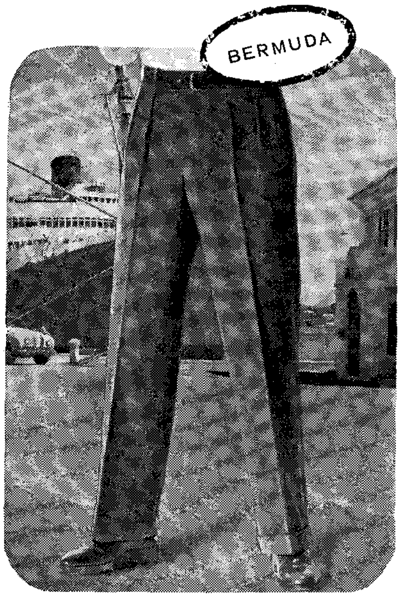
Symbolist art generally, a refuge beyond the reach of events contrived from the history of art. His early naturalist paintings, free of ideological drive—"Landscape" (1887), "Along the Erie Canal" (1890)—possess the same mood of quiet withdrawal, but in their simplicity of statement are more attractive as paintings. Davies' remarkable intuition of what art in this century would be—he collected Cézanne, Picasso, Seurat, Brancusi, Chirico, Léger, Gris—was more than he could live up to as an artist. Critics of the Whitney centennial exhibition have seized upon his creative lag and his nervous borrowings to recite how much an artist loses in losing his innocence and to raise the usual warning against experimentation and intellectual venturing. By this logic, if Davies' talents failed to carry him where he wished to go, the remedy would have been for him to blindfold himself. An intelligence that has once sensed its time cannot, however, back away from it. Davies' later art was not a mistake; it bears the pathos of his unique response to the predicament of American art in his day. To see in his paintings their transitional historical substance is to appreciate their true interest.

An adherent of Bahai, Tobey, like Davies, projects his imagination beyond the temporal. But while Davies' canvases are closed gardens, Tobey's are porous to all kinds of time phenomena. Bahai searches for an underlying Reality at the same time that it hails "the new day" and the twentieth century; for Tobey, immersion in time is therefore a matter of religious conviction. In his retrospective exhibition, which reaches back to 1918, susceptibility to developments in art and events during the past forty years is fused with the changeless oddity of the cultist. You meet Blake, Hopper, Duchamp, Klee, Masson, the Chinese, the depression, Broadway, Zen, social realism, Cubism, the American Indian, and Jackson Pollock. Tobey's art, though, is his own even when his derivations are most obvious. Turning with art history, he also bends it in his direction. His "white writing" of 1935, conceived with the aid of the Chinese, gives him a place among the innovators. Tobey's calligraphic and later spotted and squiggled "over-all" canvases are inevitably compared to Pollock's drip paintings. Often resembling them in their handling of space, they differ entirely both in the action that composes their surfaces and in intention. Except in the "Sumi" thrown-ink paintings (inferior to Pollocks and Klines in that instead of producing original cal-



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ligraphic effects they look Chinese), Tobey's hand retains contact with the canvas or paper, and the movement of the line, the dottings and nervous scribbles, are used to evoke an image, not to enact an experience. The Tobey picture originates beyond the self of the artist rather than in the endeavor to express, extend, intoxicate, or submerge that self. The distinction is obvious in a painting like "Gothic" (1943), in which the shooting strokes of an apparent abstraction assemble themselves into the interior of a church. Throughout, Tobey's dominant tone is the chalky tan-gray of scratchings on a slate or a tablet of stone, as if he wished to fix his twentieth-century experience into a message brought down from the mountain.

EACH new generation of artists—they now appear every three or four years—endures the frustrating feeling that "everything has been done." To the avant-garde of the twenties, Picasso had occupied all the forward positions in painting, as Joyce had in prose. Today, a detour must be found around de Kooning or Rothko that will not lead into the detour of Rauschenberg. Yet oppressive as these Chinese boxes of styles within styles may at times turn out to be, there is no escape from them, into either raw nature or raw phantasy. With Rousseau, Bombois, Vivin, even "primitivism" had entered art as a self-conscious tendency. More recently, Dubuffet closed again the gates to naïveté by his wide-ranging, sophisticated exploitation of the scrawls of non-artists and the composts formed by natural processes. If, thirty-five years ago, poetry was, as Cummings said, in competition with "roses and locomotives [and] the eyes of mice," art today has come to terms with the tracks of crocodiles and the motor and taste impulses of monkeys. Any agency—human, animal, mechanical, chemical—that disturbs a surface is automatically enrolled in the potential history of styles. The consciousness of art is thus an expanding consciousness. No wonder the conviction holds that revolutions must keep happening in painting and sculpture and that whatever these bring forth will have a chance of becoming legitimate once it has entered into the texture of the common imagination.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

EDITORS' NOTE: Robert M. Coates, our regular art critic, will be on leave of absence for a year. During this period, "The Art Galleries" will be written by Harold Rosenberg.

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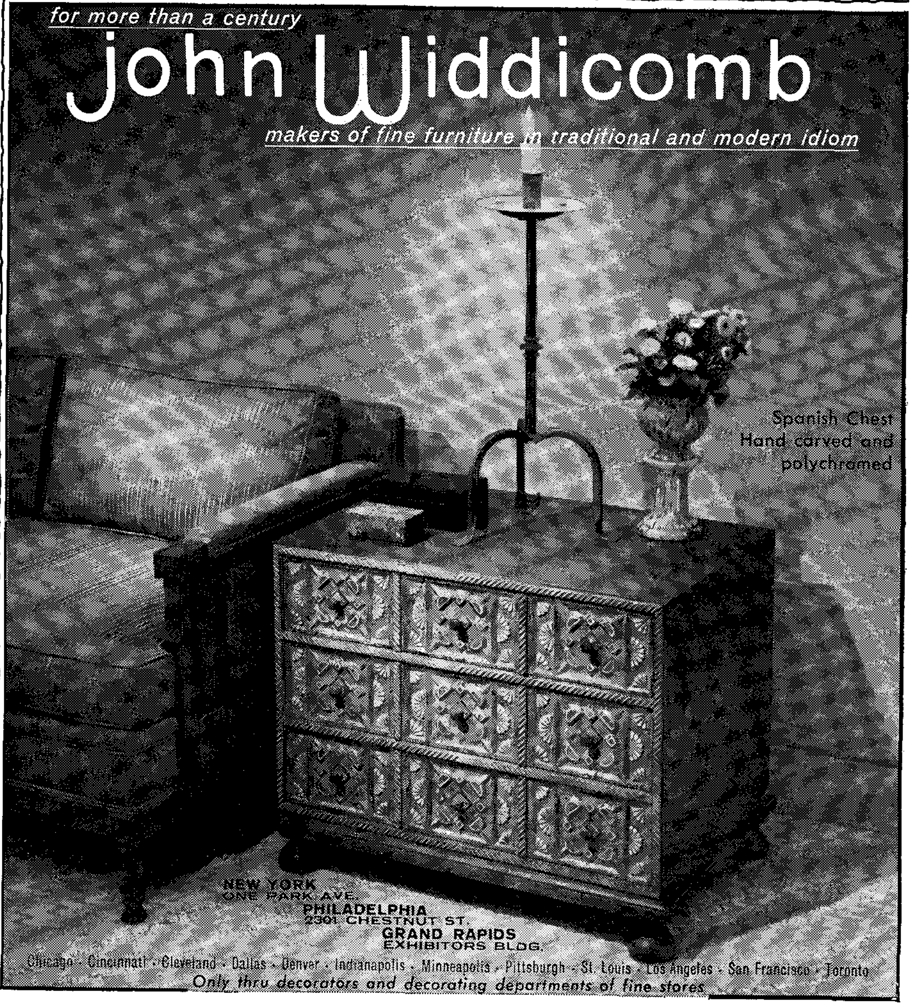

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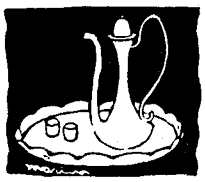
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

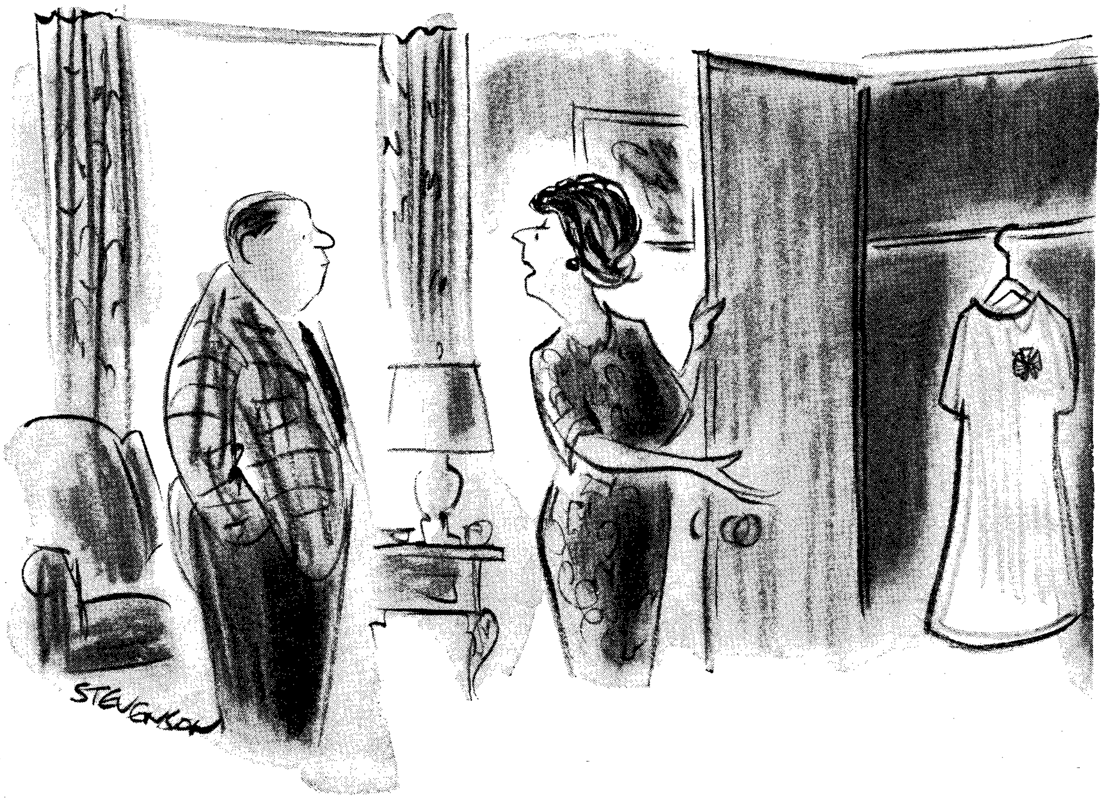


WHEN the National Paint, Varnish, and Lacquer Association states, as it did not long ago, that seventy per cent of the interior painting jobs in this country are undertaken by the do-it-yourself boys, and that the same people are also responsible for fifty per cent of the outside paint work (I am not one to inquire how the authorities who know such interesting facts come by them), it seems high time for this department, ever mindful of the interests of the householder, to inform itself on how the householder is making out in this particular field. Well, he is making out fine, simply fine, thanks to a medium that has changed more rapidly in the past few years than any other construction material you can think of.

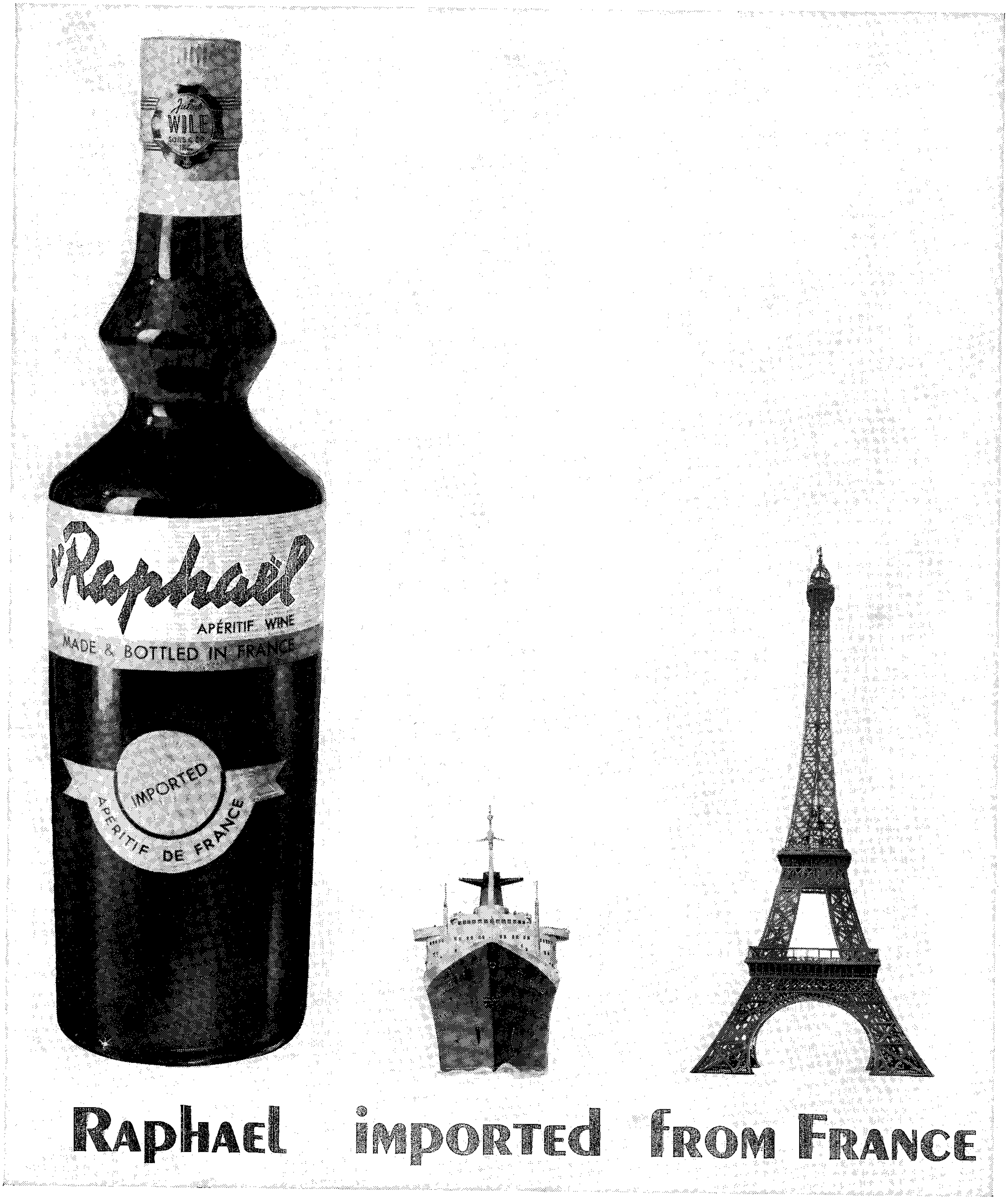
In a recent article on household paint and painting, *Architectural Forum* warns that today "paint selection can be one of the most bewildering problems." Well, *Architectural Forum* can say that again (actually, it does), with the hearty endorsement of everybody who has approached the subject of late. Unless you have kept right up to date on what the seventy per cent inside men are doing their jobs with, and how the fifty per cent are coming along outside, you are likely to be unprepared for the startling difference between today's water-thinned paints and the article that was labelled paint a decade or so ago. To be accurate, the water-thinned paints aren't really new, having been with us since the nineteen-thirties, but their development has been so rapid lately that some of the newer ones have to be seen and worked with to be believed, and even then they may tax credulity. The base of all water-thinned paints is latex, which is also the source of rubber, and it was the synthetization of this substance, during the early days of the war, that opened the way to the new wonders. In recent years, the demand for jeep tires having abated, chemists have been monkeying around with the molecules of latex, adding one here and subtracting one there, with spectacular results as far as paint is concerned. At the moment, there are three major types of water-thinned paint—the vinyl, the acrylic, and the styrene-butadiene—but we needn't go into that, because they all have in common several charming qualities: they dry with remarkable speed (a matter of minutes, in some cases); they have no unpleasant paint odor; they are much less likely to drip than oil-thinned paints are, and if they do, a swipe with a wet cloth is all that's necessary (once the paint hardens, though, it can withstand any amount of scrubbing); many of them require no primer on new plaster; and, because of the ease with which they can be applied, they frequently reduce the cost of labor for those of us who can't or won't do it ourselves. There is, moreover, as a sort of bonus blessing, the fact that this paint can be cleaned from brushes and rollers without leaving an oily mess to be coped with; soap and water make an easy and thorough job of it. Then, too, these paints are believed to be unusually fadeproof, although some of them haven't been around long enough for such a claim to be entirely dependable.

At this moment, owing to contractual arrangements that take the choice of paints and painters out of my hands, I am huddled in one corner of a bedroom, into which all the living-room furniture has been moved, while a pig-headed old painter paints away and drips away with linseed-oil-based paints in the living room on a job that has been going on (or seems to have been going on) for as long as I can remember. In a little while, he will come to say that he will drop by tomorrow to see whether the work is ready for a second coat, which he doesn't much think it will be.

Perhaps I am especially critical of this procedure because I recently stood by, fascinated, while a handy neighbor, in what seemed no time at all, painted a whole room of his house with Satin Plus, a latex-based paint put out by the Magicolor Company and sold hereabouts exclusively at Macy. It is the most recent of the water-thinned products to make its appearance, but that's not saying that there won't be something newer next week, such is the rate at which these things are proliferating. This particular newcomer, which is available in white and in fifteen colors, is designed for practically any kind of inside work—to cover plaster, wallboard, wallpaper, painted or unpainted woodwork, and, under certain conditions, even metal. The walls and ceiling of the job I am talking



"Voilà! My fall collection!"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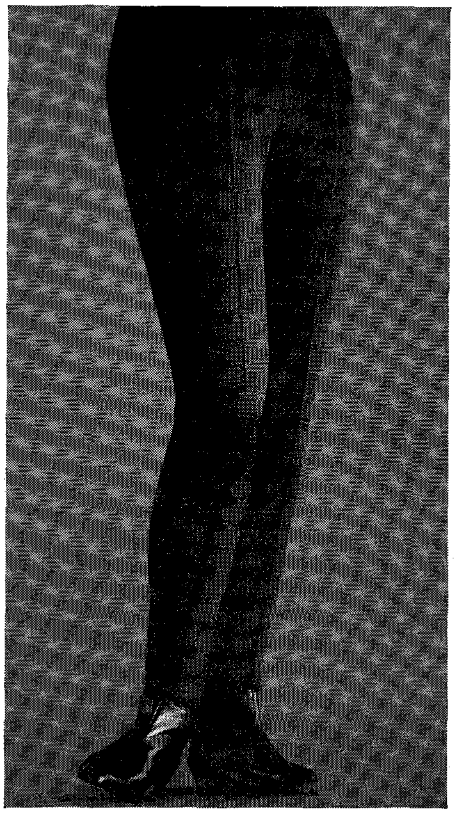

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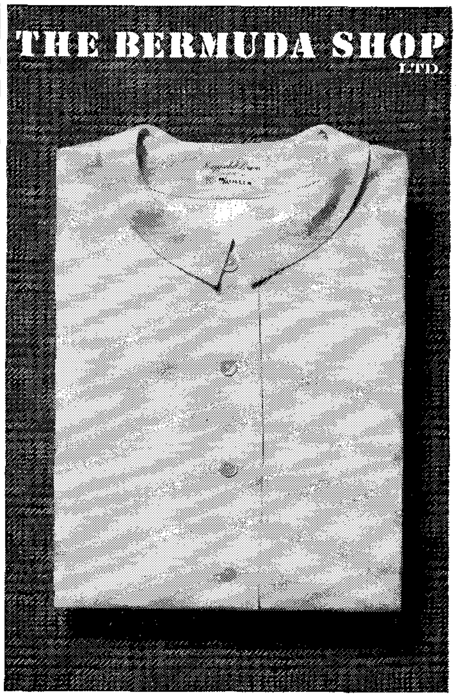
about were being done in flat white with a roller, and there was less drip than I would have believed possible. The paint itself is about the consistency of a rather thin mayonnaise (a mayonnaise that hasn't turned out quite successfully) and takes to a roller nicely. When a brush is used, the paint is laid on in heavy strokes, rather than brushed on in the usual way. After twenty minutes, the walls of my neighbor's room were dry to the touch, and within an hour they were ready for a second coat—if a second coat had been necessary, which it wasn't. Your drip-dry shirt hanging in the bathroom can hardly beat that record.

This impressive operation was done over white oil-based paint, rather the worse for wear, which one coat covered admirably, but the white-on-white offered no real test of Magicolor's claim that one coat of even its white Satin Plus is able to hide the darkest color, and even black. (Who on earth has black walls to be painted over, anyway?) To get an idea of how much salt to take with this dish (I, too, can speak Madison Avenue like a native), I laid in a supply of Satin Plus white and some assorted colors, and, with a series of closet shelves as guinea pigs, was off on a series of experiments involving white on tan, white on blue, white on green, and so forth. In each case, the white paint did actually hide the colored paint, but in each case, also, I must note, a second coat would have made a more finished job. An advantage that there is no disputing, though, is the highly satisfactory way an area painted with Satin Plus can be touched up in the course of a painting job without showing the lap marks that amateurs find it so hard to avoid with conventional paints. There is also that business of how easy-as-pie it is to clean the brushes with soap and water. My own experiments being relatively recent, I can neither verify nor disprove Magicolor's claim that its product has an unusual resistance to fading. At Macy, the paint is to be had, in its full range of colors, for $2.49 a quart or $6.99 a gallon.

My love affair with water-thinned paints was bound, of course, not to confine itself to one product, and since my dalliance with Satin Plus I have tried so many good-looking latex-based paints that I have entirely run out of things to paint. Before I started out on this painting spree, though, I remembered *Architectural Forum's* warning about bewilderment, and, to get a general idea of which water-thinned paints are intended to do what, paid a call on Mr. Steve Wolf, of S. Wolf's Sons, at 771



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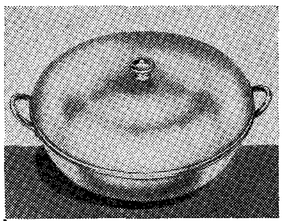

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Ninth Avenue (52nd), whose firm has been in business for ninety-three years, and who, it is generally agreed in the trade, knows all there is to know about paint. I explained to him that I wanted to find out, as well as I could, how the various paints perform in the hands of an amateur who takes time to read the directions, and he started out with a cautionary word on how fussy the water-thinned paints are about combining one with another. The people of S. Wolf's Sons do a splendidly accurate job of mixing colors—even matching a wallpaper or a swatch of material—but once you have the paint home, you'd better not say to yourself, "It needs a little more blue," and expect to squeeze in just any old blue paint in the usual way. (I think the molecules get to acting up if you do.) Mr. Wolf pointed out that you can, however, get around any such difficulty with a newly developed pigment called Universal and manufactured by Benjamin Moore, which tints all types of paint—latex-based or oil-based, outdoor or interior. Mr. Wolf also informed me that the National Chemical & Manufacturing Co. has put out, under its Luminall label, a product called Style Tone, which is intended for mixing with any latex-based interior paint, and also for use as is, straight out of the can. It comes in a range of beautiful strong colors—a most unusual quality in the water-thinned paints, which for the most part lean toward pastel shades. With a little imagination, these vivid colors can be combined with the standard paints to produce very handsome effects on walls, to which they contribute an exceptionally satiny finish. Both Style Tone and Universal can be bought at S. Wolf's Sons and also at the Plaza Paint Supply Corporation, 1026 Third Avenue (61st), and at Merit Paint Supply, 227 East 44th Street, among other outstanding paint stores.

THE water-thinned product that provides a real lark for the amateur is the Luminall paint designed for indoor or outdoor concrete floors, for primed-wood porches and stairs, or—as I used it, in an intense shade of blue—for the floor of a closet. One interesting point here is that this paint upsets all the old jokes about painting yourself into a corner, since it can be applied with a long-handled floor brush, while if you reach your corner after all, with brush or roller, you have only to sit there with a good book for half an hour or so and the floor will be dry enough to walk on—at least in stocking feet. Besides the various grays that seem inevitable for cellars, the paint

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I had had it up to my pate with beaten paths and bejewelled hotels. I had had quite enough of those ruddy, pre-planned, pre-organized, preposterous social activity programs, thank you.

I sought rarer things . . . a secluded island, far from the madding crowd . . . beaches; soft, pink and private . . . a calm surf; blue, beckoning and bracing . . . pleasant things to do; swimming, sailing, golf, skin-diving, water-skiing . . . and pleasant people to do them with.

Unattainable, you say? Not at all. I found them all in the three 'Caribeach Islands' of the Lesser Antilles.

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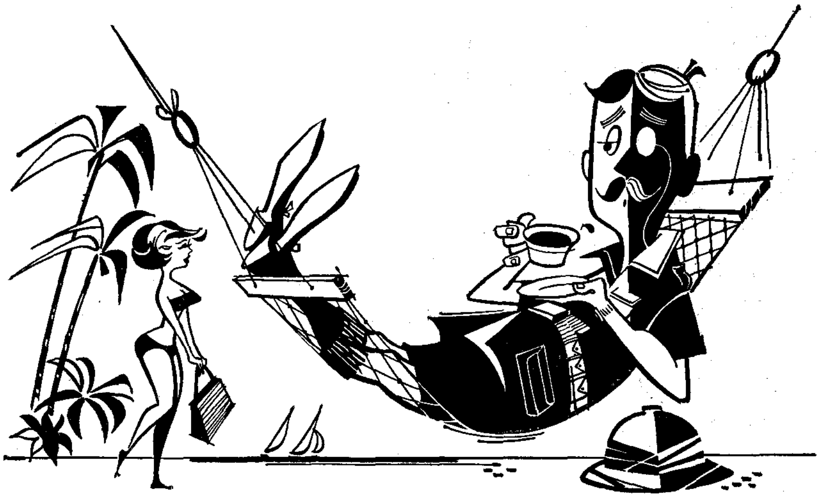

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MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Do Salesmen Sell?

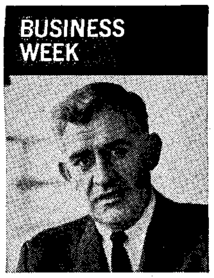
Less and less—according to E. B. Weiss in a sure-to-be-controversial new book "The Vanishing Salesman" (McGraw-Hill, $6.95). Weiss points out that the salesman is still making the sales calls, but "initial sales increasingly are being made at the executive level and through closed-door buying committees." As a result, the selling function is changing, primarily into a service function.

Weiss underlines the problem: "Salesmen can't even talk to those who make the buying decision for billions of dollars of presold brand and industrial volume." How do you reach these decision-makers? Through advertising—in BUSINESS WEEK, management's magazine. Management who can't or won't see salesmen look for helpful, practical, problem-solving ads in BUSINESS WEEK. The advertising is an inherent part of the BUSINESS WEEK reader's reason for reading the magazine.

Almost tempts us to say: "Serve 'em with salesmen; sell 'em with BUSINESS WEEK." But we had better not; we have salesmen of our own.

You advertise in BUSINESS WEEK when you want to inform management men

A McGraw-Hill Magazine



comes in lovely rich colors such as were probably never trod on before. You had better be warned, though, in case you hold out for a shiny floor, that the paint dries to a matte surface. You will find it at most reliable paint stores.

My zeal for research into the water-thinned-paint situation had, understandably, somewhat abated before I got to fooling around with house paints. Therefore, I am in a position only to pass along the enthusiastic report of a friend who painted his house with Sherwin-Williams A-100 Latex when the paint first appeared, a couple of years ago, and who claims that the job is still in pristine condition.

WHEN those enormous green plant containers in the middle of Park Avenue South first appeared, they seemed to penthouse and terrace gardeners with fancy ideas for outdoor decoration to be the very answer to prayer, but it is now apparent that these city horticulturists simply didn't pray hard enough. While the containers, being made of reinforced Fiberglas, are incredibly light, and thus are not apt to crash through to the floors beneath when they are filled with dirt, and while they are big enough to hold shrubs, and even the small trees that do so much for a roof garden, and while they have the proper drainage holes and all that, and while they come in nice, unobtrusive colors that are not affected by the elements, with another earnest prayer or two something might have been done about the price, which is around $450 for a pot four feet in diameter and thirty-nine inches high. Containers of less interesting dimensions are, it is true, considerably less costly; a cylindrical one that measures two feet in diameter and twenty-one inches in height is about $150. In various shapes—round, square, hexagonal—they are to be had, through decorators or architects, at Robert Barber, 6 East 53rd Street. —S. H.

THIS AND THAT

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THE girl is wearing a bateau-neck pullover with brief sleeves, and below it a slinky skirt. The fabric is a rayon called "eyelash," and it is living up to its name by wearing, in its turn, a million short strands of fringe, beneath which is a pattern that suggests emboldened stained-glass windows in a battle royal. Shadings from pink to garnet, or aquamarine to royal blue, provide the color. As the girl moves (her entrance music is "My Man," played, inescapa-

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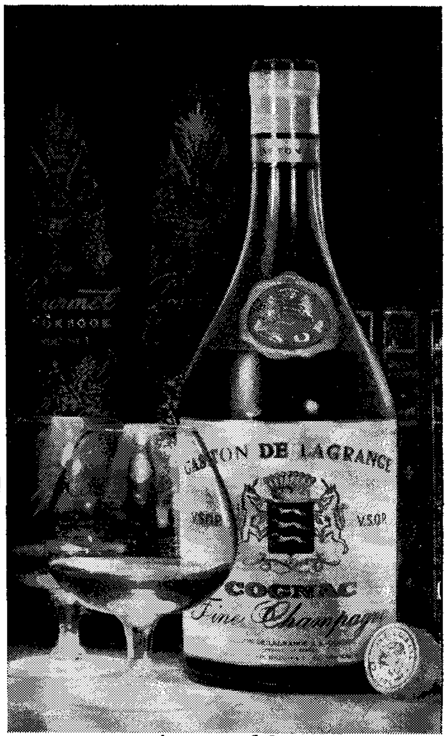

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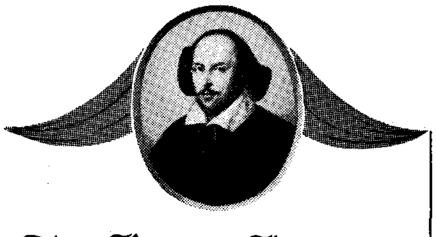

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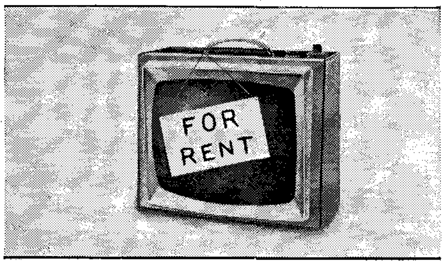

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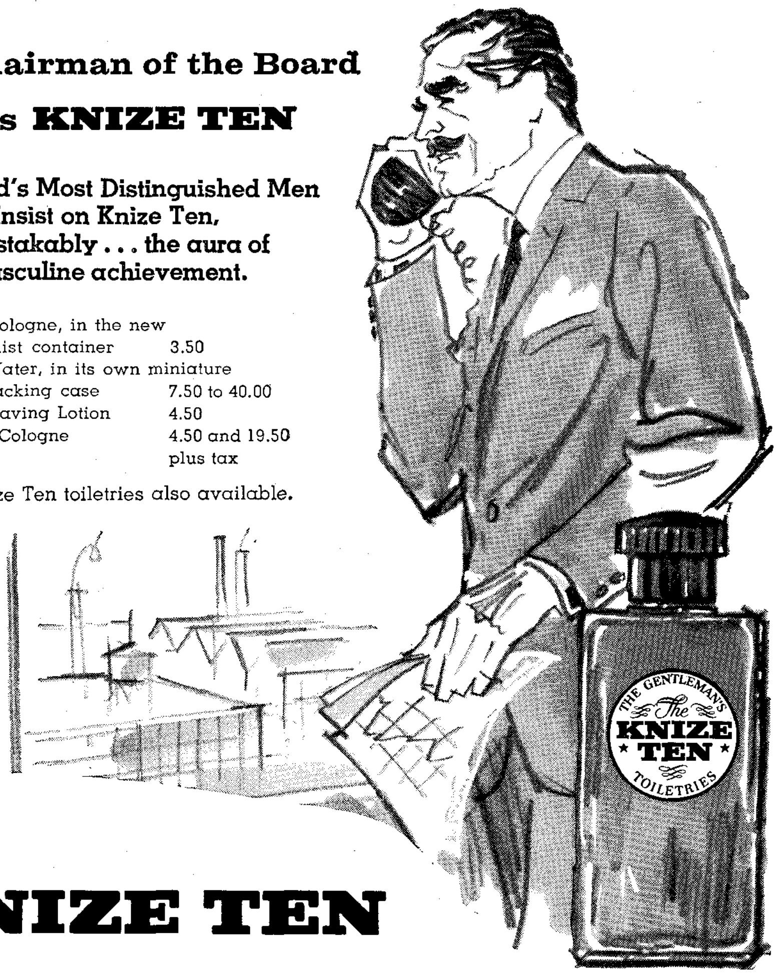
bly, on an accordion), we discover that her skirt is slit to the knees in back. "To the Moulin Rouge," we say to the *cocher*, "and drive like a fiend," but it is in Studio 3 in sturdy old Altman that we end up, and nothing else is ever again quite as wild—not even the afternoon-into-evening sheaths of the same stuff, now in a yellow-and-black print. Well, there *is*, come to think of it, that sort of burlap made out of gold yarn and lined with yellow China silk. A shift and a combination of straight skirt and hip-long overblouse are what come out of this, and brown silk is the piping on the armholes, the zipper closings, and the collarless necks. Probably for the theatre are the stark two-piece dresses—or are they suits?—of a white velveteen whose wide horizontal rib gives it an ermine look, and assuredly for making an impression are the long Grecian dresses of white stretch crêpe with a matte finish. Circular capes that end below the waist in a flurry of white curled ostrich feathers are part of the scheme, and $65, a representative sum, is the price of the whole thing.

Young Flair is another Altman alcove, where sizes 5 to 14 prevail. Several tailored dresses are one-piece—hipbone-length bodices of olive suède with sleeves and skirts of black wool knit, sleeveless bodices of suède in Delft blue with skirts of navy wool knit, or short-sleeved bodices of yellow suède with the same navy skirts. Shifts of black synthetic crêpe are for more dressed-up events. Some of them have round necks and batwing sleeves; others are covered by tunics, slit at the sides, that descend to the hem of the skirts. Décolletage occasionally becomes noticeable in the group; it is supported by string shoulder straps. From Hong Kong comes a slip (a *mere* slip, that is) of a princesse sheath suspended from double straps; ivory rayon-and-silk brocade dotted with clusters of demure gold-and-white blossoms is the material. Two-piece Occidental evening dresses of white rayon brocade decorated with white chrysanthemums are provided with folds at the natural waists and on the matchbox skirts, and waist-length overblouses embroidered with scrolls of iridescent sequins cover the décolletage. All of these Young Flairs are between $35 and $45. Not very often, some other ensemble *does* amount to $110.

The children's department has acquired a batch of clothes in sizes 3 to 14. Among them are dresses of gingham in a black-and-white check with Peter Pan collars of white linen, back belts, and sleeves that fasten at the wrists with sort-of cufflinks—pearl buttons and black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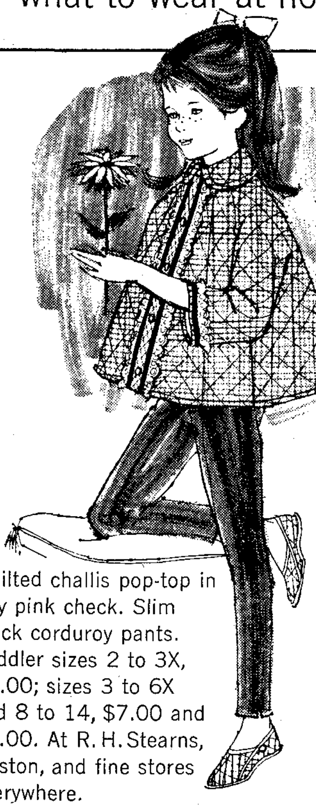
velvet baby-ribbon bows. With these go cap-sleeved box jackets of black velveteen. Princesse jumper coat dresses of navy velveteen are the setting for white cotton blouses whose turnover collars and long cuffs are given a scalloped edging, and party dresses of finely ribbed pink cotton are put forth with deep yokes all the way around the split overskirts. Bows of white organdie appear on the chest, and there are standaway cuffs. The rock bottom in this group is at $13, the summit is $30.

THE International Boutique at Mark Cross is ready for outdoor Indian summer and even Indian fall. Many of the clothes are made in Europe, and arrive (to order) on the weekly sailings of the Pinta, Niña, and Santa Maria. One Italian contribution is single-breasted raincoats of charcoal silk, lined down the sides with a lively surah print. The separate hoods are double-layer. Fly-front coats of bronze gabardine are lined, waist to hem, with shaggy mohair, and suède change purses hang from patch pockets on long gold-metal chains. For clear days, there are mannish three-quarter-length tailored coats of black antelope. The final Italian items are shirtwaist dresses of maroon antelope that are nipped in by matching contour belts studded with three brass rings. They come to $220, and they can double as coats. Some reversible wraparound coats from England are of souffléd mohair-and-llama wool, with slit pockets on the charcoal side and patch pockets on the coffee side. Switzerland sends skirts and three-quarter capes of oxford-gray flannel, the capes lined with red flannel that matches the waistcoats beneath; $110 complete. Wool knit in bright navy makes the stuff from Spain—cardigan jackets, high-throated sleeveless pullovers, and straight skirts. Shocking-pink braid outlines the jackets and the throats of the pullovers.

GALLERIA, now removed to 125 East 55th Street, is doing clothes, sizes 8 to 14, for from $35 to $125, and that includes one fitting. Slender skirts and reversible wrist-length capes (these last hook at the throat and can be flung over the shoulders to show off the vividly colored or black inside, which is wool jersey) are of black-and-white tweed. Lunch and a matinée are the destinations of some short-sleeved bloused jackets with ties that knot below the bosom. Green-and-tan tweed flecked with dusty pink is the foundation, and the color scheme synchronizes with the silk-and-rayon bodices of the flare-skirted dresses that accompany them.

what to wear at home



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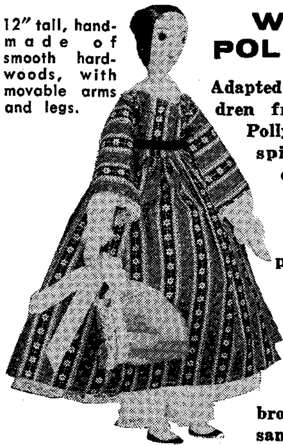

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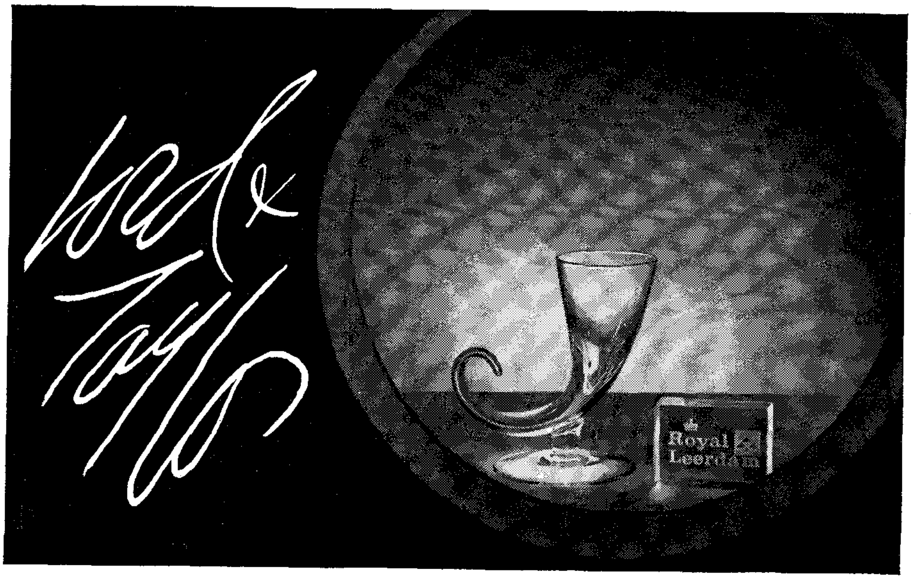
Bendel's enlarged Smaller Than Small Shop, on the third floor, is interested in clothes in sizes 0 (this applies only to coats for real pygmies) to 7 in the junior and misses' grades. (Not only the sizes but the racks along the walls have been lowered for the convenience of our smaller young women.) Double-breasted greatcoats of a brown pile that does look like Matara seal are fastened by black buttons and surmounted by shawl collars of raccoon-dyed opossum; greatcoats of shaved olive-green wool (Persian lamb is what *this* looks like) are fastened by a double row of French coins and have quilted linings of pumpkin cotton. They're $110 and $90, respectively. The three-piece suits—Chanel-type jackets (trimmed with scrolls of black braid), sleeveless scoop-neck overblouses, and box-pleated skirts—are of black-and-ginger honeycomb tweed. Last of all come the long, narrow evening dresses of citron antique silk, with inverted-V knots at one side of the waist in front and at one side of the wraparound back.

In the lingerie department, across the aisle (and we're still in Lilliput), reposes a set—brassière, petticoat, short robe, nightgown, briefs, and pants to which overskirts of above-knee length are attached—done in white nylon georgette crêpe ornamented with black, blue, or peppermint scrolls and flowers.

At-home slippers for women of all ages and sizes (there is a supply of each, even today) who wear 5 to 9 AA through B are in the shoe emporium on Bendel's first floor. Some would do well on a dance floor—black satin slippers with slanting straps across the foot and buckles of rhinestones and silver metal; sort of French dancing pumps, men's style, but done in black or red velvet, with matching grosgrain bows at the vamps; medieval mules in red, blue, black, or olive velvet, striped vertically and horizontally at the vamp with the



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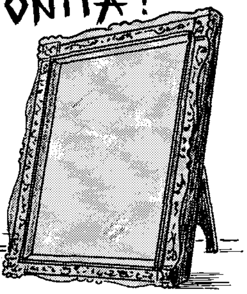

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sort of braid (dull gold) that you find on ecclesiastical robes. The prices in the lot run from $15 to $18.

PIERRE CARDIN is the architect of some lingerie at Bonwit Teller, though not at Cardin's couturier prices; $23 to $70 is the range here, and the point of view runs from right now back to good Queen Victoria's glorious days. Right now is represented by brief nightgowns of ice-blue satin de lys, which—to come to grips with it—is a blend of Dacron, nylon, and silk (silk has not been abolished *yet*). The frosting on these is rows of white nylon lace. Peignoirs of the same lace, with many vertical bandings of pink baby ribbon that end in bows at the hem, go with some double-deck gowns—a layer of white nylon tricot over a layer of pink nylon sheer that is also streaked with ribbon. Edwardian are the negligees of rose rayon crêpe with broad bands of white lace of the Alençon type, and there are fine pleats down the flowing sleeves. Victorian are the wrappers (and so is this word) of rose synthetic taffeta, tying in a bow at the waist and flourishing flounces on the cuffs, the hem, and the cape collars.

A FURTHER stockpile of short nightgowns—these are Italian—exists at Le Sorelle, whose locale is 137 East 56th Street. Scoop necks embroidered with scallops and/or garlands of flowers are one means of identifying them, and sheer cotton is the goods, and the coloration can be pastels, Mediterranean blue, or wine.

WADE H. MERRITT, who is in business at 17 West 55th Street, is a ready-to-wear milliner who aims to provide hats, mostly of his own design, for mature women, and has cheerfully taken on the task of discovering enough women in this classification. On his shelves are off-the-face berets of stitched panne velvet (with small curlicues, above the brows, in Delft blue, for one, to flatter gray hair), bouffant caps that are all layers of fluttery black taffeta ruffles ending in minute fringe, and turbans of bottle-and-emerald-green velvet with a propeller bow above the right eye. The cost varies between $25 and $35.

LORD & TAYLOR's millinery department (fourth floor) is full of Emme Boutique hats made of rayon velvet in black and white. Bubble caps of black velvet have wide inserts of white velvet arching from the sides toward the back, and drum-shaped toques of

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black velvet have cuffs of white velvet, four inches high, wrapped in black mesh veiling; bows and streamers of black grosgrain are posed above the right temple of these. Bulbous crowns of shirred black-and-white velvet sit over the tiny brims (black velvet) of hats to be worn straight at the top of the hairline. And there are berets of black velvet; they look like French sailor caps, the way they sprout black pompons at the summit. The largest price here is $25.

DELMAN has rounded up a group of good and comfortable shoes made in this country by Caprini. There are walking pumps (with tongues) on matching heels in red, black, brown, gray, and olive lizard, and pumps on stacked leather heels (with infinitesimal gold-metal buckles) of a perforated suède-finish calf that is similar in feel and color to cork. The country or walking the dog is the function of one-eyelet oxfords with soles of crêpe rubber and tops of dark-green, black, navy, or russet suède outlined by white stitching. Sling-back wedge sandals, for at-home, are to be observed in gold kid (my favorite) or white or black suède studded with fake cabochon rubies, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, and such; sling-back evening slippers with towering heels are of nude nylon mesh embroidered with a jumble of black or gold-metal thread. The cost runs from $27 to $35 in this lot.

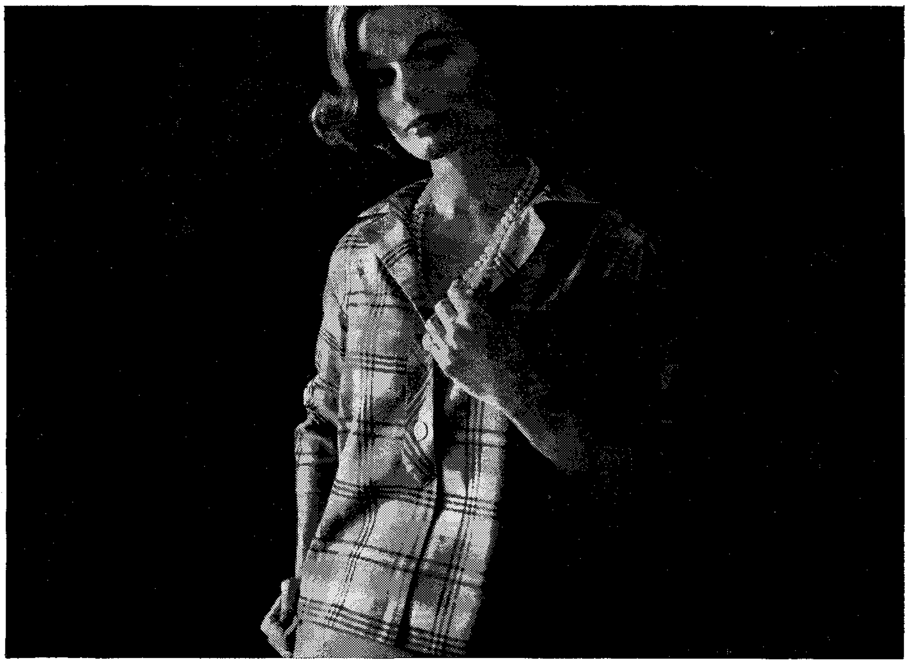
CEPELIA, at 5 East 57th Street, has brought over sheepskin sports jackets from Poland; $70. The outer, or skin, side is dyed brown or gray; the woolly inside is usually in its natural color. A jaunty all-the-way-around border is of contrasting clipped lamb's wool with small leather appliqués and clusters of embroidery. There are counterpart coats in sizes 8 to 10, for youngsters, not to mention hats and gloves for them, too. —M. M.

•

IN A SUMMER CABIN, AUTUMN

Those who unearthed
Tutankhamen's gold ornaments from
the desert,
Or the flint arrowheads
Of Ice Age men from Danish lakes,
Could not be more glad than I, finding
A still-living cricket in my house, this
cold weather,
And an old letter of yours
In a forgotten drawer.

—OTIS KIDWELL BURGER



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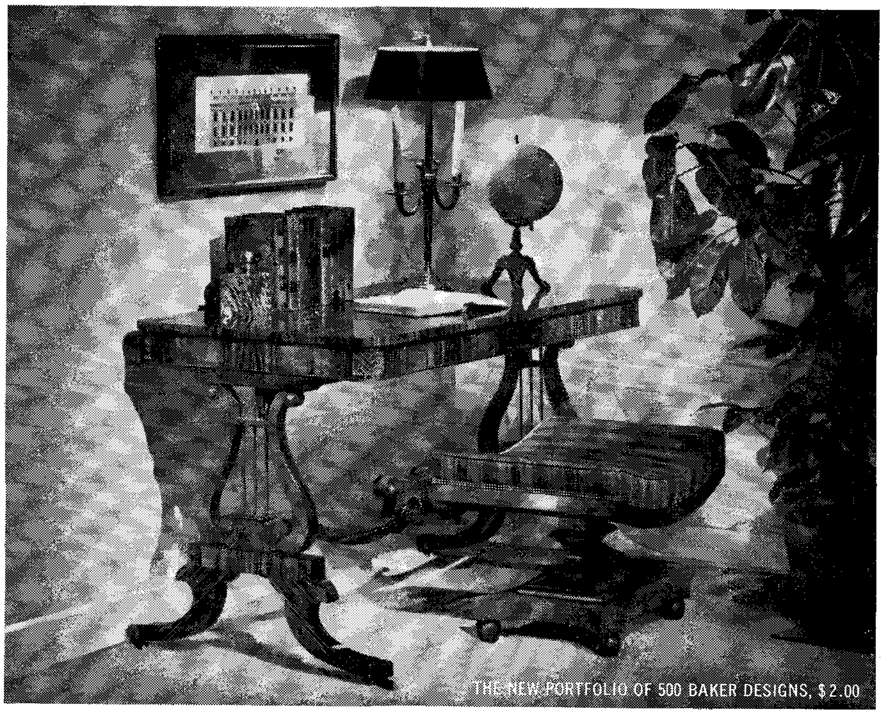

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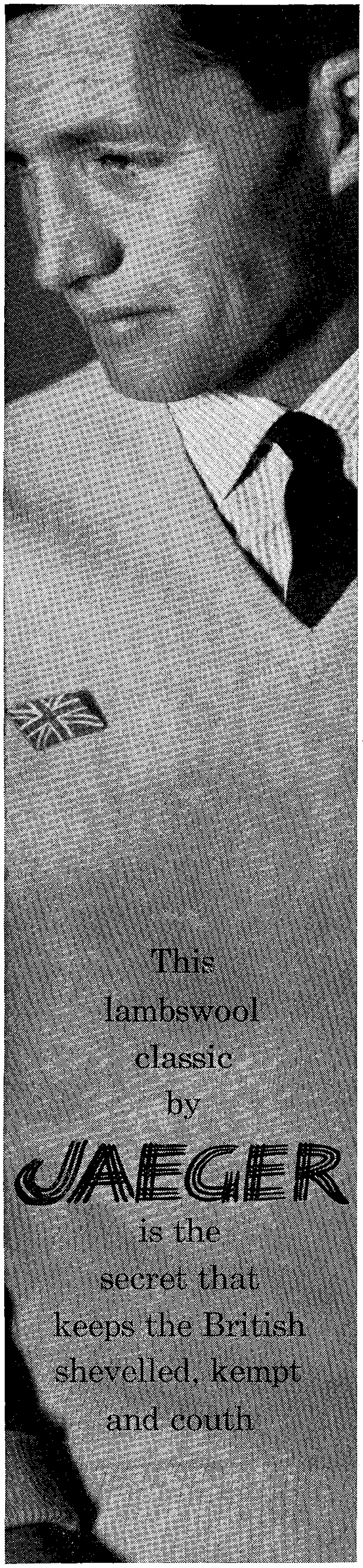

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FOOTBALL

Throw It to the Four Winds

QUITE a few years after jazz came up the river, a new pastime journeyed north from the Deep South—new only in a way, though, for constituents of earlier generations are aware that it is simply an adaptation of beanbag. Beanbag, or what is today college football in more and more places, even up above the line invented by Mason and Dixon, requires merely that the quarterback throw the ball nearly every time he gets it. Proponents of this paraphrase of what had been an ancient and reasonably honorable sport are in noisy entrancement; "makes for a wide-open game," they say. It has also got to make for wide-open-eyed, and more, officials. When a team catches on to the idea that the opposing quarterback is planning on nothing but passes, it bears in on him so quickly that he must run in a set of unconcentric circles before he can let fly with the ball, and plenty of eyes are needed to study all the concomitant happenings. Occasionally, a slyboots teammate will catch by the elbow (illegal) someone who is about to lay the quarterback out; occasionally the quarterback's circling brings him beyond the line of scrimmage before he throws his forward pass (illegal); occasionally an ineligible receiver goes downfield to draw the opposition's attention from the eligible receivers (illegal); occasionally an eligible receiver will push out of the way (illegal) the opposition man who is trying to prevent the catching of a pass. In two of the five matches this season that have come under the eyes of this constant observer, the tide of battle (to slip uneasily into the jargon) has been turned by such illegalities as these, and reports from carrier pigeons on point duty at other stadiums contain word of further such misfeasance in office.

THE humming noise that is apparent to the naked ear as soon as one alights on the platform of the Central Vermont station at White River Junction, a dozen miles from Hanover, Dartmouth's home town, is the sound of the Dartmouth whirlwind getting its reaper into gear. There had been reason to believe that in its league—the Ivy one—it ranked at the head of the list, but there had been no reason to believe

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that it could stand Holy Cross, famed big-game hunter, on its ear, and yet it did, 10–0, last Saturday. King, the Dartmouth quarterback, loves to throw the ball, but he loves to run with it, too, and so do several expert teammates, and the defense is hewn from outcroppings of the local granite. It makes for a very nice internal balance of power.

Roberts, the Columbia quarterback, is just as good as King at running and passing, but his fellow-members are not as handy at their assignments. It was very warm for Roberts wherever he was on Saturday, and such was the Harvard heat that though a lot of his passes worked, one was good for a loss of two yards and another was good (perhaps that's not quite the word here) for a loss of nine. (Even so, a second thought is that Roberts may be better than King.) Harvard, which won the match, 36–14, has furnished excellent watching for some time, but I was especially taken by its guile against Columbia; when its second team came onfield, there came with it a whole new set of tactics on offense—a combining, you could say, of the Harvard T formation and the Princeton single-wing formation. It was a happy meeting, for the second team had no trouble marching downfield for an extremely (at that point) useful touchdown.

Princeton, using an unadulterated Princeton single-wing formation, tripped over Colgate, 16–15, and broke its winning streak, as it is fond of doing against Colgate; Cornell, which had gone down with all hands against Navy the week before, went down with all hands again, 26–8, against Yale on Saturday. It *must* be the water.

—J. W. L.

•

THE FALL FESTIVAL was held on one of the most beautiful days of the year. And, it is possible that we should end our report with the first sentence. The attendance was quite poor. The police closed the festival. Nevertheless, more than $66.00 was cleared for the much-needed use of the church school.—*Calendar of St. Anna's Episcopal Church, New Orleans.*

And soon there will be the Spring Rites.

•

CAIRO, THURSDAY, Oct. 11 (AP)—A High Yemeni official was quoted by the United Arab Republic's Middle East News Agency as saying Arabia.

There was no indication that he was speaking officially. His words were taken here with reservation.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Even so, he's going out on a limb.

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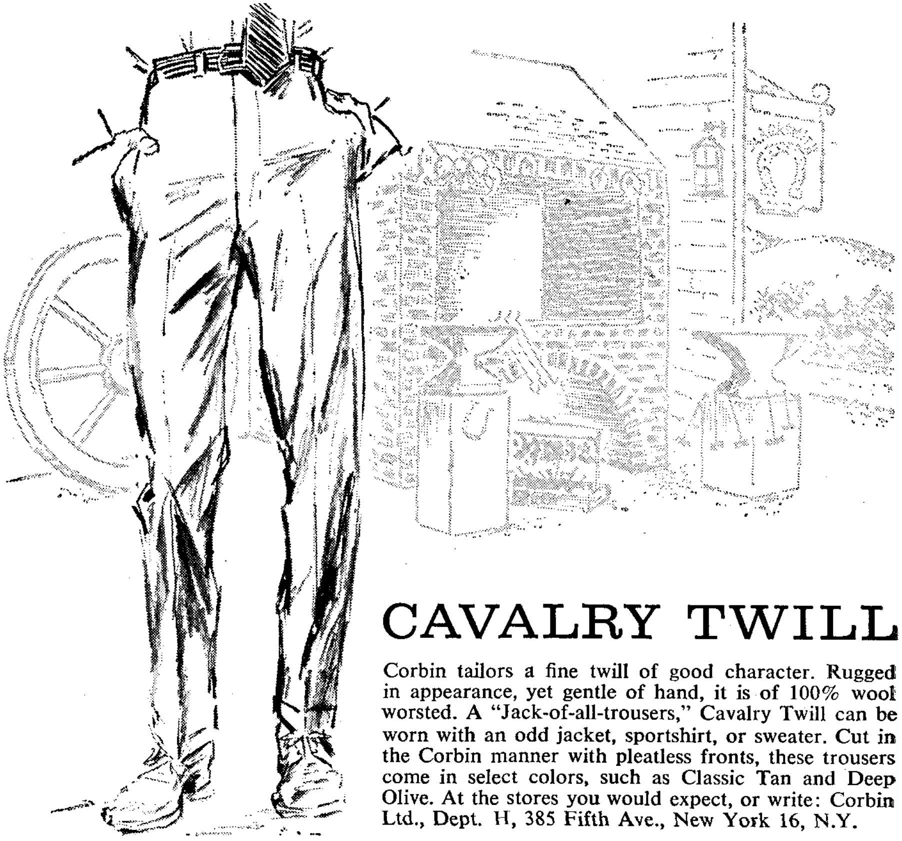

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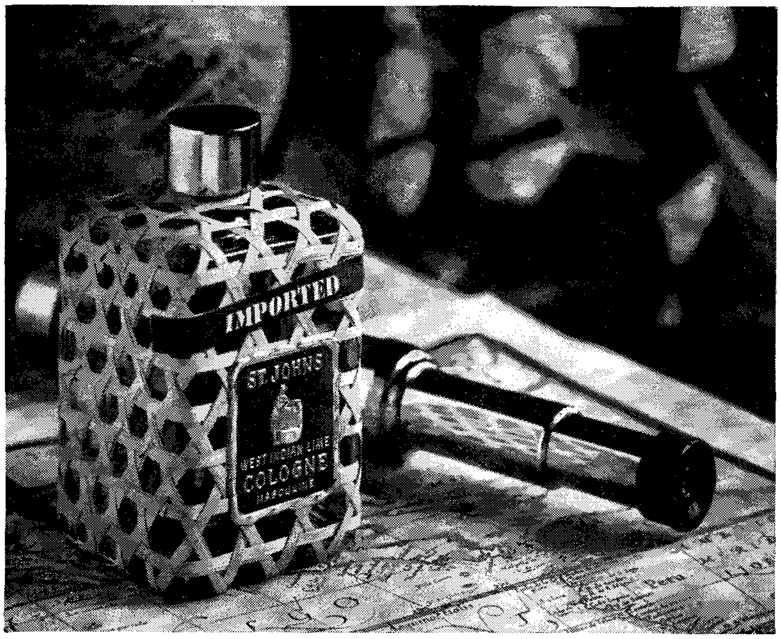

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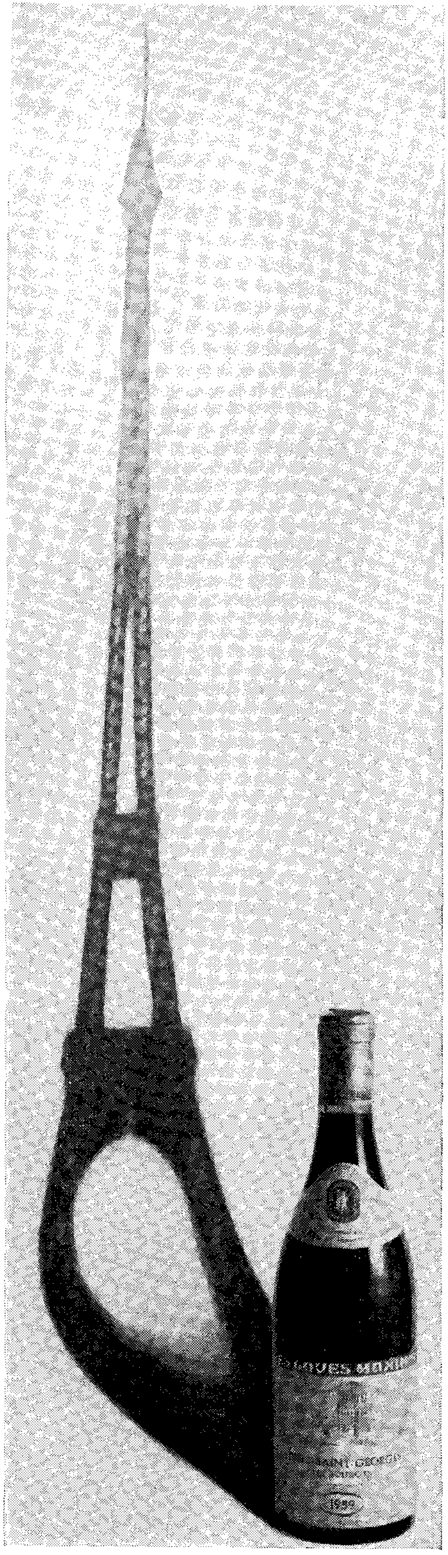

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Week to Remember

THE Met's new "Die Meistersinger," presented on Thursday evening of last week, is perhaps the most beautiful thing that the company has put on during the administration of Rudolf Bing, and I urge everyone who can manage to get a ticket to go and see it. Even if you don't like Wagnerian opera, or if you find the five hours it takes to listen to this one a bit too much (I admit that it tires me), stop in for the second act, which is the heart of the work, contains some of the most inspired music ever written, and shows a sense of comedy worthy of Shakespeare. There are many admirable ingredients in this new "Die Meistersinger," but its star is unquestionably the production itself (the first entirely new one, I am told, that this classic has had at the Metropolitan in thirty-nine years), and much of the credit for it must be given to Nathaniel Merrill, who staged it, and to Robert O'Hearn, who designed the scenery and costumes. The whole thing was made possible by a gift from Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the visual side of the spectacle was created entirely in the Metropolitan's own workshops—an economical measure assuring the maximum of splendor that could be derived from her generous financial outlay. Thank heaven, this is not one of those abstract, Bayreuth-style productions that drain away all the historical associations of the opera. Nuremberg looks like the medieval city it was before the war, and the interior of Hans Sachs' study might have been painted by a Flemish master. The first scene, in the church, is also a masterpiece of scenic design, and for the final scene, on the meadow outside the ramparts, Mr. O'Hearn has had the happy idea of using a view of the entire city as the background.

Musically, there were a few imperfections in the Thursday performance, but they did not detract from the total effect in any important way. The overture was slightly ragged, but the orchestra, under Joseph Rosenstock, picked up in eloquence as it went along. Otto Wiener, an Austrian singer making his Metropolitan début as Sachs, has a voice that is a bit small for the role, but he compensated for this shortcoming with his elegance of enunciation and his practiced artistry as an actor. Ingrid

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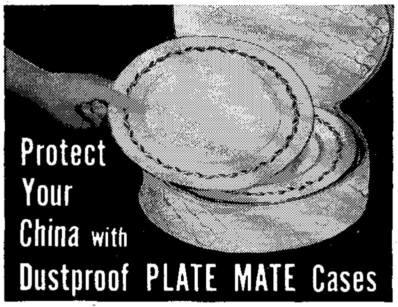

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Bjoner, as Eva, was at times a little indistinct, compared to some Evas I have heard, but she made a pretty figure on the stage, and sang, on the whole, quite acceptably. Otherwise, things were virtually perfect. As performed by Karl Doench, of the Vienna Staatsoper, Beckmesser became something much more than a caricature—a believable and utterly hilarious character—and Mr. Doench sang the role superbly. Sándor Kónya, as Walther, not only sang as beautifully as could be wished but looked the part of a graceful hero as well. Helen Vanni's Magdalene was one of the finest I have ever encountered, and Murray Dickie, making his début as David, was practically ideal. The various mastersingers did their roles wonderfully well, and among them Ezio Flagello's Pogner stood out, because of its irreproachable vocalism and air of dignity. I had always considered Pogner to be, like King Marke in "Tristan und Isolde," one of Wagner's bores, especially in the long first-act harangue that the Germans refer to as Pogner's *Anrede*, but Mr. Flagello showed me that a singer of sufficient voice and sufficiently polished artistry can make every moment of the role a joy to listen to.

The second act is, as I have said, a great work of art in itself, and it was presented the other night with all the taste and ingenuity that one could hope for in a new production that has been freshly rehearsed and painstakingly perfected in all details. The horseplay between Sachs and Beckmesser was extremely effective without being overdone; the street riot following their encounter was very funny, highly convincing, and choreographed (by Todd Bolender) with a fine eye for quaint realism; and the song of the night watchman, sung by Clifford Harvuot, provided a poetic ending. Altogether, this "Die Meistersinger" was a triumph.

FOR reasons having to do with conflicting dates and heavy musical traffic, I had not previously heard Leontyne Price as Aïda, and, at the risk of turning this into an outrageously enthusiastic column, I must say that her performance at the Metropolitan on Wednesday night completely bowled me over. Miss Price's Ethiopian princess is beautiful to look upon, has gestures that are absolutely unaffected and engagingly graceful, and builds up an amount of dramatic intensity that pulls the auditor into all the tensions and sorrows of the role. Furthermore, Miss Price sings it with a flawless, vibrant

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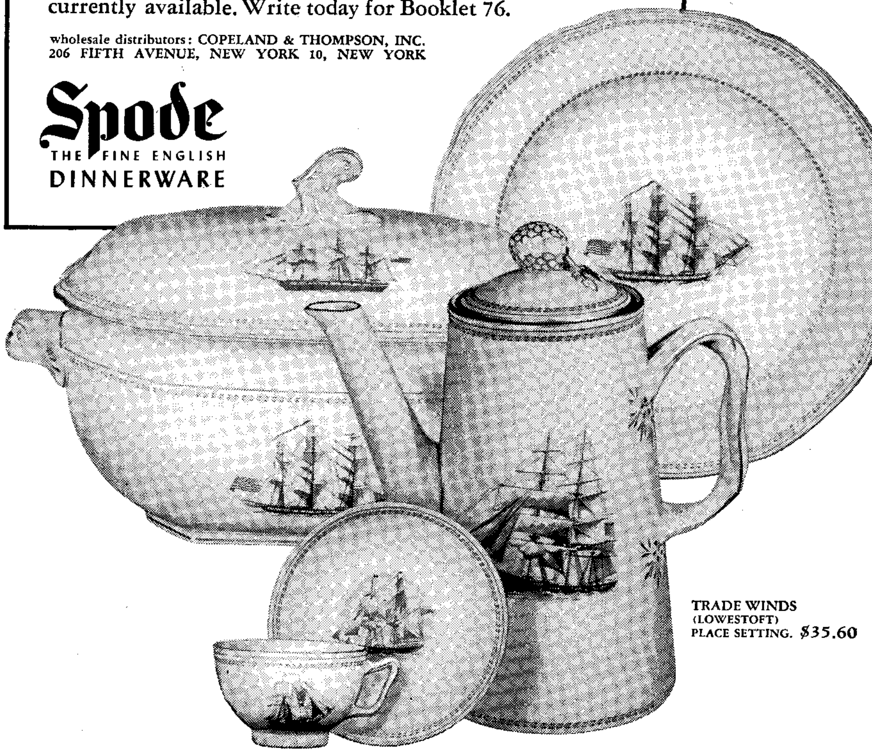

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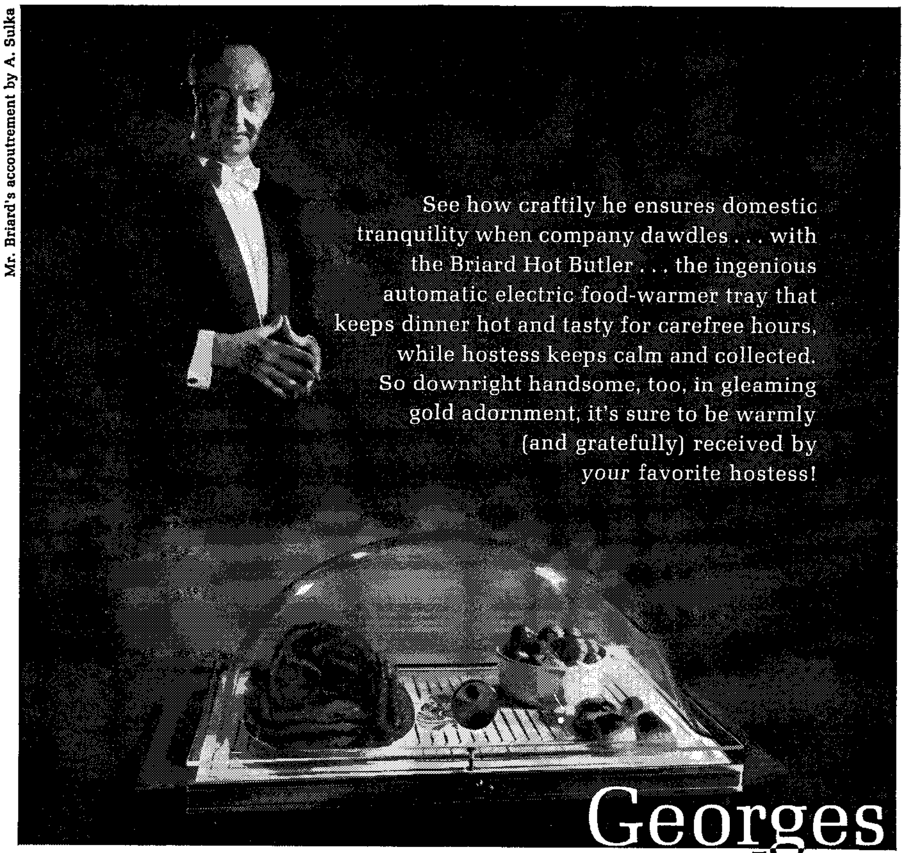

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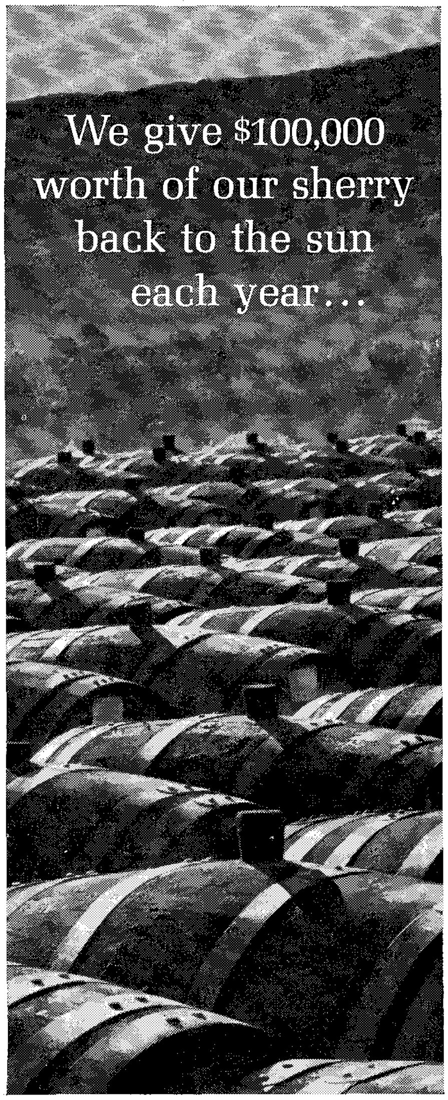
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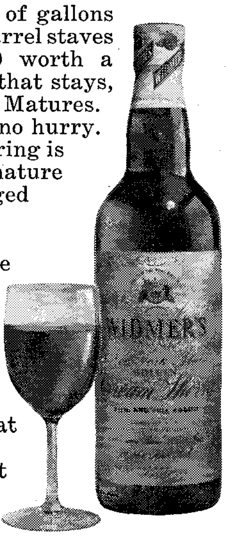

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voice and with an immaculate sense of musical style. Her Aïda is, as Elisabeth Rethberg's once was, something to hear, treasure in the memory, and tell your grandchildren about. The rest of the production had its ups and downs. Rita Gorr, a Belgian singer—I believe she calls herself a mezzo, though I should classify her as a contralto—made her début as Amneris, performing, on the whole, quite creditably. She has an enormously powerful voice, which—the other night, at least—occasionally sounded a little rough in the fortes, but she has a great deal of temperament and a cultivated feeling for phrasing. Although she did not impress me particularly as an actress, this was probably a much under-rehearsed début, so it is perhaps unfair to draw any firm conclusions about her on this count just yet. While Carlo Bergonzi does not have a voice of sufficient strength or brilliance for Radames, he sang pleasingly enough. Anselmo Colzani and Bonaldo Giaiotti, as Amonasro and the High Priest, respectively, turned in excellent performances. The conductor, Nello Santi, was a great disappointment after his very good "Un Ballo in Maschera" of last season. Most of the time, everything dragged, and the chorus and orchestra sounded listless and dull. The triumphal-scene ballet, though, was more successful than usual.

As for the Met's opening night, at the beginning of the week, it was a comparatively sedate one, with "Andrea Chénier" on the stage. This opera is not as inspired as it is "grand," but it contains some serviceable melody and a lot of action. The singing of Eileen Farrell, Mignon Dunn, Rosalind Elias, Franco Corelli, Jean Madeira, and Robert Merrill was of the first quality, and since this is primarily an opera for beautiful voices, it is probably gratuitous to add that nobody but the Mmes. Dunn, Elias, and Madeira could be accused of doing anything much in the way of acting. Fausto Cleva conducted what was, on the whole, a very tame performance, and added some inexcusably exaggerated ritardandos in the first-act gavotte.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

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ON HORATIO STREET

THE year was 1927, it was a Wednesday afternoon early in the month of May, and in my apartment on Horatio Street, at the far western boundary of Greenwich Village, I was dressing my young male frame with care. I was a reporter on the *World*, and this was my day off.

I was as pleased, I think, with my apartment as I was with myself. To have an open fireplace that burned wood or cannel coal was, in those days, in my circle, as necessary as it is now, in other circles, to have a television set, and my apartment had not one but two fireplaces. The landlord had made a one-room-bath-and-kitchenette apartment out of what must have been a dining room and kitchen on the English-basement floor of the fat brownstone house. You opened an iron gate at the street level, walked down four stone steps, unlocked a green-painted door, and there you were. The people who lived in the apartments above me shared a wider, common front door and a sizable vestibule, but this was *my own* door, and I had no use for a vestibule. On the left, as you stepped in, was the first fireplace, and far down the same wall, just inside the back door and between two small windows that looked up and out on a garden, was the other fireplace. Both had red brick hearths and red brick chimneys and I myself had painted the wooden mantelpieces green, along with the insides of the two doors and the frames around the four small windows—the two at the back and two at the front. The bath, clothes closet, and kitchenette were enclosed by plaster walls at the right, toward the back, which made the main room L-shaped. There were no radiators. Along the center of the ceiling from front to back ran a stout iron pipe that was hot in winter and cool in spring and summer.

Although I lived alone, I had furnished the place—it now seems clear to me—for two. On either side of the first fireplace was drawn up a deep, comfortable overstuffed chair, with flowered chintz slipcovers sewn more or less to fit by a cheerful Negro lady who, for five dollars a week and carfare, came down from Harlem when I wasn't there and cleaned six days a week and did my washing and ironing. Between the two chairs was a round coffee table with two copper ashtrays on it. Beside this was a wrought-iron floor lamp with a brown parchment shade. From there to the other fireplace was a considerable stretch of empty wall space and floor space on

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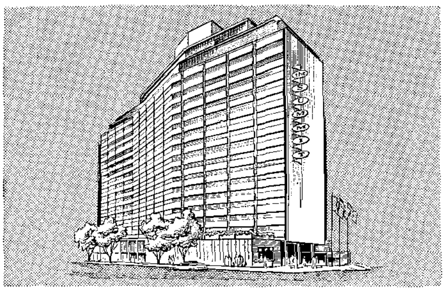
the left side of the room, but in front of that fireplace and under one of the small windows was an inviting gate-legged table with two copper ashtrays on it, two Windsor chairs drawn up to it, and a second wrought-iron floor lamp hovering over it. Coming around now to the right side of the room, the eye lit upon a studio couch nestling in the corner made by the jutting walls that enclosed the bath, clothes closet, and kitchenette. The couch was double in size and had on it an assortment of cushions of many shapes and colors. In front of it was a second coffee table with two ashtrays on it, and over this was a third wrought-iron floor lamp with a brown parchment shade. A marble-topped chest of drawers with an empty flower vase of cut glass on it, a bookcase, and a Victrola were all there was after that, and what more could I need or want? I'd moved in only a couple of weeks back and now I had finished furnishing it.

I had awakened as usual at half past twelve that day, but instead of dressing in a hurry, gulping some coffee, and hurrying to the subway at Sheridan Square in order to report for work far downtown on Park Row at one o'clock, I'd dozed a while longer and then put on a bathrobe, built a small wood fire in the second fireplace, and dawdled over a breakfast of hot cinnamon buns, butter, jam, and coffee. Sitting in one of the Windsor chairs at the gate-legged table, I'd again looked over the morning paper I'd brought home with me the night before and read again and again a sob story about a penniless family on the lower East Side that I'd written and that hadn't been changed much by the copy desk. Then I shaved and bathed, put on a summer-weight B.V.D. union suit, clocked silk socks, garters, and cordovan shoes, and went to the clothes closet that held my wardrobe. There I also dawdled, making up my mind whether to wear the light-gray flannel suit or the dark-blue cheviot. Having decided on the gray, I selected a yellow-figured foulard necktie, and from the chest of drawers took out a white oxford shirt that had a soft collar attached to it—a new style of shirt with which, as fast as I could afford to, I was replacing the older white shirts that went with my collection of sharp-pointed and stiffly starched Arrow collars. Finally, I put on my hard straw hat with its blue-and-crimson striped band, picked up my yellow Malacca walking stick, and stepped through my green-painted door into the sunlight of Horatio Street. I had no plans. I needed none. I was twenty-two years old, this was my free day, and



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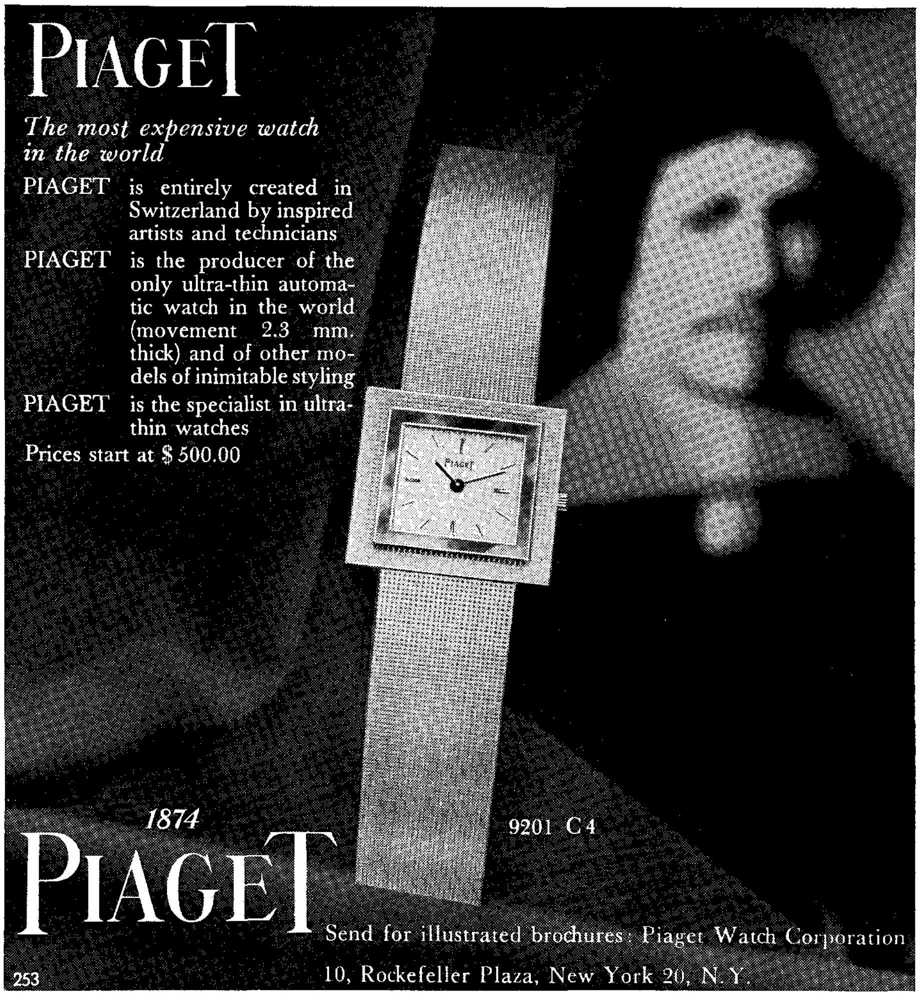
the city I loved and had only lately come to live in was a bright mystery spread out before me.

Swinging my stick, I sauntered eastward, but paused at the corner when an elderly Italian man, leading a horse-drawn cart, held out to me with a smile a boutonnière of three cornflowers. The price was five cents, and for a total of seventy-five cents I bought the cornflowers and two bunches of white tulips. I stuck the cornflowers in my buttonhole and took the tulips back to my apartment. After putting them in the cut-glass vase and filling it with water, I tried them out on the gate-legged table, on the coffee table in front of the first fireplace, and on the coffee table in front of the couch. I chose the last place and on an impulse switched on that floor lamp so that its beam shone down on the tulips. Then I was on my way again.

WHAT thoughts, what dreams, were in my head and heart? I've found that the memories of thoughts and dreams soon grow dim or vanish; it is the memories of actions that endure forever. And the picture that comes back to me so fresh and clear, as if I were watching something outdoors beyond my window this very day, is the picture of the pretty girl stepping onto an open and almost empty streetcar at Sheridan Square on that afternoon long ago, and the streetcar starting off toward Sixth Avenue, and me running after it and jumping onto it so that the girl I'd just glimpsed wouldn't go riding eastward out of my life.

I'd stopped at a newsstand on Sheridan Square to buy, for a half dollar, that month's copy of H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury;* I had one at home, along with every other month's copy, but with an idle afternoon ahead of me, which would probably include a late lunch and a couple of glasses of wine at one of my favorite speakeasies, I felt the need of the familiar green badge of sophistication under my arm or at my elbow. Standing outside the newsstand, I was filling my eyes with the wide open space made by the spraddling intersection of Seventh Avenue, Christopher Street, Grove Street, Washington Place, and West Fourth Street, with the attractive angles of red brick houses and the small green square in front of me, when I saw the open streetcar stop and the girl get on. Like me, she looked as if she was dressed up to go somewhere. She had on a white pleated dress, and with it she wore a wide sash and a flimsy hat, both of them pale blue. Corn-colored hair showed inside the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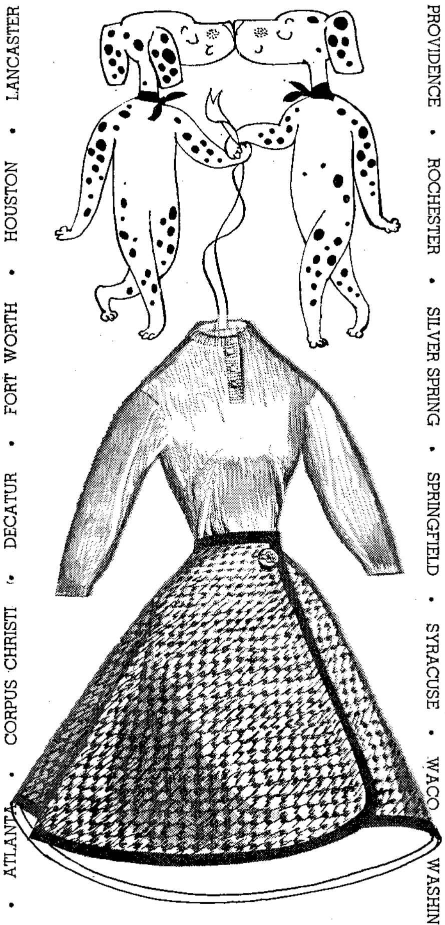

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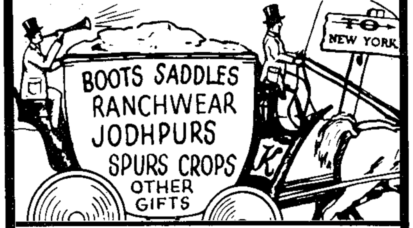

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frame of her hat, and her cheeks were young and pink. It wasn't entirely the sight of her as she got on the streetcar, seated herself, and for a second glanced, it seemed, toward me that set me instantly running—it was the quick realization that the car had started and that she would soon be gone if I didn't go after her. I clung on the step outside the seat she'd taken and when I smiled at her she smiled back a little and moved over. Adventure, with all its spirit, guided and prompted my actions and words. With the stick hanging on my left arm, under which was tucked the *Mercury*, I pulled myself with the other into the seat beside her, and only then was I able to lift my straw hat to her. "When I saw you going away, I ran after you," I said.

Other words and sentences we said to each other as we rode across town have formed themselves now into a tinkling jumble of pictures, impressions, and facts. It was as if she wasn't surprised, but thought it only her due, that a tall young man she'd never seen before, with a yellow walking stick, a green magazine, and cornflowers in his lapel, should run after her and speak to her on a streetcar on a spring afternoon when she'd dressed up in white with a pale-blue sash and a hat to match it. It seemed that she'd lately rented a studio nearby on West Fourth Street, four flights up from the street, but that it was still being redecorated and she hadn't yet moved in, and that she was now going over to a pet shop on University Place to see if a puppy she'd bought the day before was getting along all right while he waited for her to settle down in her new apartment. From the pet shop she was going to her parents' house on Eleventh Street, where she was staying until her apartment was ready. She seemed somehow to talk like an actress, or as a girl might talk in a musical comedy, but she said she was a painter, and she grinned at me as she took off a white glove and held out to me as proof five small fingers smudged with traces of paint of many colors. Her manner was soft and confiding. She asked me what I was, and when I told her she seemed disappointed, and then suddenly cautious, which only made her seem more mysterious and more desirable. I told her my name and asked her what hers was. She wanted first to know how long I'd been in New York. Two years, I said truthfully. Then she told me her name—a name not easily forgotten if one had heard it before—and she looked at me closely as she said it. I didn't think I had heard it before, and I instantly

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wondered why she'd wanted first to know how long I'd been in New York. Gazing into her wide eyes, which, like her sash, her hat, and my cornflowers, were pale blue, I saw beyond them the clipping library—the morgue—of the *World*, where the life stories of most people with names one might have heard before were filed away in envelopes full of clippings, some old and some new. We stopped at the pet shop and spoke to her puppy—a French bulldog—and from there we walked to her parents' house on Eleventh Street just off Fifth Avenue. I left her in front of it. On the way there, she'd light-heartedly agreed to meet me at a speakeasy called Julius's, not far from Sheridan Square, at six o'clock.

WHAT manner of man was I, anyway? Half newspaper reporter, I suppose, and half lover; or possibly entirely a lover, who was, like all lovers, full of a questing curiosity. From Eleventh Street I walked rapidly to the nearest drugstore, had a quick sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then took the subway down to the gold-domed Pulitzer Building. There friends of mine asked me what I was doing in the office on my day off, and I told them I was working on some Sunday stuff; and there, under her name in the morgue, I came upon her secret. It wasn't a very long life story, but there were quite a few clippings, mostly from the Hearst papers and the *Evening Graphic*. The name she'd told me, it seemed, was her maiden name. Five years before this month of May, when she was seventeen and going to a finishing school on the upper East Side, she'd eloped after midnight one Saturday from her home on Eleventh Street with a man whom the tabloids described as a middle-aged man-about-town. She'd been traced to Atlantic City by her parents a few days later and brought back home, and the marriage had eventually been annulled. Her parents had been clever enough, evidently, to elude the newspaper photographers, if not the reporters, both at Atlantic City and on Eleventh Street. There was only one photograph in the clipping envelope. This was of a schoolgirl riding a white horse at a horse show in Madison Square Garden. From under a tight black riding hat poked wisps of pale hair, and under them, looking laughingly into my eyes, were the wide eyes I'd grown to love with all my heart.

At half past five, she wasn't in Julius's, nor was she there at six. Six-fifteen came and went, and six-twenty. And then she walked in. She hadn't

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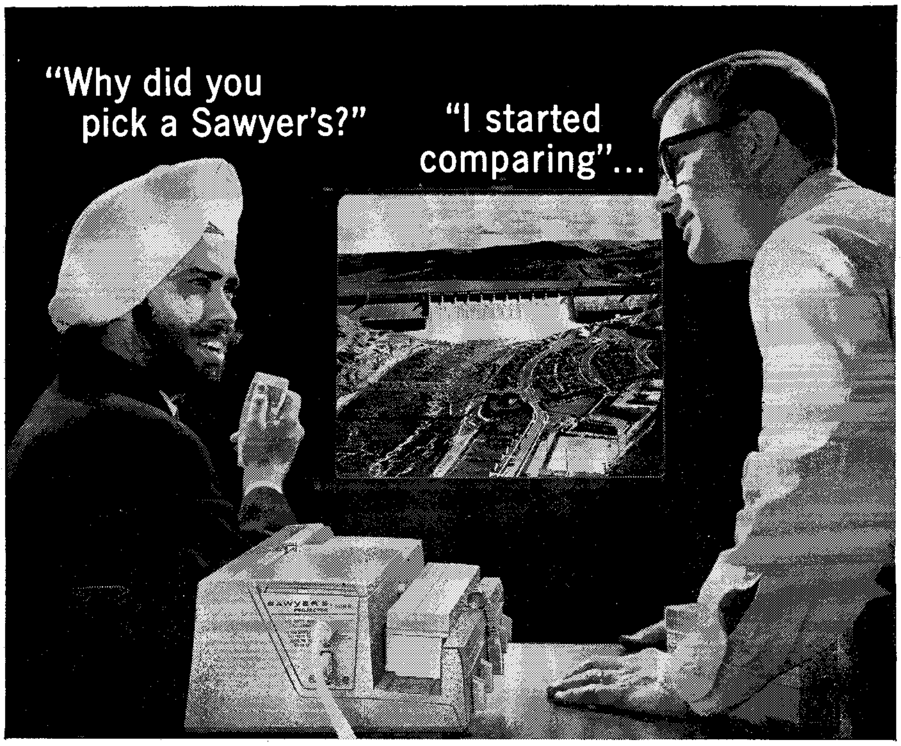
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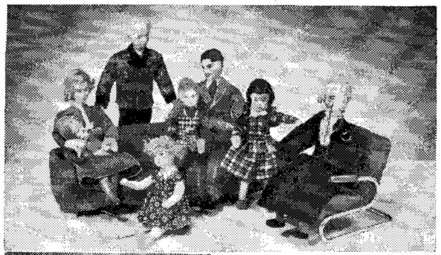

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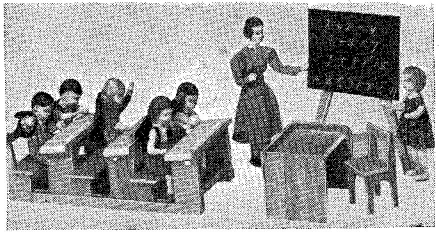

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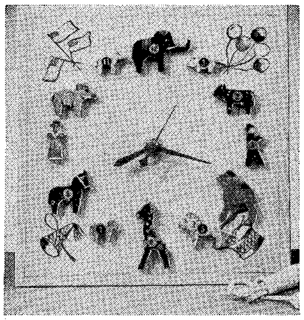

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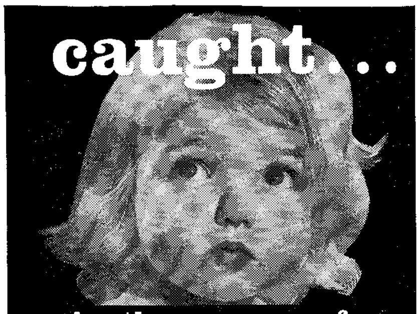

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changed. It was as if she felt—as I did—that the white dress with the sash and flimsy hat of pale blue should never in this world be changed for any other. Standing at the crowded bar, we drank Tom Collinses and laughed and talked, and, sitting against the wall at a table for two, with a red-and-white checked tablecloth on it, we laughed and talked and consumed with young appetites all the antipasto, all the broiled chicken, all the good Italian bread and good red wine they brought us, followed by hot zabaglione and black coffee and an amber liqueur the waiter told us was called Flowers of the Alps. We told each other many things, but not all things. She clung to her secret, and I did not tell her it was also mine. Her mystery, like that of the city around us, was bright, and my possession of it gave me unaccustomed courage. It was an attribute she seemed to admire. She joked about the childish ways of what she called the young Babbitts of Wall Street, men who must be, she said, about the same age I was, and who sold bonds for a living and talked of little else. She asked my age and I told her what it was; I asked her how old she was and she falsely confessed that she was nineteen. I told her she was bewitching and she said she liked the way I smiled at her and would never as long as she lived forget how I'd leaped from that sidewalk on Sheridan Square and burst into speed in pursuit of her streetcar. We spoke of serious things. We spoke of Edna St. Vincent Millay and the candle that burned at both ends and gave a lovely light. When we finished dining, dusk had come to the city. It seemed not to occur to her to question where we would go then. It was arm in arm that we walked westward to Horatio Street and unlocked the green-painted door, and inside it glowed the white tulips on the coffee table under the wrought-iron floor lamp.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

•

Music Director Leonard Bernstein, with his familiar flying forelock and graying body, conducted this work for orchestra, soloists and huge chorus with verve and impact.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

We're all getting older.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Research & Development Weekly, Long Island City*]

Bell Aerospace Corporation . . . study indicates sending an astronaut one-way to moon without immediate return capability is feasible technically but also "extremely hazardous."

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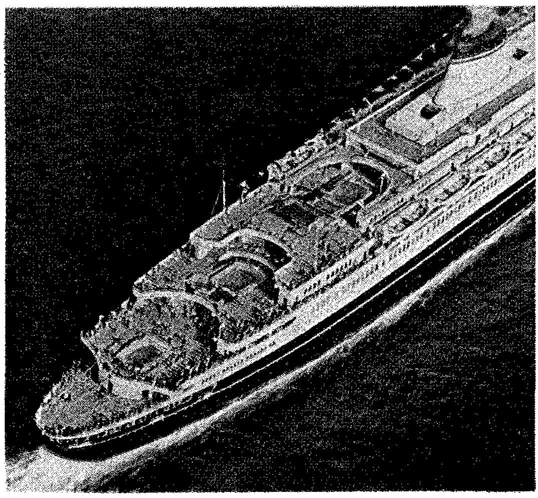

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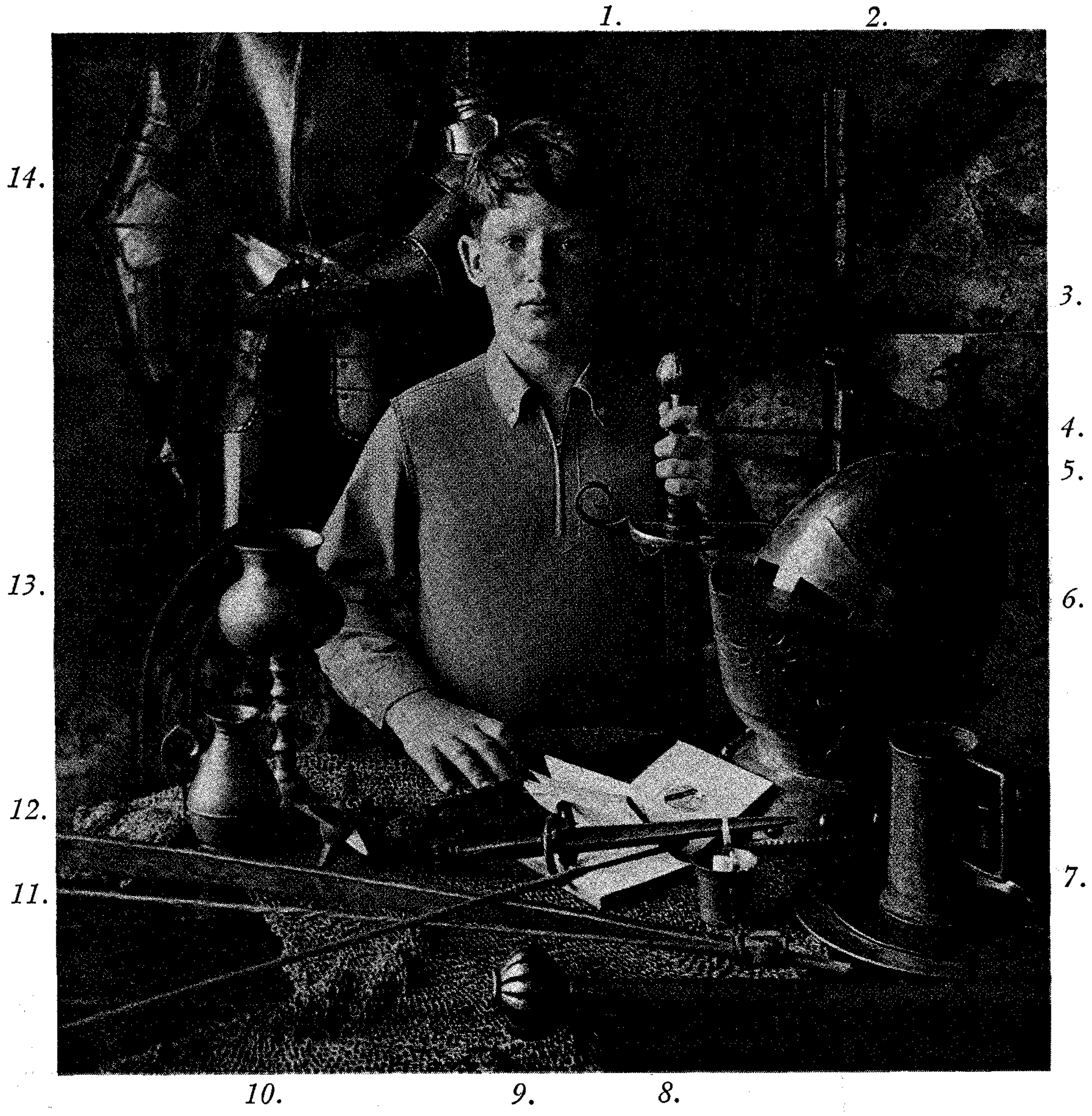

Rob Roy

(and the days of the Knights)

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1. **Silken banner** displayed the coat of arms of a knight. The banner was a knight's best identification, and when he planted it outside his tent or room at night, everybody knew who was sleeping there.
2. **Halberd.** A combination battle-axe and spear used by foot soldiers and castle guards. The shaft of this particular one measures about 10 feet
3. **Crossbow** has a trigger and was shot something like a rifle. This one, set with pearls, was probably used for hunting, but arrows of the burlier war bows could penetrate a shirt of mail nearly 380 yards away.
4. **Shield** called "heater-shaped" because in outline it resembles a flatiron.
5. **The sword** was a knight's favorite weapon. He thought so much of it that he gave it a name and hoped to keep it all his life.
6. **Helmet** with a hinged vizor. Besides being extremely heavy, the only way to see out of one once the battle was on was through the eye slits.
7. **Tankard and plates** made of pewter. Dishes which the most important guests used at a dinner were either pewter, silver or even gold, according to the host's wealth.
8. **A dagger** was used in close combat to stab an unhorsed knight right between the plates of his armor.
9. **A mace** made completely of iron was used to smash and break up armor at close quarters.
10. **Hauberk,** or hooded shirt of mail, weighed about 30 pounds and was worn over thick padded underclothes.
11. **Longbow,** used particularly by archers of England, and made either of yew wood or hazel. The best bows were those that were exactly the same height as their owners.
12. **Morgenstern** or "morning star"—a flail with a wooden staff and a heavy spiked iron ball which was swung around on the end of a sturdy chain before it crashed down on its victim.
13. **Pewter ewer and goblet** in which wine was served to wash down about five courses of dinner that started off at 9 a.m. with venison, bear, peacock, cuckoo and eel-pie, and ended two hours later with pastry, sweetmeats and a variety of spices.
14. **Suit of armor** made of smooth metal plates was so heavy, if a knight was knocked off his horse someone had to put him back on his feet again.

P.S. For a free reprint of Rob Roy and the Knights and more information about the Middle Ages, send a self-addressed envelope to P. O. Box #1931, New York 1, N. Y., care of **ROB ROY SHIRTS FOR BOYS.**

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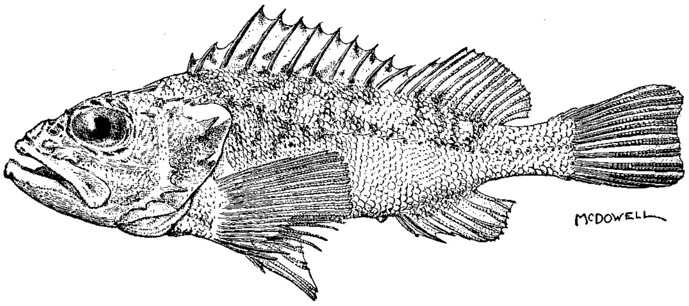
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE SOUL OF BOUILLABAISSE



EVER since 1918, when I ate my first bouillabaisse—an event that in my mind overshadowed the end of the First World War—I have been hearing from French waiters and cooks that it is impossible to produce the genuine article in this country, because the essential ingredient is missing. In memory, that initiatory bouillabaisse—at Mouquin's, on Sixth Avenue—remains impossible to ameliorate, but Roberto, the Mouquin waiter with the grenadier mustache, informed me that the dish, although sufficiently successful, was but a *succédané*, or substitute. "It lacks *la rascasse*," he said. "It is like a watch without a mainspring. The *rascasse* does not exist except in the Mediterranean." He offered no details, and though I did not know whether the *rascasse* was a crustacean, a fish, or an aquatic mammal, I did not ask, for fear of revealing my ignorance. In the years since 1925, when Mouquin's closed its doors, a victim of prohibition, I learned that the *rascasse* was a fish, but nothing more, although when I came to eat bouillabaisse in Marseille—good, but not as memorable as Mouquin's—I inferred that some of the fragments in the broth were it. A friend of mine—Dr. Samuel B. McDowell, a zoologist now teaching at Rutgers' branch in Newark—could have identified the fragments for me immediately if he had been there, but he wasn't. Dr. McDowell is a student of comparative anatomy, with stress on its ichthyomorphological aspects, and not long ago I made the mistake of mentioning *rascasse* to him while we were lunching at a seafood restaurant called the Lobster, on West Forty-fifth Street. It is a mistake to mention anything unclear to McDowell, because he will go to entirely extravagant lengths to clarify it. The Lobster is not French, but it is a fine place for broiled fish, lobster, and beer. It no longer attempts bouillabaisse—largely, the proprietors once told me, because when it was put on the menu, customers brought along travelled friends who said that it couldn't possibly be the real thing.

When I passed this information on to McDowell, he asked me why the authenticity of the bouillabaisse should have been denied. I answered that the essential ingredient did not occur on this side of the Atlantic. I felt that my explanation was safe, because a note in the American edition of Larousse Gastronomique says, "Many of the fish used in the bouillabaisse, such as the traditional *rascasse*, are not found except in the Mediterranean; they are virtually unknown in England and America, and no English name for them exists." As for the preëminence of *rascasse* in bouillabaisse, I was leaning heavily on a distinguished and sensible authority, Waverley Root, who, in "The Food of France," has written, "The subject of bouillabaisse is a complicated one. . . . For the ingredients, only one fish is agreed upon by everyone—*rascasse*. No two lists are the same, and *rascasse* is the only name common to all."

McDowell asked me the name of the fish in English, and I said I did not know, here again relying on Root, who wrote, "My French-English dictionary has no idea of what *rascasse* is." If I had looked in Randle Cotgrave's 1611 Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues, the only French-English dictionary I own, I would have found, under "*rascasse*," "[In Languedoc], the Sea Scorpion," and, further on, under "*scorpion de mer*," "The Sea Scorpion; a red, great-headed, and wide-mouthed fish, which hath but a few, and those verie small, teeth; but in lieu thereof he is armed with many prickles, both on his backe and about his head." Had I been able to give McDowell the "scorpion" clue, it would have saved him a lot of time. But I had not thought to go beyond Waverley Root. "What is *rascasse*?" Root asks, and answers himself, "It is a coarse fish, armed with spines, which lives in holes in the rocks, and would be allowed to stay there if it were not for bouillabaisse. Alone, it is not particularly good eating, but it is the soul of bouillabaisse. Cooked with other fish, *rascasse* is one of those catalytic foods, like the truffle, whose own contribution to taste seems meagre but which has the gift of intensifying other flavors." Root is more the cook than the taxonomist; his description is not as specific as Cotgrave's, but Cotgrave says nothing at all of the *rascasse's* higher function.

Prosper Montagné, the learned compiler of the original French Larousse Gastronomique (1938), and himself a *toque blanche hors concours*, quotes in support of the indispensable-*rascasse* doctrine Joseph Méry (man of letters, 1798-1865):

> To prepare without flaw this
>   masterpiece Phocian,
> The *rascasse* is the sine qua
>   non of the ocean.
> A fish by himself rather like
>   an old shoe,
> He suffuses with marvels the
>   goo of a stew.

(The translation is a rough one. Massilia, the Greek predecessor of Marseille, was a colony of Phocis. The Phocians are said to have brought into pre-France the olive, without which bouillabaisse, even with *rascasse*, would be impossible, since there would be no olive oil.) M. Montagné (as does Root) recites the neo-Phocian legend that Venus invented bouillabaisse in order to fill her husband, Vulcan, with it and make him fall asleep while she turned a trick with her lover, Mars. Like Root, he pooh-poohs it. "In ancient times, it was held established that fish soup flavored with saffron was soporific, an opinion exploded today," Montagné writes. Root says, "It is based on the superstition that fish chowder made with saffron is a soporific (it is not, but any food taken in on the gargantuan scale that bouillabaisse encourages is likely to make the eater sleepy)." I cite both Montagné and Root on this particular point because of the new light cast upon this old story by McDowell's subsequent investigations, which indeed exonerate saffron but indicate that Venus may have known a thing or two about the *rascasse*.

M. Montagné, then reflecting upon the etymology of "bouillabaisse," strikes out the superficially easy derivation—"slow boil"—as unlikely, since bouillabaisse, despite what its name says, is the product of a quick boil over a high flame, instead of a long boil over a low one. He equally decries the Marseillais tradition that it was the invention of an abbess—the *bouilli à l'abbesse*—to kill the monotony of the Friday diet. My own speculation—that it may have been named for the miraculous taste of a *bouilli* containing an *abbesse*—appar-

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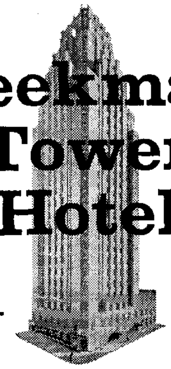

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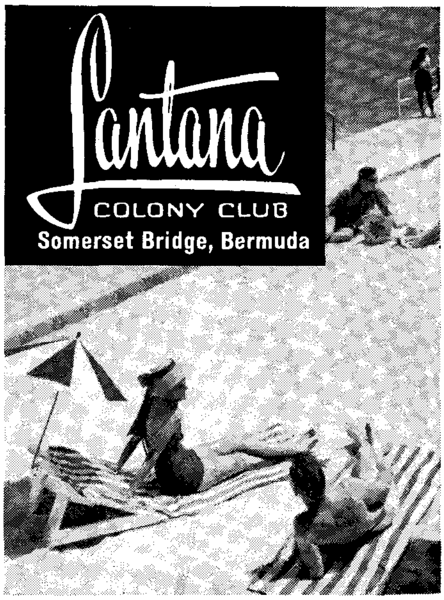
ently did not occur to M. Montagné, himself more resourceful at *plats* than at derivations. How the *abbesse* got into the stew is a matter to be settled later—perhaps she was a victim of cannibals. Alternatively, admirers, anticipating her canonization, may have boiled her to separate flesh from bones for the preparation of relics, as was done with the body of Louis IX of France. A dish need not take its name literally, as witness the Scotch woodcock, which is not game but a form of rarebit, which, in its original form—"Welsh rabbit"—was an example of the same thing, since it is not a rabbit.

"Have you any notion of the Latin name of the fish?" McDowell asked, not very hopefully, after I had recited what I remembered of *rascassiana*. When I said I hadn't, he fell briefly silent and then began to tell me of his fears that if we ever learned to desalinate the ocean, the fly-casting lunatics would try to stock it with rainbow trout, a species for which he has great contempt as a parvenu in the zoological scale, since, by fossil evidence, it appeared only in the Miocene epoch, twenty-five million years ago. (His favorite fish, the halosaurs, have been around three times as long as that.) "They'll poison all the more interesting fish with rotenone, in order to make life easier for Sparse Gray Hackle's little playmates," he said. "They've done that in a lot of fresh-water streams already. The game-protection organizations and the tackle-makers have an invincible lobby, and comparative anatomists are politically unorganized." McDowell is a man of many interests, all associated with fish.

ABOUT a fortnight later, McDowell sent me the following letter, the gastronomic as well as ichthyological implications of which should be clear to all:

"I want to thank you for the delicious lunch of red snapper the other day, and to apologize for the peculiar way I squirmed in my chair and bulged my eyes whenever a busboy cleared a nearby table. Because of years of exposure to tobacco smoke and formaldehyde preservative, my taste buds are in no condition to make me a judge of the delicacies of fine cookery, but I am a connoisseur of fine fishbones. The sight of that menu, with its marvellous variety of fishes, immediately suggested to me what delights in fishbones there must be in the kitchen garbage can. I could visualize a huge can of codfish skulls, with striking enlarged intercalary bones;



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Spanish-mackerel vertebral columns, with articulating processes designed with a fine precision and economy; and the skull of my own red snapper, with a magnificent supraoccipital crest. Through the years, I have learned not to follow the busboy out into the kitchen and rummage through the garbage, but the desire still comes over me, and I am not quite myself when the seductive hints of a fishbone-connoisseur's paradise pass before my eyes on an otherwise emptied platter.

"On the matter of our discussion, if French chefs say they cannot make proper bouillabaisse in America because they cannot get *rascasse*, they either are pulling your leg or haven't been trying very hard. I found a perfectly good *rascasse du nord* by looking under the porgies in a Newark fish market. It seems to me that lifting up a few porgies is little enough to expect of a man who claims a devotion to excellence in cuisine. The *rascasse du nord*, despite its name, occurs in the Mediterranean and goes into the pot there with the other *rascasses*.

"The hardest part of my *rascasse* hunt was finding out what a *rascasse* is. A little book by Hans Hvass and Jean Guibé entitled 'Les Poissons' helped me immeasurably. Since I know Jean Guibé to be topnotch on African frogs and Madagascar snakes, I put my complete confidence in his judgment of fish. Not only does this handy little book, which just misses fitting in my pocket by an eighth of an inch, give an excellent colored picture (page 54) but it has a brief and pungent discussion, on page 100, of the '*Sebaste dactyloptère, ou Rascasse du Nord.*' ('*Dactyloptère*' means 'finger-finned.') Here it is revealed that this fish is known to science as *Helicolenus dactylopterus*. If the chefs had just said that first, I could have helped them sooner. *Helicolenus* is one of the Scorpaenidae, or scorpion fishes [at this point, I reflected that Cotgrave was no mugg]—a family of fishes made famous (as fish families go) by one of its members, *Synanceja horrida*. This is the notorious stonefish. According to the 'Guide and Historical Souvenir of Stage One of the New York Aquarium' (1957), it is considered the most venomous of all fishes. It has thirteen large spines on its back, each with a pair of venom sacs attached, and persons who have stepped on these spines say that the pain is almost unbearable. At first, I was skeptical of this report and thought it might be a cautionary parable, in the 'Slovenly Peter' vein, put out by the Aquarium to discourage children from

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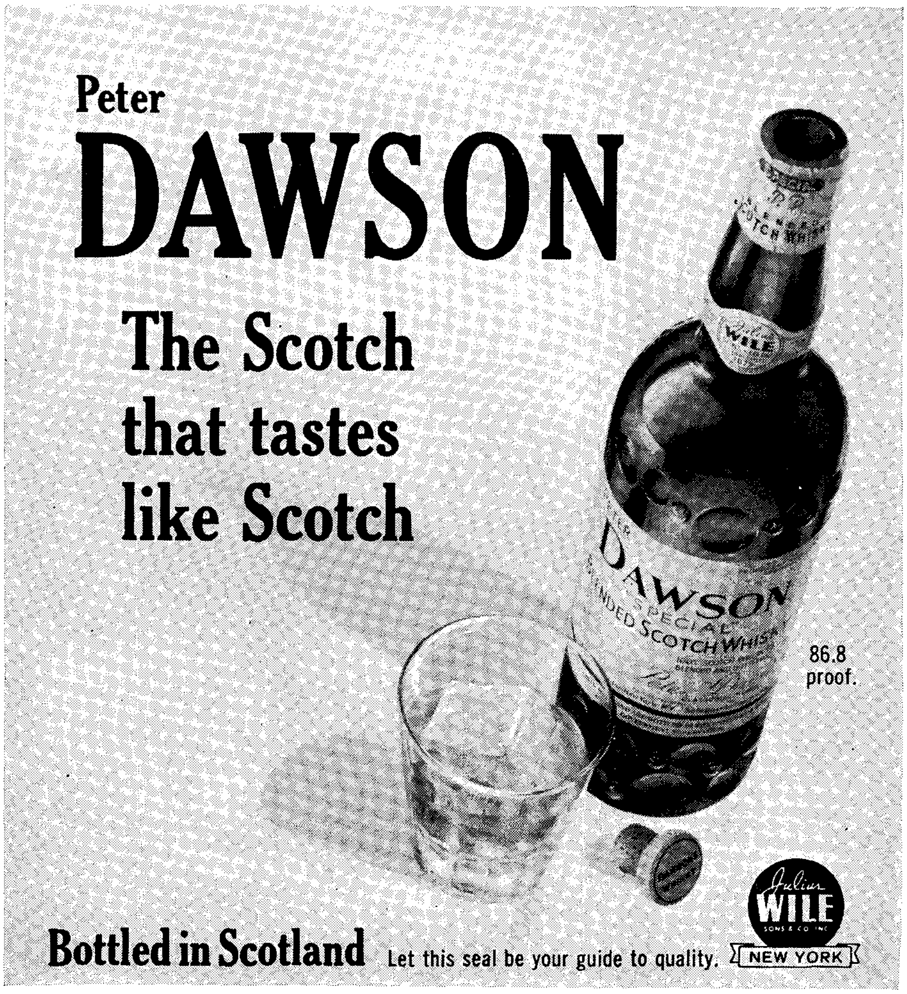

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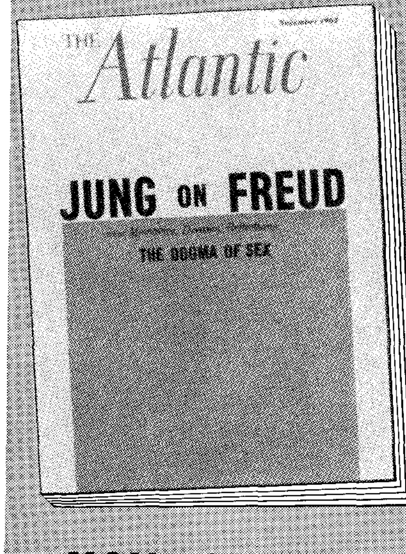

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wading in the fish tanks, but the report is, if anything, an understatement. A more serious understatement is on the next page of 'GAHSOSO,' where it is said of the closely related lionfish (*Pterois volitans*), 'It was once believed to be venomous, but this seems not to be correct.' The New York Aquarium learned the penalty for scoffing at old wives' tales a few months later, when, at 9 A.M. on December 12, 1957, an Aquarium employee, Edward Dols, was stung on the right thumb by a lionfish. Mr. Dols found the pain almost unbearable, and it was probably only speedy medical attention that saved his life. Carleton Ray and Christopher Coates, both of the Aquarium, reported the incident in the journal *Copeia* (1958, page 235), and observed, 'There has been a tendency to underestimate the seriousness of the poisonous nature of this fish. Some ichthyologists and dealers in marine tropical fishes report—irresponsibly, we believe—that the sting is not serious. . . . We believe that this fish is capable of causing death to humans, either directly or through shock.'

"None of the books available to me claims that the *rascasse* is venomous, but my *rascasse du nord* has a groove on the front face of each spine in the dorsal fin, and I refuse to step on it until someone else does. [The newest edition of the common, or Petit, Larousse says of *rascasse:* "Name given to several teleostean fishes of the Mediterranean, comestible but covered with venomous spines."]

"If some of your lazy chefs who don't look under the porgies try to wiggle out by claiming that *Helicolenus dactylopterus* is not the proper *rascasse*, and insist on having a Mediterranean *Scorpaena—scrofa* or *porcus*—don't let them get away with it. We have several species of *Scorpaena* on the American coast, including *Scorpaena agassizi, Scorpaena plumieri, Scorpaena grandicornis,* and *Scorpaena braziliensis.* It is true that these are tropical fishes, but there should be no more difficulty in bringing them to the New York market than in importing from Florida the red snapper we enjoyed together. *Helicolenus dactylopterus* is probably the only instance of the same species of *rascasse* occurring off both Marseille and our Atlantic coast, but *Scorpaena plumieri, S. grandicornis,* and *S. braziliensis* are so similar to the Mediterranean *S. scrofa* and *S. porcus* that gourmets should find them interchangeable. Haggling over the number of scales along the lateral line is for rug traders, not for connoisseurs of fine food.

"We have another member of the

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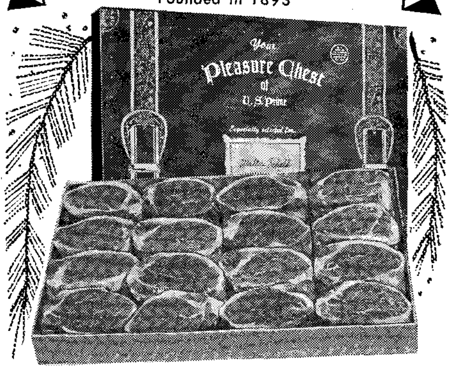

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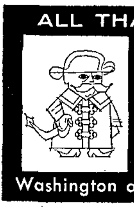

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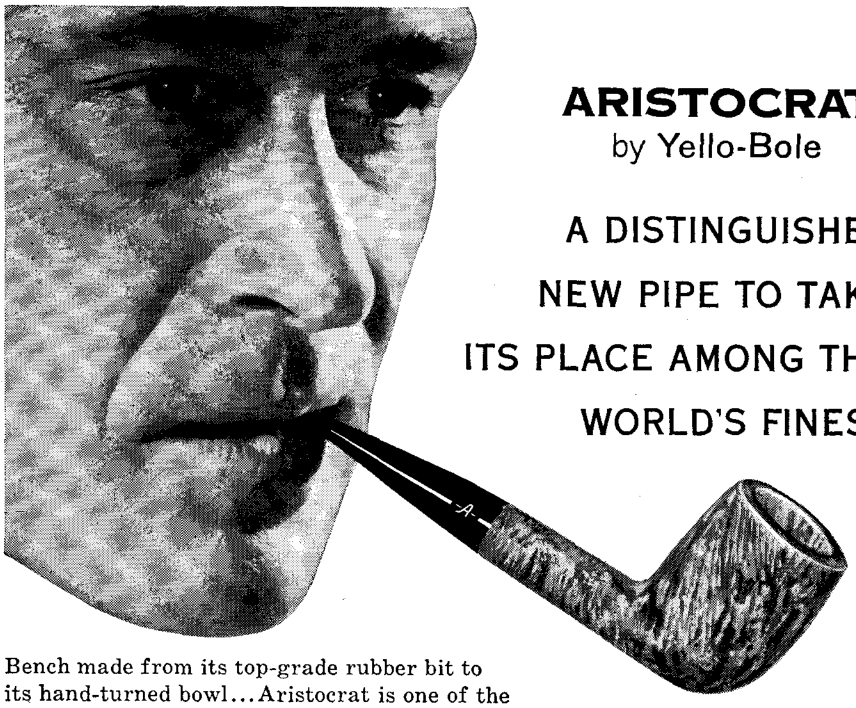
Scorpaenidae in our waters that is available in almost any quantity from the market. This is *Sebastes marinus*, variously called 'redfish,' 'rosefish,' 'hemdurgan,' 'Norway haddock,' and (in one of the fish markets I frequent) 'baby red snapper.' This last identification is quite erroneous, as a glance at the third suborbital bone will show, since in scorpaenids this bone covers the cheek and in snappers it does not. Possibly this fish could be used in an emergency when *rascasse* is not available.

"But I doubt whether the emergency is real. I try to take a charitable view, but I am forced to think that some gourmets have been irresponsibly spreading the rumor of our lack of *rascasse* without consulting Goode and Bean's 'Oceanic Ichthyology,' first published in 1896. According to Goode and Bean (page 250), *Helicolenus dactylopterus* 'occurs in the western Atlantic in numerous localities, having been first discovered by the trawler Fish Hawk in 1880, off Narragansett Bay.' Even better, another species, *Helicolenus madurensis* (or, as Goode and Bean spell it, '*maderensis*'), is known from many points in deep water along the Atlantic coast, and Goode and Bean list at least twenty-nine specimens in the United States National Museum. (Museum preservation makes a fish inedible, and in any case these specimens are the property of the federal government and beyond the call of bouillabaisse.)

"My own *rascasse* is also inedible, since I soaked it in formaldehyde for a day and then transferred it to isopropyl alcohol. It now bears my personal collection number F.1766100. My fish collection is not really that big, but it seemed to me that a fish that indirectly inspired Thackeray to an ode deserved a museum number bespeaking an ancient and respected institution. It is still a handsome fish, although the red color has largely faded in the alcohol. I can't help thinking, though, as I ponder my *rascasse* in odd moments, that it is a rather ordinary-looking fish to make such a difference to gourmets. It looks a bit like a sea bass, except that it has spines on its head, like a sea robin, and notably large, inquisitive eyes. If someone told me that a sea horse or an electric eel or an angler fish changed the flavor of a stew, I would believe it without a moment's hesitation, but the *rascasse* proves that there must be more to a fish than meets the eye.

"In many ways, the *rascasse* reminds me of a sculpin. I am not alone in this opinion, because the scorpaenid fishes and the cottoid fishes (sculpins) are re-



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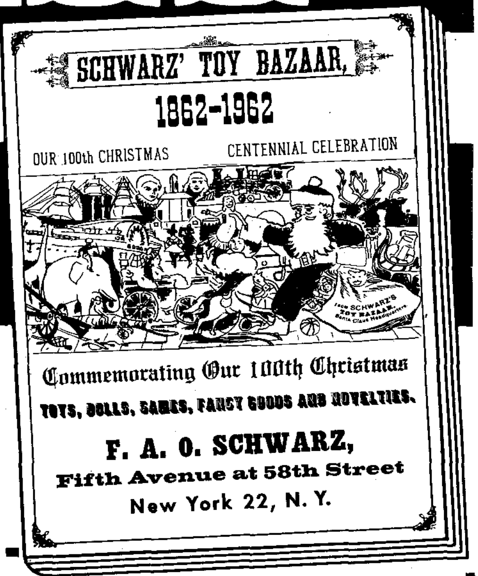

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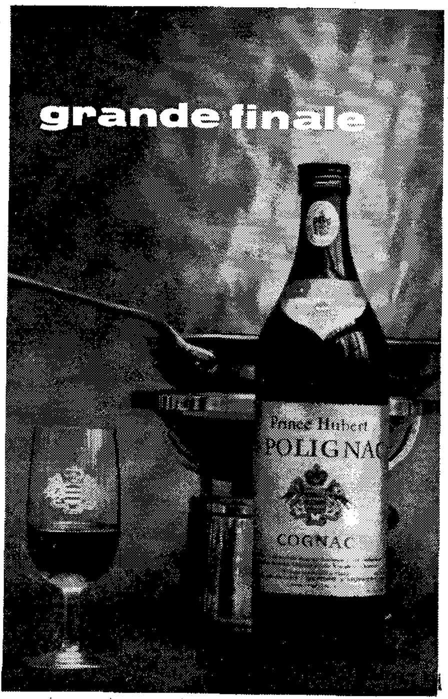
garded as closely related by all right-thinking ichthyologists. We have loads of sculpins around, notably the hacklehead (*Myoxocephalus octodecimspinosus*). As far as I know, fishermen never eat sculpins but use them instead for purposes of augury. The capture of a large and ugly sculpin is widely regarded as an omen, although there seems to be no general agreement as to what it presages. A number of years ago, when my wife and I were vacationing in Maine, a cry came up from the pier of 'Sculpin! Sculpin!,' and half a dozen small boys fanned out in all directions to spread the news. Those of us interested in an advance tip on the weather gathered at the small pier where the sculpin had been landed and was now holding a séance. It was a particularly large and ugly sculpin, nearly two feet long, mud-colored, and with an unpleasant pimply array of spines on its toadlike head. It sat there on the boards, making no motion to escape into the water, and looked at us all very solemnly. We looked back at it expectantly, and for a few moments there was a strange stillness as we stood humbly in the awesome presence. Then the sculpin puffed a ripple along its ample belly and said 'Harrumph.' It repeated this a minute later, and we were transfixed, waiting for the announcement to follow the preliminary throat-clearing. After about twenty minutes of harrumphing, it became apparent that the sculpin had nothing to say. The crowd of watchers thinned out, some predicting a storm and others a cold snap, and when the sculpin finally expired, I was the only one at its side. It made a fine skeleton.

With best wishes,
SAM McDOWELL

"P.S. If I get any more *rascasses*, I shall certainly send them to you. Please save the bones for me, and be particularly careful about the third suborbital. It is a very important bone."

MY first reaction to McDowell's letter was one of stupefaction, as if I had stepped on a stonefish. This is a world of constantly diminishing certainties, and the disappearance of even a negative one is a heavy loss; never again would I be able to say with assurance that there was no *rascasse* in America. My second reaction was one of joy for the Frenchmen I knew who worked in kitchens and would no longer have to deprive themselves of the pleasure of making an authentic bouillabaisse. Root, ever a pragmatist, had said in his book that, *rascasse* or no *rascasse*, the best bouillabaisse that *he* had ever eaten was



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at the Restaurant du Midi, a small place on Forty-eighth Street, west of Eighth Avenue, "before society discovered it." Root may have eaten his bouillabaisse there long ago, under the regime of the *ancienne patronne*, a woman known only as Ida, but the du Midi still makes a pretty good specimen now and then. (I have seen nobody more social there in the last ten years than an old six-day bike rider named Maurice Letourneur, who now makes wire wheels for racing sulkies.) Jean Pujol, the boss, is from Toulouse, not Marseille, but that still makes him a meridional, so I thought he would be glad to hear of the discovery.

I found him behind his bar, a heavy but active man whose large, inquisitive eyes take pleasure in all that goes on in front of him, which is sometimes considerable.

"M. Pujol," I said after the ritual handshake, too much agog even to ask after the health of his wife, who runs Les Pyrénées, over on the other side of Eighth Avenue, "M. Pujol, can you believe it? The *rascasse* exists in America!"

Monsieur thought an instant, and then said "*Et alors?*" in a tone that made it translatable as "So what?" It was most disappointing.

"The *rascasse*," I said, to jog his memory. "You know, the fish they say is indispensable for bouillabaisse."

"What they say is not true," M. Pujol said, like a parent who finally admits to a small boy that there is no Santa Claus when he sees that the boy is on the point of finding it out for himself.

A FEW days later, I received a second letter from McDowell. It said:

"I regret I haven't found any more *rascasses* for you. Lately, teaching duties have reduced my visits to the fish markets where I have browsing privileges, but I did step into a Newark market last week, and found a mossbunker, or menhaden (*Brevoortia tyrannus*). This is a fish of some distinction as the World's Least Valuable Food Fish. Its generic name suggests a now departed hotel once noted for its restaurant, but while the zoological affinities of the mossbunker with the shad, the herring, and the sardine are very close, the mossbunker is nearly inedible, and even cats prefer a mackerel smoked over hot road tar. I have saved my mossbunker in case you want it.

"But my news is not all discouraging. Two Mediterranean *rascasses* are

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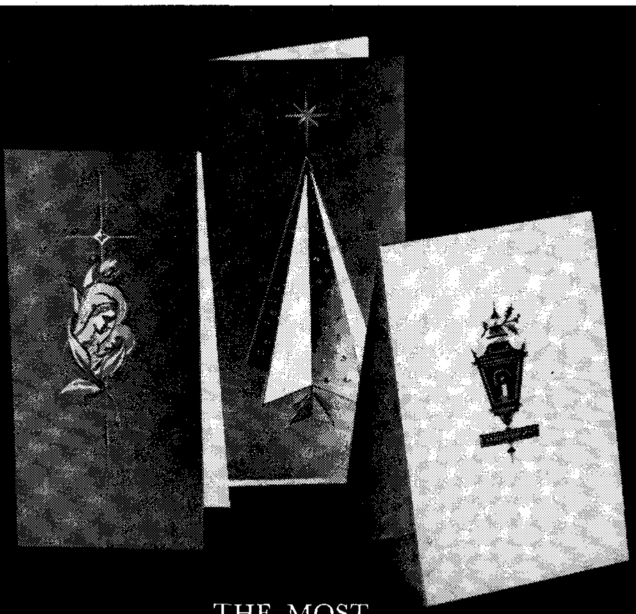

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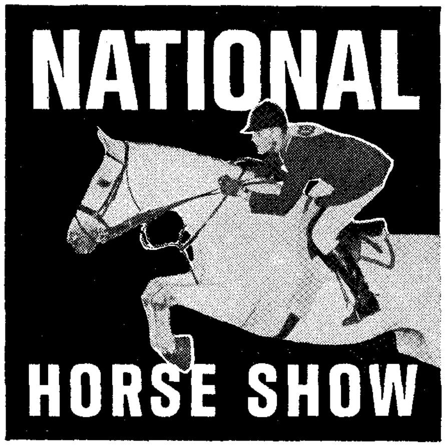

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living right here in New York, down at the Coney Island Aquarium. My family and I paid them a visit, and Mr. James Atz, the curator, gave us some special attention and put them through their tricks. The *rascasse* does not have many tricks, but it can do two things well: it can sit as still as a stone and look most inconspicuous among the rocks at the bottom of the tank, and it can flit about in a blur of speed when tempted with a bit of fish on the end of a wire coat hanger.

"It would be very unwise to attempt to spirit the *rascasses* out of their tank. The Aquarium has arranged their quarters as a synoptic exhibit of the Scorpaenidae, and the *rascasses* (either *Scorpaena scrofa* or *Scorpaena porcus*) share their home with a lionfish (*Pterois volitans*) and two stonefish (*Synanceja horrida*). Mr. Atz, who wrote the 'Guide and Historical Souvenir' containing the unfortunate underestimate of the lionfish, has done penance by collecting literature on the venom of scorpaenid fishes. He showed me his collection, and the more I read, the less I liked the genus *Synanceja*. The venom of the stonefish is potent and is kept in plentiful supply in glands attached to the spines of the dorsal fin. The toxic component is protein in nature, and when injected into a mammal causes the blood pressure to drop toward zero. (Zero blood pressure is a serious debility.) Natives of New Guinea fear the stonefish, and make very accurate models of it for instructing the young in its avoidance. This is noteworthy for two reasons: the New Guinea natives live among a large and lethal variety of snakes of the cobra family without paying much attention to them, and their art is normally of a highly stylized sort that does not stoop to mere photographic naturalism. Very likely, all members of the *rascasse* group are poisonous.

"As I wrote you before, besides *Helicolenus dactylopterus* we have several species of *Scorpaena* on our Atlantic coast. Jordan, Evermann, and Clark's 'Checklist of Fishes of North and Middle America' names six species from our coast, not counting the Gulf coast and Puerto Rico. *Scorpaena braziliensis* regularly extends north to Charleston, and *Scorpaena grandicornis* and *Scorpaena plumieri* occasionally wander up to Woods Hole, Massachusetts. *Scorpaena plumieri* is variously known as *rescacio*, poison grouper, and Plumier's pigfoot. As you well know, commercial fishermen discard from their nets many fish believed to have poor market value. If the gourmets would just tell the fish-

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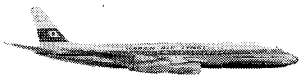

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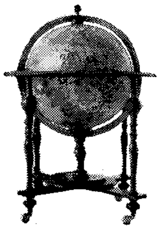

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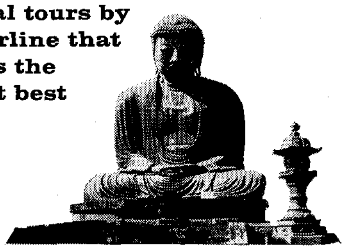

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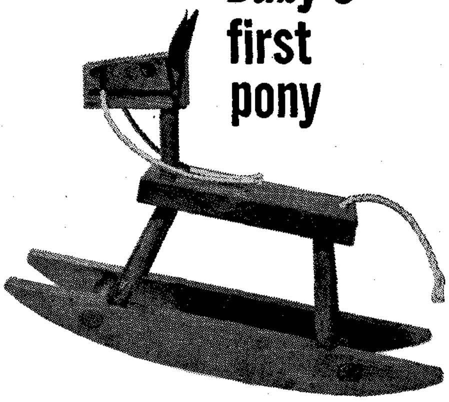

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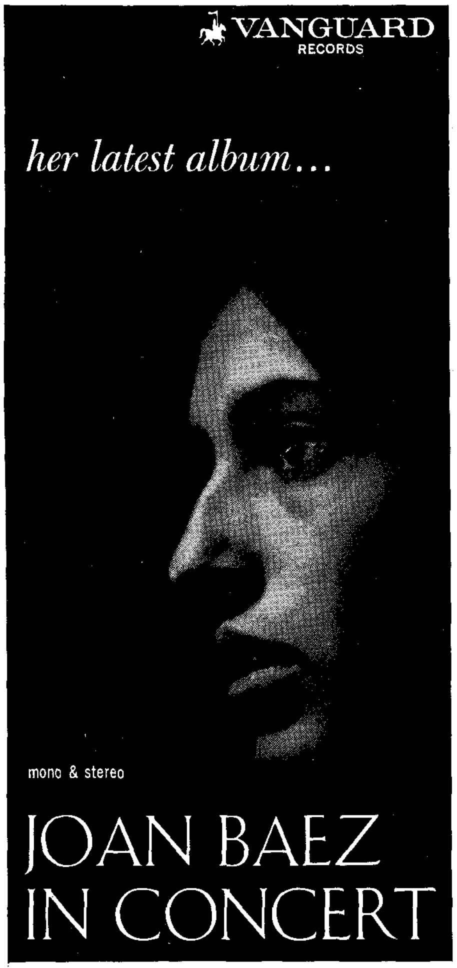

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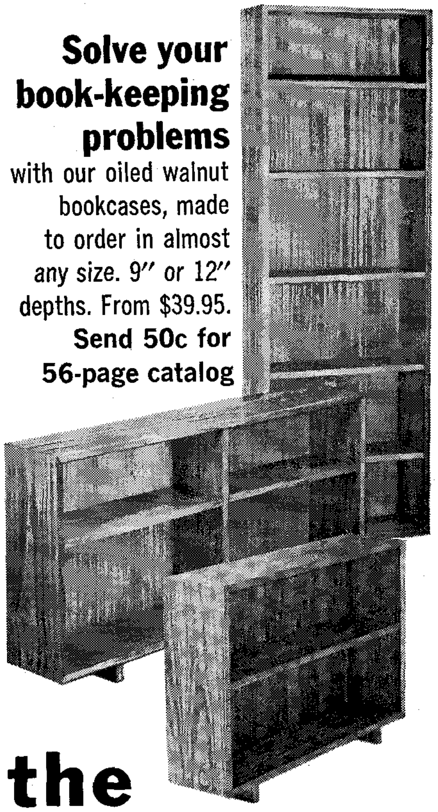
ermen they want poison grouper or Plumier's pigfoot to make soup, I am sure the fishermen would save all they catch. I have found fishermen exceptionally willing to make allowances for exotic tastes and mental aberrations on the part of customers, and my requests for stargazers, toadfish, and lumpsuckers have always been honored without so much as a raised eyebrow. I have no idea how a fish got a name like Plumier's pigfoot, but Jordan, Evermann, and Clark show some tendency to bowdlerize fishermen's names for unrespected fish, and their transcription may not be accurate.

"The more I think about it, the less I can believe it a mere coincidence that the *rascasse* is venomous and also essential to bouillabaisse. Is it the venom—or some metabolic precursor of the venom—that makes the *rascasse* essential?

Yours concernedly,
SAM

"P.S. If it *is* the venom, and there aren't enough Scorpaenidae available to meet the demand for fresh *rascasse*—I imagine that no hostess would now venture to serve bouillabaisse without the essential ingredient—perhaps the venom can be extracted and sold in small bottles, like Worcestershire sauce, while the irrelevant parts of *Helicolenus* and his kin can be ground into cat food. Or perhaps tarantulas can be substituted for *rascasse* in the traditional recipe. Maybe we can make money exporting them to Marseille."

THE note on the effect of stonefish venom on the blood pressure led me to reconsider the legend of the invention of bouillabaisse by Venus to serve to her husband as a soporific. It may be true that saffron is no sleeping potion, but an unduly large proportion of *rascasse* in the quick stew might have the same effect as a weak dose of the related stonefish poison. It could well have put even Vulcan to sleep, let alone an ordinary Provençal husband, and it may have served as a catalyst, or latchkey, in many a meridional love affair. A phenomenon generally reported is not to be brushed aside because of a wrong popular ascription of its cause. Proving saffron blameless does not exculpate bouillabaisse as a form of conjugal knockout drops, if *rascasse* is present. (It would be, incidentally, the kindest form of sedative yet invented, and a tribute to the savoir-faire of Venus, who understood how to keep husband and lover concurrently happy.) However, if I were a Marseillais husband with a pretty wife, I would always be careful



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to ask her how much *rascasse* there was in the bouillabaisse.

A THIRD letter from McDowell followed shortly, and this one began:

"Since I know that for many years you have admired France and the French, it is difficult for me to tell you of the shocking discovery I have made. At first, I thought it best to forget the matter and pretend that nothing had happened, but as a scientist I am committed to truth, and truth must speak out. It is my very painful duty to report that the French have known all the time that we have *rascasse* in America. Cuvier and Valenciennes, in the fourth volume of their monumental 'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons' (published in Paris in 1829), say this in their account of '*la petite scorpène brune, plus spécialement appelée Rascasse* (*Scorpaena porcus, Linn.*)': 'M. Milbert sent us a specimen from New York.' I think it improbable that Milbert's specimen was actually the Mediterranean species *Scorpaena porcus*—more likely it was a Plumier's pigfoot on its way north—but any fish enough like *Scorpaena porcus* to fool Cuvier and Valenciennes should do perfectly well in a bouillabaisse. In a previous letter, I promised you my next *rascasse*. I hope you will understand that it is only patriotic duty that forces me to break that promise. I intend to send my next *rascasse* to André Malraux, together with an anonymous note saying, 'Your secret is known.'

"I confirmed that America's lack of *rascasse* is a baseless canard through a telephone call to Dr. Giles Mead. Dr. Mead used to work for the government's Fish and Wildlife Service, in Washington, but not long ago became a curator of fishes at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology (a bit of swimming against the current that makes him the equal of the Chinook salmon). Dr. Mead told me that *Helicolenus dactylopterus* is not uncommon off our coast but that fishermen throw them overboard. News of this high potential of a native *rascasse* fishery came at a fortunate time, for I was overhasty in suggesting the tarantula as a substitute. Our supply of tarantulas is severely limited now, and my suggestion was impractical. Once, you could pick up all the tarantulas you wanted down at the docks where the banana boats unload, but today the holds of the banana boats are fumigated, severely restricting our imports of tarantulas, baby boa constrictors, cat-eyed snakes, and Schlegel's palm vipers. We have some native ta-

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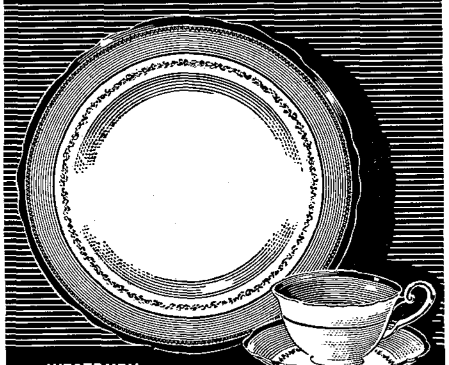

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rantulas, particularly in the Southwest, but they are smaller than the banana-boat kind, and when a man wants a tarantula at all he generally wants the biggest he can get. French tarantulas are even smaller than our tarantulas and, as far as I know, are never used in bouillabaisse. It is probably just as well not to flout tradition, particularly when it would be expensive. Biological supply houses charge a dollar seventy-five apiece for the relatively small American tarantulas. This is a dollar and a half more than I paid for my *rascasse.*

Your obedient servant,
SAM

"P.S. Going back to Goode and Bean's 'Oceanic Ichthyology,' I find that the two species of *Helicolenus* they mention—*H. dactylopterus* and *H. madurensis*—are so similar that only an expert can tell them apart. There are grounds for suspicion that this *expertise* is not possessed by the fish themselves, and that the two species recognized by Goode and Bean are probably only one, *Helicolenus dactylopterus.*

"P.P.S. The above letter, along with my previous letters, summarizes all that I know about the *rascasse.* This is probably as much as anyone should know, for all reputable philosophers are agreed that the world's unhappiness results from the rapid expansion of scientific knowledge, which has outstripped our learning in the social spheres. The world is unhappy enough already without my finding out more about the *rascasse* than our social and religious institutions can cope with."

—A. J. LIEBLING (catalyst)

•

Amory Houghton, Jr., president of Corning Glass Works, is to be the speaker at the annual Merchants Division Dinner, sponsored by the Merchants Trades Promotion Group of the Greater Corning Area Chamber of Commerce, to be held Oct. 23 in the Baron Steuben Hotel at Corning, N.Y.

It is said that Mr. Houghton's remarks will embrace the general scope of industry's responsibilities to the community, as well as the community's responsibilities to industry; industry's policies concerning the sex responsibilities and how they are carried out on a long-range plan as well as meeting day-by-day community problems as they occur.

—*National Glass Budget.*

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•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Atlanta Constitution]

OKLAHOMA CITY (AP)—Oklahomans last year apparently were worth more dead than alive.

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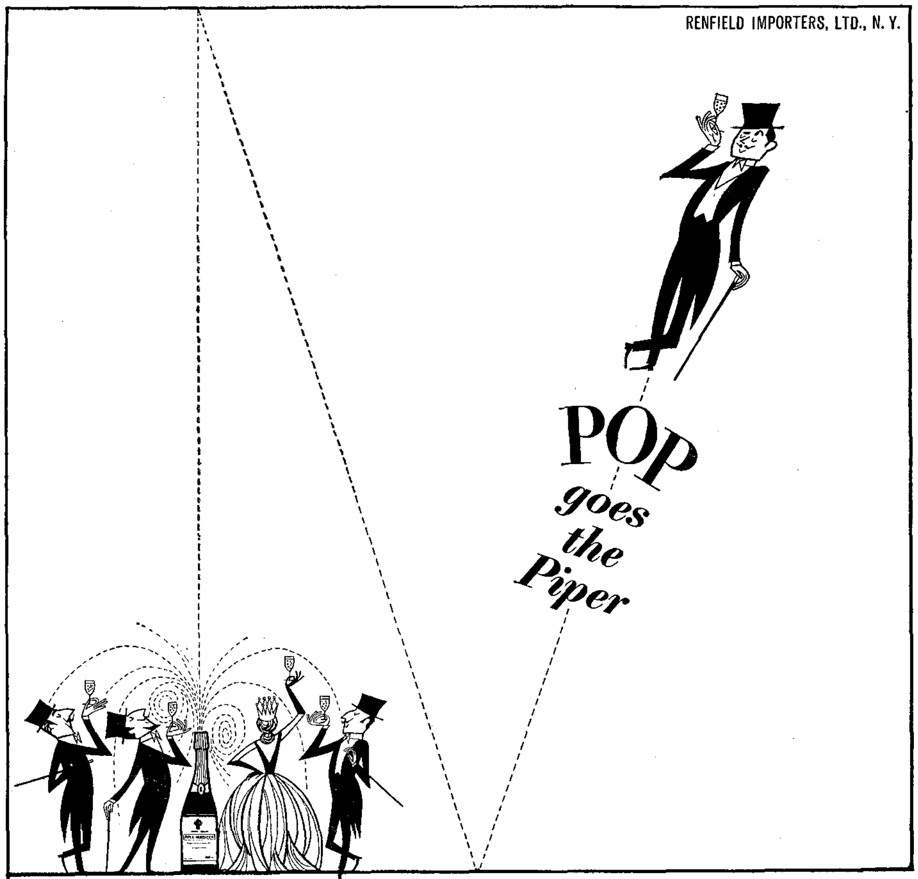
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Boodle of Bodies

A STORY good enough for Euripides and Racine—how Phaedra, wife of King Theseus, fell desperately in love with Hippolytus, son of Theseus by Antiope, and in doing so brought death to the young man and herself and ruin to the house of Theseus—has proved good enough for Jules Dassin. Art makes strange bedfellows, especially when the sheets have to be stretched over a couple of thousand years, but I must say that Mr. Dassin looks much less weirdly out of place at the foot of the bed than I'd expected—his "Phaedra" is an extremely entertaining, if not convincingly tragic, piece of work, and contains half a dozen scenes of exceptional merit. As a retelling, in contemporary terms and on film, of a very ancient legend, the picture is, at bottom, a stunt, but the virtuosity with which it is brought off is itself beguiling, and if Mr. Dassin and Margarita Liberaki, with whom he wrote the screenplay, had been less heavy-handed in their literary parallels (in the legend, Hippolytus's death is caused by horses, and in the movie it's caused by the horsepower of an Aston Martin), I might have forgotten altogether that it *was* a stunt. Instead, I'm obliged to march in two directions at once and report that it's all more or less preposterous and well worth going to see.

Mr. Dassin's "Never on Sunday," which I urged people not to see and which has since enjoyed a phenomenal box-office success throughout the world, owed much to its star, Melina Mercouri, and her invincible insouciance in respect to sex. In the title role of "Phaedra," Miss Mercouri has only a few insouciant moments before it turns out that she is the victim of passion, not its votary, and by the time her downfall is accomplished we have watched her suffer prodigies of desire, rapture, despair, jealousy, remorse, and dying calm. A juicy role, which Miss Mercouri gives her Greek all to. Anthony Perkins plays the unlucky virgin for whom her unstepmotherly heart pants, and I'm sorry to say that he occasionally causes the picture to teeter on the brink of unpremeditated comedy. Mr. Perkins' voice, manner, and appearance being those of an aging



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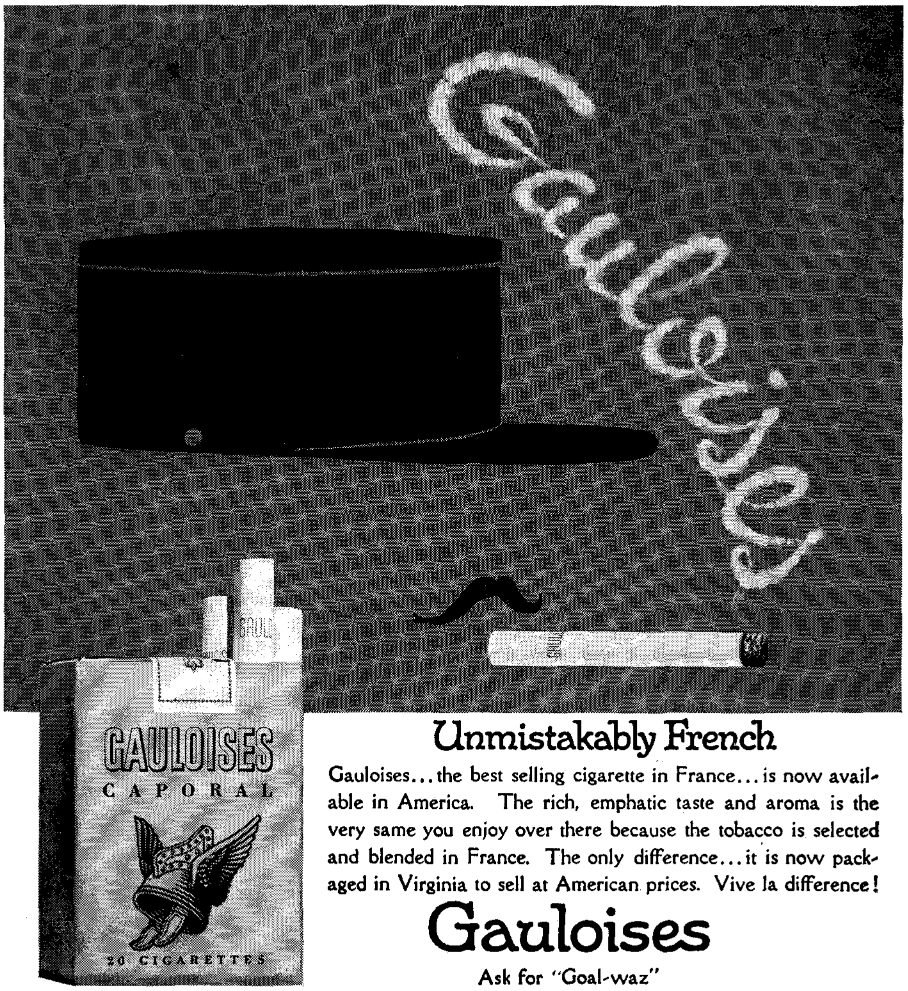

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prep-school boy, it's hard to believe that a lioness like Miss Mercouri would trouble to bare her notably numerous teeth at such a quarry, or that a lion like Raf Vallone, who plays Theseus in the guise of an Onassis-like shipping magnate, would have troubled to sire him. Mr. Vallone, by the way, shares with the cameraman, Jacques Natteau, the only unqualified praise I can offer. He and the camera make no mistakes.

"THE PASSION OF SLOW FIRE," a French film taken from a novel by Georges Simenon, conveys admirably the feeling of that author's work. For thirty-odd years now, M. Simenon has been one of the richest as well as one of the most copious writers on earth; he lives in a château near Lausanne and drives a Rolls-Royce, in which the loudest sound one hears is subjects and predicates falling into place in the author's tireless mind, but somehow he has contrived not to lose touch with the world of suburban villas and Peugeots, of slums and battered *deux-chevaux*—what we snobbishly call the real world. In that world, somebody dies violently, the cozy or sordid domesticity that M. Simenon is such a master at describing turns slowly upside down and inside out, and we perceive that the guilty party has committed our crime, perhaps in our behalf. The scene of the movie is that favorite cinematic city, Geneva, and the plot concerns the mysterious death of an American girl of eighteen, who is a student there. The modesty of Edouard Molinaro's direction and the heartbreaking self-effacement of Jean Desailly, as the tortured hero, help make this picture a model *simenon.* I wish it had been called something closer to the title of the book, which is "La Mort de Belle." For some reason, "The Passion of Slow Fire" puts me in mind of a product that I understand a California vineyard is threatening to ship East—Mother Goldstein's Flaming Jaguar Wine.

"MR. ARKADIN," which Orson Welles made in Europe back in 1955, and which is being shown here for the first time, will be of interest to people who study movies as a subject, or have them as a hobby, or are helpless addicts of them; nobody else will care to watch Mr. Welles so implausibly plagiarizing himself. The wonders of his "Citizen Kane" having been absorbed into the idiom many years since, they seem here gratuitous clichés; as for Mr. Welles himself, he was apparently

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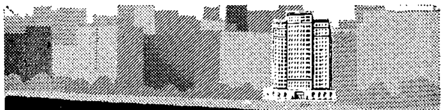

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so busy concocting a screenplay à la Eric Ambler and directing two performers (Paola Mori and Robert Arden) of truly stunning ineptitude that he found no time to direct himself in the title role. He is simply a big man in a false beard, a false nose, and a false head of hair, and the tosh he talks is old, tired tosh.

DEAD bodies pile up in "Phaedra," "The Passion of Slow Fire," and "Mr. Arkadin," but the bodies in "The Chapman Report" are all alive and twitching, as the script is not. Based on a novel that was blurbed as "the outspoken story of what happens when a sex-survey team interviews six wives in a fashionable California suburb," the movie mercifully reduces the number to four, played by Shelley Winters, Jane Fonda, Claire Bloom, and Glynis Johns. Miss Winters has developed into a weeper to rival George Jessel, Miss Fonda is often laughable as a frigid housewife, Miss Johns is intentionally laughable as a housewife whose problem remained fairly obscure to me, and poor Miss Bloom does what she can with the role of an alcoholic nymphomaniac. A silly and repellent picture, which may well run for years.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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—*School-menus column in the San Francisco Progress.*

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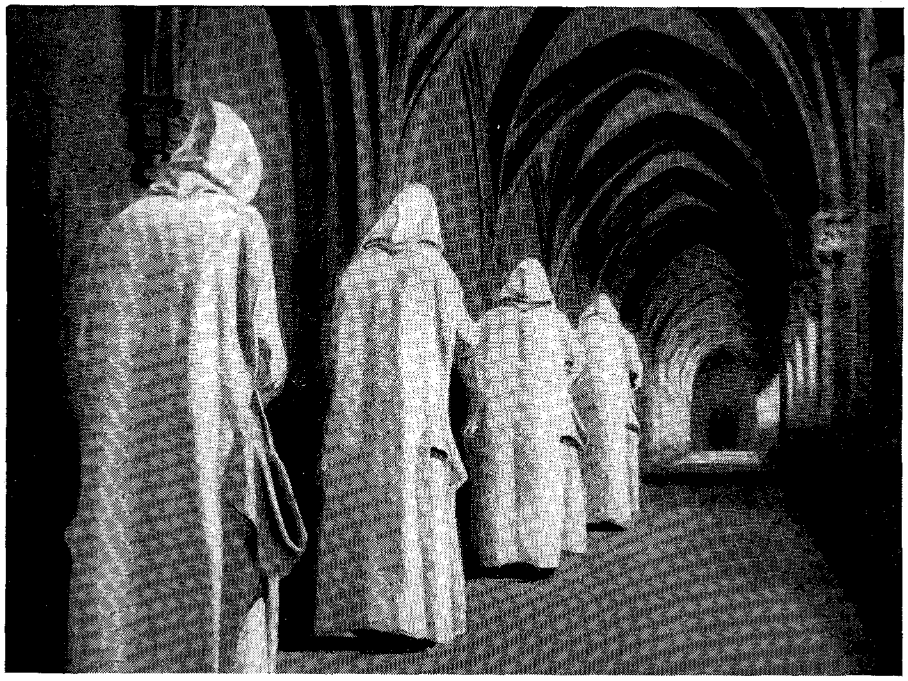

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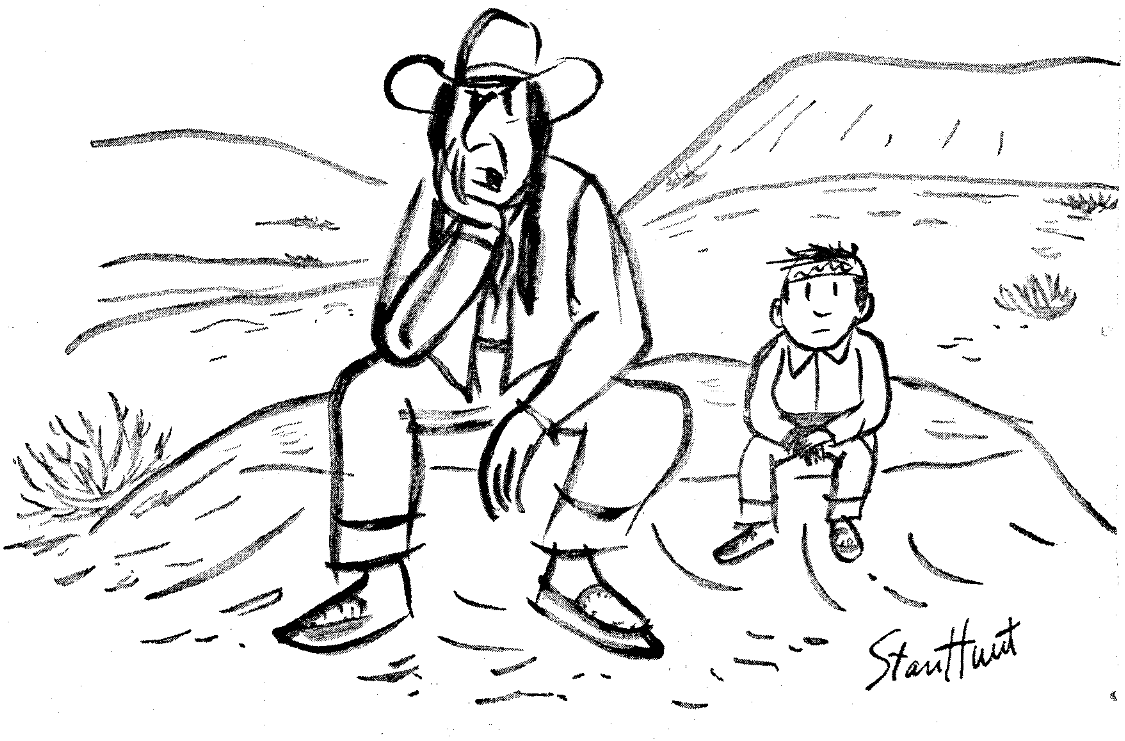
IN his introduction to "O'Neill," the immense biography by Arthur and Barbara Gelb (Harper & Row), Brooks Atkinson offers what appear to be the authors' apologies for the size of the book: the variety of O'Neill's experience, the use he made in his plays of almost everything that happened to him and his family, and the complexity of his personality. Atkinson says that the Gelbs worked "with the ingenuity and perseverance of police reporters" to trace and interview just about every living person with first-hand knowledge of O'Neill and his family. Their list of acknowledgments does not belie him. It's as long as a suburban telephone book, and the names in it are a cross-section of *Who's Who*, plus a supplement of oddballs and a scattering of respectable, undistinguished housewives and shopkeepers.

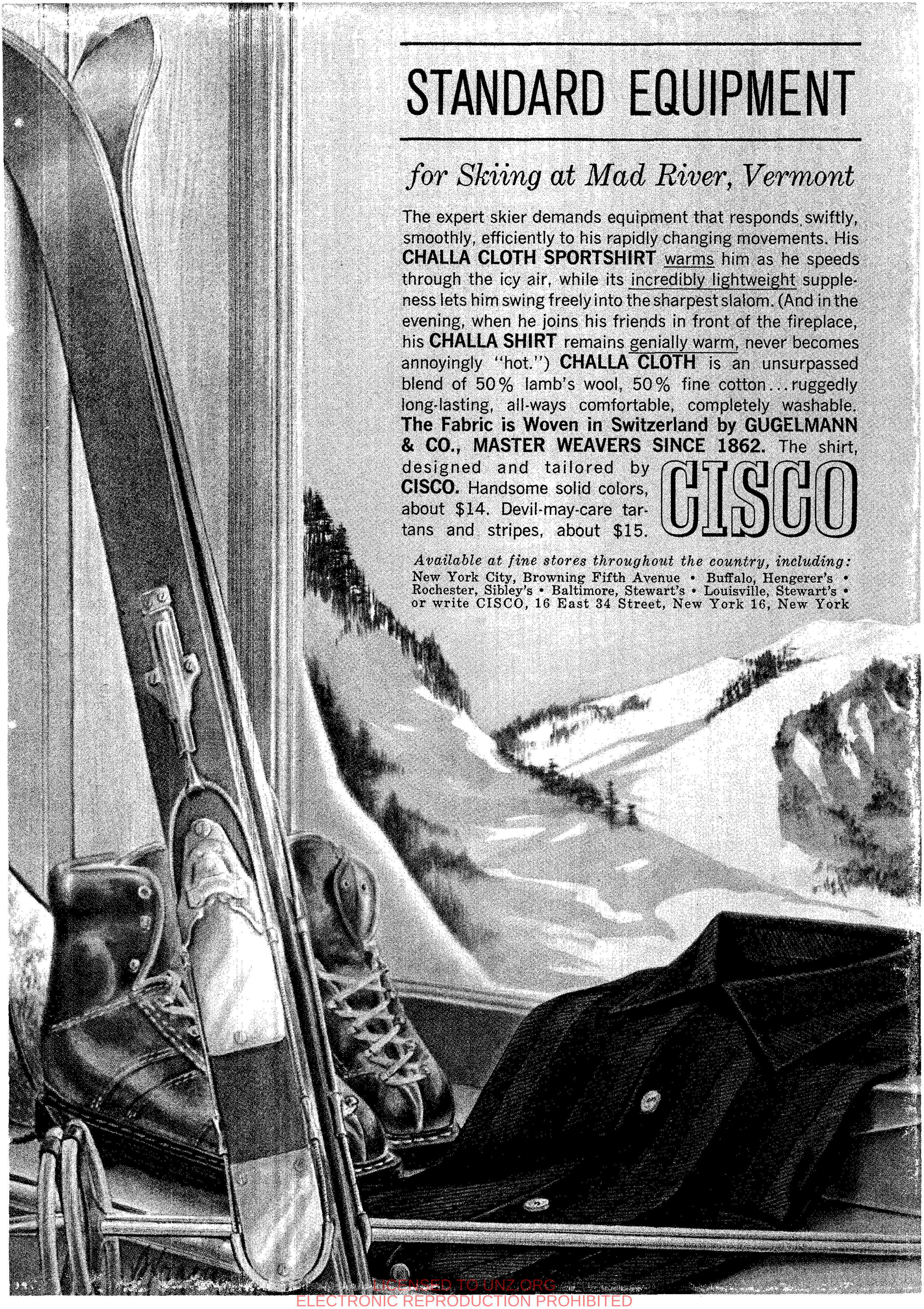
Once they decided to tell the whole story, the Gelbs had a huge task in hand. Before O'Neill began to write plays, he tried and gave up a number of careers—newspaper work, prospecting, acting, seafaring, and living off his father. He was unhappy in several schools, lost his religious faith in his teens, had a spell of tuberculosis and long bouts of alcoholism, and several times went on the bum both in the United States and abroad. In fact, he very early learned about practically all aspects of society except the orderly, routine ones. When he arrived in Greenwich Village, before we got into the First World War, and took up the bohemian life, he was settling down rather than running wild. Narrating O'Neill's career in the theatre must have been the easiest part of the Gelbs' job—easier, certainly, than recording the ins and outs of his three marriages, or attempting to discover how much of his later decline was due to his disastrous illness and how much to his never-quite-conquered passion for self-destruction.

The Gelbs' method contributes to the length of their book. O'Neill and nearly all the important figures in his life were fiery, tumultuous, and not wholly admirable characters. The Gelbs don't judge them. If they can find a source or sources—and they always can—they quote copiously instead of risking their own description or their own inferences. They report not just as reporters but as census-takers or pollsters. Naturally, they have made a few judgments. They are certain that the temperaments and conflicts of O'Neill's parents determined his temperament and his inner conflicts. They begin their biography of Eugene with the biographies of his parents, James and Ella. James was a lively fellow; his part of his son's book is a bonus. He was a star, and his curious career (from his impressive débuts to the frustration of being trapped in one lucrative part, the lead in the romantic melodrama "The Count of Monte Cristo") is thoroughly covered in written records. The Gelbs have consulted all these, but, pollsters first and always, they talked, too, to people who could remember him alive and acting. They have even been able to tap a few schoolmates' memories of Ella, along with a major collection of oldest living inhabitants who remember Ella, at various times, as shy, or strange, or unpredictable, or perhaps sick. Nobody outside the family knew that for about thirty years of her life she was a drug addict. On the other hand, practically everybody the Gelbs talked to about Jamie, Eugene's older brother, remembers what a terrible drunkard he was. Jamie invariably made trouble in public; his life's aim was the humiliation of his father. This is the substance of "Long Day's Journey Into Night," and the source, as the two authors keep demonstrating, for great pieces of O'Neill, all the way from "All God's Chillun" to "A Moon for the Misbegotten."

The Gelbs' documented version of these people, unlike O'Neill's evocations of them, is flat-footed and undramatic, but it makes them comprehensible. Ella took drugs, true, but she also played the piano pretty well, had a fine sense of style in dress, and, while often dazed, was capable of acts of kindness that are still recalled with thanks. James, with money to spare, though he did not think so, indeed attempted to send tuberculous Eugene to the state sanitarium, but Edwin Booth and Adelaide Neilson considered him a vital, romantic Shakespearean actor of vast promise. Theatre people liked him. With them, James was generous and convivial—not exactly a stage Irishman but an Irishman of the stage. If the



"And then the white man came and just raised hell with everything, and it's been that way ever since."



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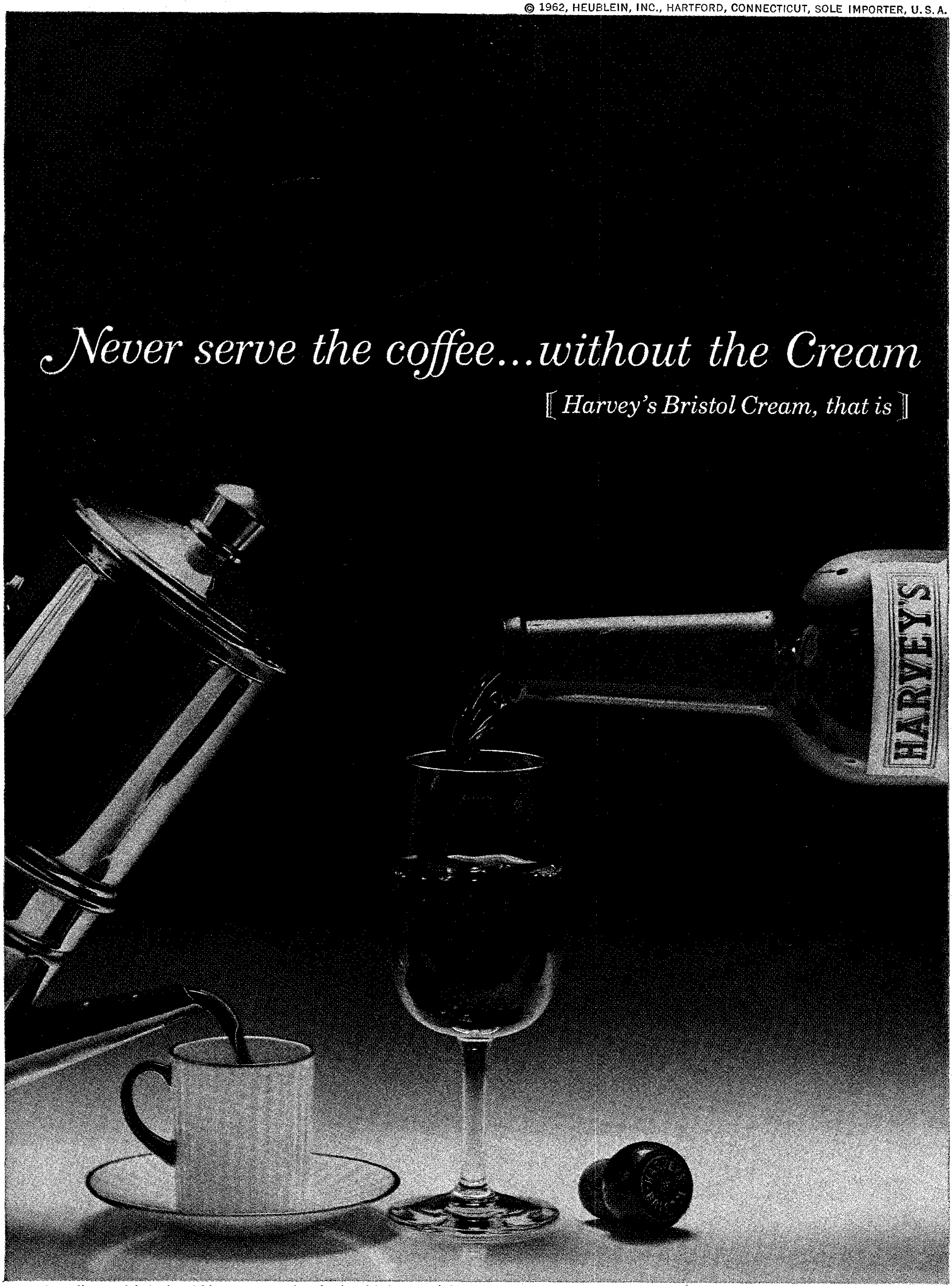
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careful Gelbs had let themselves be moved by Eugene's powerful distortions of his parents, we should never understand how James and Ella could have produced a son who amounted to anything.

The Gelbs' technique works especially well with the baffling Eugene. The boy had acquired so many wounds that, inevitably, the man wounded others. He was an unsympathetic son, a bad husband, a cold parent, and a faithless friend. Nonetheless, throughout his life, he loved and was loved. Sometimes the authors may seem tedious as they quote five reminiscers about O'Neill's appearance in, say, 1917, but the alternative—to abbreviate and paraphrase the testimony—would be more than merely a decision in favor of compression; it would involve selection, and selection means judging. They do suggest that O'Neill, like his father, was sometimes stingy, and, like his mother, sometimes shy, but no one—and certainly not O'Neill—could be sure what he felt at any moment. He was usually unhappy, but his unhappiness was shaded, graduated, qualified. Ambivalence, in comparison to O'Neill's ordinary emotional state, is simple. One or two patterns recur. Wherever O'Neill was, he wanted to escape. He kept moving like bad weather—as irresistible, as destructive, as irresponsible. And he worked.

The authors think O'Neill's work matters. Though they won't judge persons, they will judge plays, and they aren't shy about calling a particular play inadequate, uneven, or a failure. They think that his best were wonderful, and that he gave the United States its first theatrical literature. This may be extravagant, but it certainly isn't all wrong. O'Neill's daring, even when he fell flat on his face, is awesome. The tragedy of contemporary life, serious social comment, bluntness rather than titillation about sex—these were new when he wrote. He was the first serious playwright who cast Negroes in Negro parts. Some of his experiments—masks, asides, runnings to extra length—may not have been generally adopted (at least, not in exactly his way), but they shook up theatrical form, helped to stimulate other playwrights and to sophisticate audiences.

The Gelbs' confidence in O'Neill's perpetual value needs more time for justification. If they are right, if his plays last, O'Neill's life—the subject of their book—will matter less and less. Who cares who Homer was? Meanwhile, the authors' brave efforts are hardly wasted. The fascination of anyone who is

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difficult is quite a fascination. And their discursiveness tells so much theatre, so much literary history, so much good (I mean bad) gossip that their book is a rich plum pudding.

It's too bad that there are roughnesses. A muddle like "Few of James's friends were aware of Edmund's middle name, and mistakenly thought he had been named for Edmond Dantes" is one the editors might have spared the authors. The Gelbs' nine hundred-odd pages of tactful fact-finding deserved sharper work by the publishers.

IN "George: An Early Autobiography" (Random House), Emlyn Williams, the actor and playwright, whose unprofessional first name is George, tells how he made the long march from a poverty-stricken Welsh village, where he was born in 1905, to the London stage, where he got his first part at the age of twenty-one. He did it one step at a time, one scholarship after another, the last and most splendid to Oxford, where it was assumed that he would improve his great opportunity by preparing for a government job. The book requires such adjectives as charming and likable. His is a rare, happy success story—the demands of a young nobody's personality were met against long, long odds. Unlike most writers of success stories, Williams isn't looking back in complacency. His qualities are, by good fortune, literary virtues—a memory for detail, a broad but not uncritical affection for past places, things, and people, and a sense of proportion that restores them all as they were, with just the fillip of humor that comes with reflection.

Williams' parents were Welsh, poor, and practically illiterate. In New York City, Welshness is exotic, but poverty is a lot the same everywhere. His description of life in a minute Welsh hamlet—especially its remoteness from the life of the rest of the nation—resembles accounts of the lives of immigrants in our slums. He doesn't complain about growing up poor, although, now a solvent adult, he tells us, he still rejoices in indoor plumbing. But he felt one deprivation by the time he was eight: "I was being starved of . . . Romance. . . . Not only did I not know of the theatre, I had never heard a note of music (I discount the wheezy chapel organ), and no child or adult had ever *said* anything to me." His education was managed by his teachers; his parents wondered, consented, and, in time, grew proud. One schoolmaster suggested he try for a scholarship at the county school—a state-sup-

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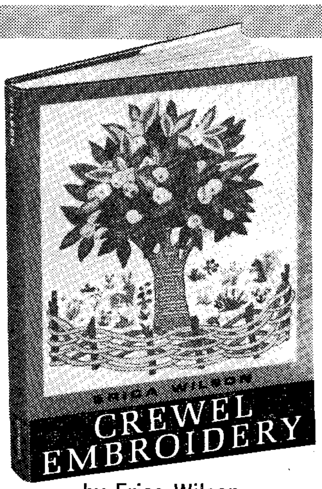
ported (but not free) institution for boys and girls of what Americans call prep-school age. Then Miss Cooke, the French teacher—who, no matter how Williams describes her now, is always, thanks to his "The Corn Is Green," Ethel Barrymore—took command of his future. Cautiously at first (her benefactions began with a cup of cocoa every morning to help him recover from his five-mile walk to school) and then confidently, picking up steam as she went, she set about molding the Welsh proletarian into an English scholar. It was Miss Cooke's idea and Miss Cooke's money that sent Williams to school in France for one term. He was fifteen, and had spent his whole life, she remarked, within a radius of seven and a half miles. It was Miss Cooke who kept adding languages to his curriculum (at fees she paid), so he knows—besides Welsh and English—Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German. It was Miss Cooke who found the announcement of a scholarship in French to Christ Church College, Oxford. He did his part and won it.

Miss Cooke's help opened worlds, physically and mentally, aesthetically and emotionally. Yet there was an irreducible Williams who was never her scholarship boy—the boy starved for romance, who read, along with the assorted approved authors of the assorted languages he was studying, junky sentimental serials, and attempted to write a few. (His first work was "Hearts of Youth, a novel by George Williams, aged 13," whose hero, he tells us—what luck that he saved this manuscript!—enters the sultan's palace in Istanbul and beholds "a sight ne'er yet vouchsafed to white eyes: the veiled Harem, lying on their divans in various languid attitudes and wearing agates, emeralds, sapphires, garnets, rubies, onyxes, beryls, topazes, turquoises, pearls and diamonds." His style has improved since then.) It was the same unscholarly Williams who, when his family moved to an industrial town, became a rapt moviegoer, transported by the nonsensical silent films and their musically nonsensical accompaniment. His account of his years of infatuation with the cinema answers by implication those bores who complain that the poor have television sets, not to mention those bores who wish that television were devoted to teaching Greek. He was getting along well in Greek; he needed the movies to teach him what a dinner jacket looked like.

Williams arrived at Oxford as the end product of Miss Cooke's training,



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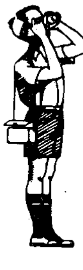

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and he went on taking exams and winning scholarships. He also made a beeline for the Oxford University Dramatic Society. There he acted, directed, wrote plays, and met professional theatre people. His undergraduate theatrical record was notable, and it led to his professional start. Academically, the record is spotty. He came apart before his final examinations, when he was expected to dazzle the United Kingdom by taking First-Class Honors. He blames his breakdown on love. His youth had been sexually blameless, no thanks to him. Women eluded his inexperience until he was eighteen; then his experience, both sordid and touching, was sex, not love. And Oxford was the culmination of that system of English education which seemed to impel—as perhaps it still does—its female students to fall in love with horses and its male students with each other. In his last term, Williams says, he found himself "obsessed" by a former fellow-student. His state passed for nervous breakdown, and he was allowed to go home. One can't help noticing how remarkably this failure suited his purposes; if he *had* taken a First, he would have been almost sure of—that is, doomed to—a brilliant career outside the theatre. After he simmered down, he wrote a play that was professionally produced. He got a bit part in a West End play, then went back and took his exams. He doesn't say how he made out. I wish he had—but then I wish he hadn't ended the book at all.

DWIGHT TAYLOR's memories of his father, Charles A. Taylor, recorded in "Blood-and-Thunder" (Atheneum), are a trifle disjointed, because the author's parents—his mother was Laurette Taylor—were divorced when he was young and most of what he was able to glean about his father's career came from anecdotes his father told him on visitation-rights occasions. The father was the playwright and producer responsible for such works as "From Rags to Riches," "The King of the Opium Ring," "Through Fire and Water," "The White Tigress of Japan," "Escape from the Harem," and the scarcely less hazardous "The Escape from Chinatown." Charles got into the theatre by running away from his father's farm to serve his artistic apprenticeship in circuses, Wild West shows, and sideshows. He graduated to Broadway by writing melodramas that succeeded—or so his son, with disloyal fondness, asserts—by "frightening people out of their wits, or eliciting their

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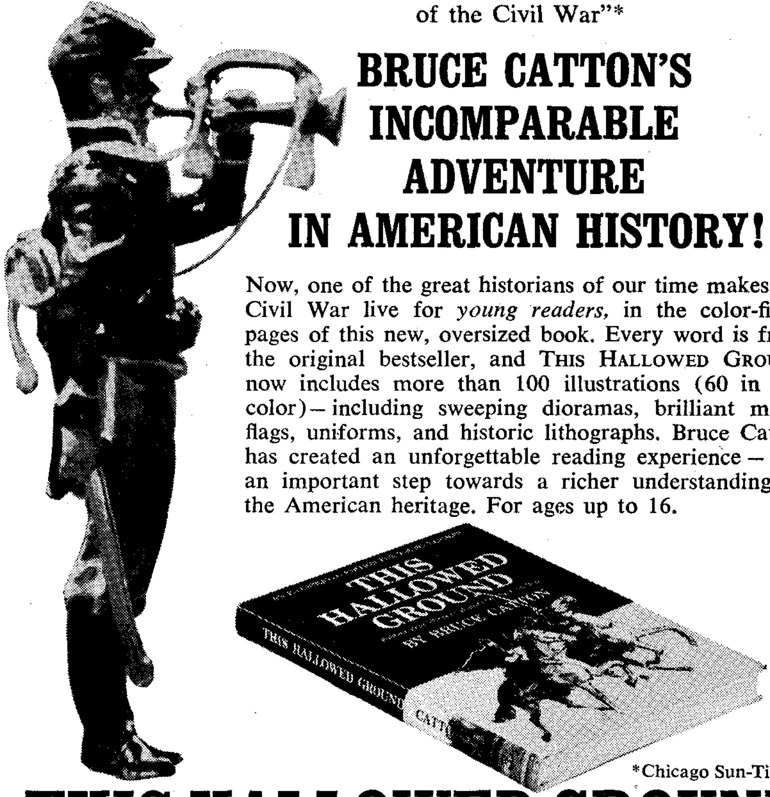

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applause for sentiments which were, to say the least, sometimes very dubious in their logic." By the time Dwight arrived at consciousness, his father's career was beginning to ebb. Tastes had changed, and even a genuine horse race onstage (three ponies on treadmills) didn't always fill houses.

But the father was a showman in all the circumstances of his life. He could make peeling an apple or eating a plate of beans an adventure. That's what his son remembers best, and tells us about. Charles's genuine adventures—such as his misfortunate attempt to help out an Italian with a trained-rat act—are hilarious. Charles was so involved in show business that, like a great *farceur*, he played real life absolutely straight.

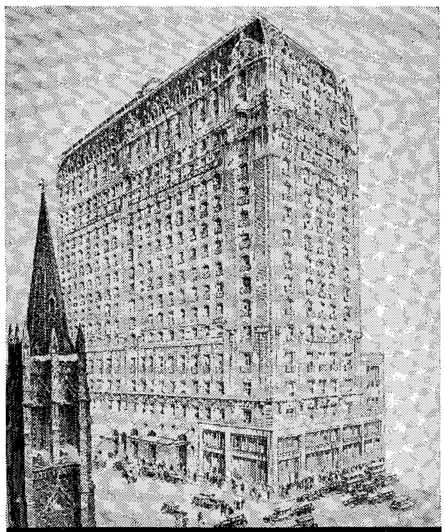
There may not be much of an audience now for "Through Fire and Water," yet the principal element in Charles's theatre—spectacle—still holds the boards. His tastes were not very far from James O'Neill's; James played Shakespeare, but he didn't see that "The Count of Monte Cristo" was all that bad. He just got sick of it, and tried to get out of it by reviving "The Two Orphans." Charles Taylor presented both these plays when he ran his own theatre in 1907; he didn't have James, but that season he starred Laurette. The Gelbs insist that O'Neill replaced an earlier, cruder theatre (his father's) with a modern, profound one (his own). Yet, comparing all the varieties of theatrical experience in these three books, I can't help thinking they're mistaken. O'Neill didn't lick his predecessors; he joined them. Styles change, but the theatre always belongs to the Spirit of Holiday Emotions—a genius whose moods include thrills, laughter, spookiness, and pity and terror, too.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

VOYAGER BELSKY, by Monroe Engel (Atheneum). There is good writing in Mr. Engel's book, and a great deal that is original, but his main subject—the love of Francesco Belsky and Cora Larson—bumps heavily off the earth and into common melodrama when it appears that these two perfectly ordinary people, who should have been extremely content to meet and marry, are making things hard for themselves for no reason, unless it is that they want to seem more interesting than they believe themselves to be. In



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fact, they are both very well-portrayed human beings, and all they had to do to hold any reader's attention was to behave naturally. The scene is New York, for the most part, and the time is ten or more years ago.

AN ANSWER FROM LIMBO, by Brian Moore (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Brendan Tierney, an Irish writer who lives in New York City with his wife and two children, decides to abandon his magazine job and devote his time to finishing his novel. His wife, who is not at all happy with him, goes out to work so the household bills will continue to be paid, and his widowed mother comes over from Ireland to take care of the children. The Tierneys' life is so constrained, and so filled with irritations and dissatisfactions, that it seems impossible that things can get worse for them, but after old Mrs. Tierney's arrival all chance of peace in the house has apparently gone forever. The story is told by Brendan, with his wife and his mother alternating their voices in a miserable chorus of complaint and reproach. Mr. Moore's work suffers from a total lack of humor, but his command of the depths and shallows of pathos is supreme.

A DANCER IN DARKNESS, by David Stacton (Pantheon). Although Mr. Stacton is a good writer, his work is extremely disheartening, because he *will* indulge his talent for twisting perspective so as to make human life appear to be nothing more than a grotesque and malignant practical joke. In this story of the Renaissance Duchess of Amalfi, the Duchess is very real. Her mad brother Ferdinand and her equally mad brother the Cardinal are also real. The dwarfs who are Ferdinand's playthings are real human beings. Bosola, the ruined, eager man who has spent ten years in the galleys, is real, and so is the wicked nun who is Bosola's sister. All the people in the book, in fact, are real, but instead of moving about like human beings, they seem able only to squirm into and out of safety, and their plight moves us more to disgust than to pity. Mr. Stacton relies too much on the moments of shock that provide him with his easy motivations and solutions; he is too dependent on torture chambers and brutal gestures and fearful scenes of public death. He gives these horrors first importance, and in doing so he evades his responsibility to the human beings he is dealing

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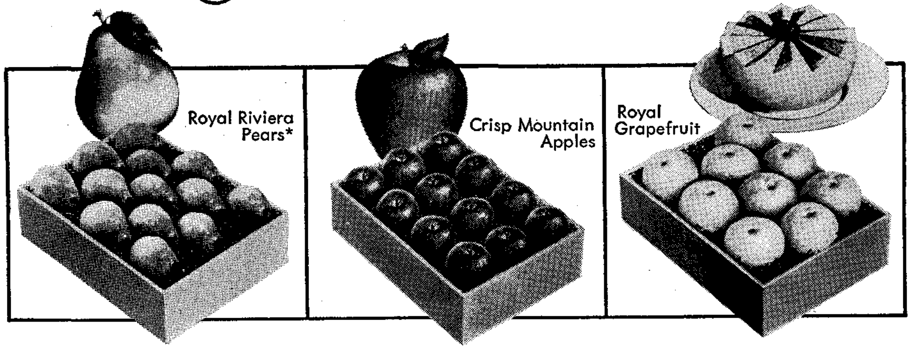

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with, or pretending to deal with, and he makes his work meaningless.

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES, by Ray Bradbury (Simon & Schuster). This book by the noted science-fiction writer begins as if it were going to be a sombre and chilling tale of the supernatural. But Mr. Bradbury is not content to leave well enough alone, and before long what began as a good yarn has become an obscure and windy allegory. The cast of characters includes a travelling carnival; a carrousel with the magic power to change people's ages; a malicious dwarf; a horrible tattooed man called Mr. Dark, who is transformed into a small boy at the end of the book and then dies; a witch in a balloon; two *actual* thirteen-year-old boys, called Will and Jim; and Will's father, who is a sentimental philosopher and learns that laughter is good for you and conquers evil. Finally, there is Miss Foley, the boys' aged, lovable schoolteacher. The carrousel turns her into a small girl on page 172, but before anything else can happen she disappears altogether on page 180. It is never very clear what Mr. Bradbury wants us to make of this menagerie, and in the end the whole story floats by like a peculiar and distasteful dream.

GENERAL

NEWMAN: THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD, by Meriol Trevor (Doubleday). This excellent book is the first volume of a projected two-volume biography of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Miss Trevor, determined to present something like a living portrait, is as minute as she can be, and, luckily, Newman, an interesting, original, talented, good man, can stand close scrutiny. Nothing about him is dull—certainly not this book. If Miss Trevor has a fault, it is too much sympathy. She is not always content to let Newman's virtues shine; she sometimes unnecessarily calls our attention to them, and thus crosses the line from edifying to nagging.

•

A son was born yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Guettel of New York in Lenox Hill Hospital. Mrs. Guettel is the former Miss Mary Rodgers, composer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers. The child's material grandfather is the noted composer.—*The Times.*

No vivid writing, please. And no invidious distinctions, either.

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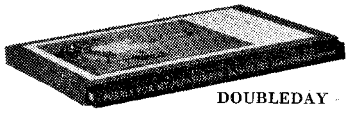

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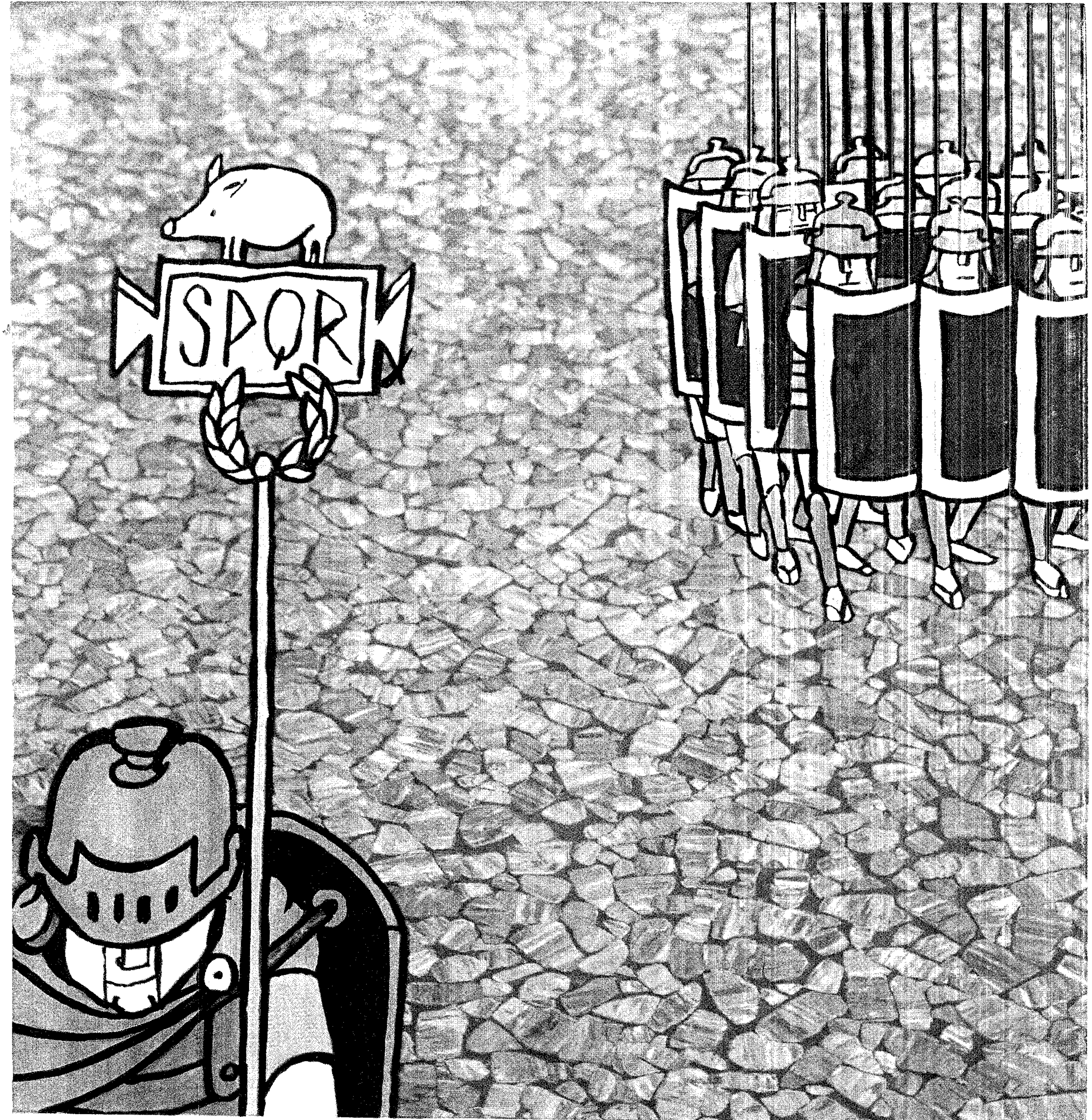

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